

A
HISTORY OF
THE
ENGLISH TURF.

THEODORE A. COOK

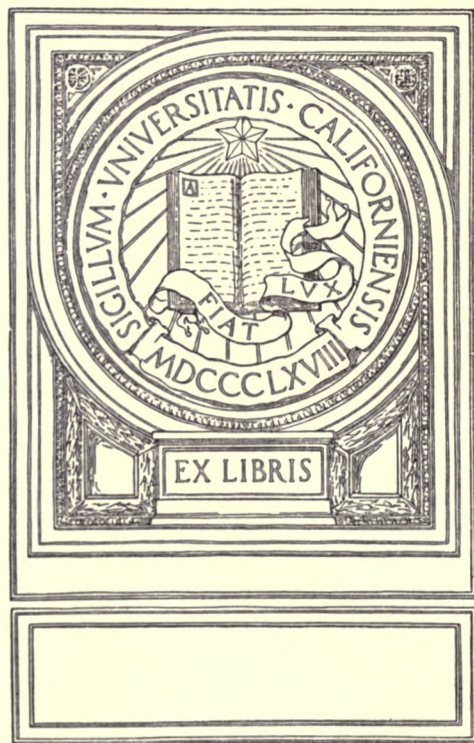
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From the Painting by George Stubbs.

Brood Mares and Foals.

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A HISTORY OF
THE
ENGLISH TURF

BY
THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.

"If I were to begin life again I would go on the Turf to get friends. They seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most peculiar."—*Harriet, Lady Ashburton, to Lord Houghton.*

With Illustrations

VOL. I.



LONDON

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To the Memory
OF
HIS GRACE THE FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER

OWNER
OF THE FINEST STUD OF THOROUGHBREDS EVER SEEN IN ENGLAND
WHO WON THE

TRIPLE CROWN

OF GUINEAS, DERBY AND ST. LEGER
TWICE

AND HAS NOW, TO THE LASTING REGRET OF ALL WHO VALUED
HONESTY, COURAGE, AND THE TRUEST SPORTSMANSHIP

JOINED

THE GREAT COMPANY OF HIS PREDECESSORS
THOSE NOBLE PATRONS OF

THE ENGLISH TURF

NOW SETTLING IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS THE PROBLEM WE MUST STILL DEBATE
WHETHER ECLIPSE OR ORMONDE
WAS THE FASTER HORSE

This First Volume is Dedicated
WITH PROFOUND RESPECT AND ADMIRATION

BY

THE WRITER.

May, 1901

137375

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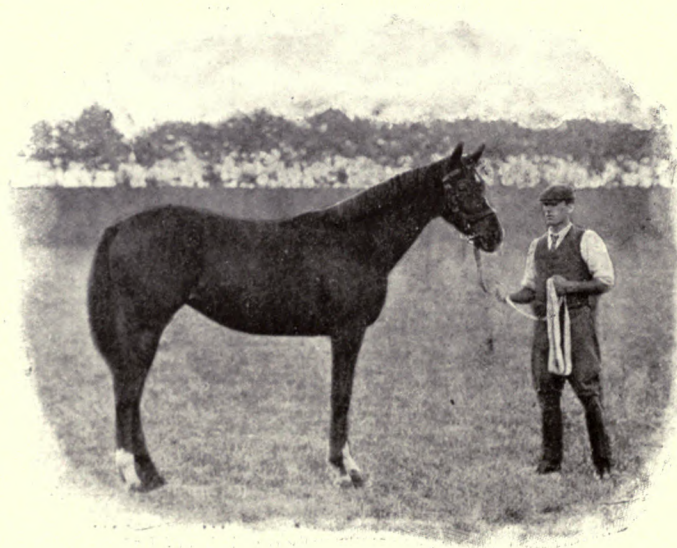
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(By permission of His Majesty the King.)	



Yearling "Lady Carolina," by "Persimmon," out of "La Carolina."
Sandringham, 1901.



PREFACE.

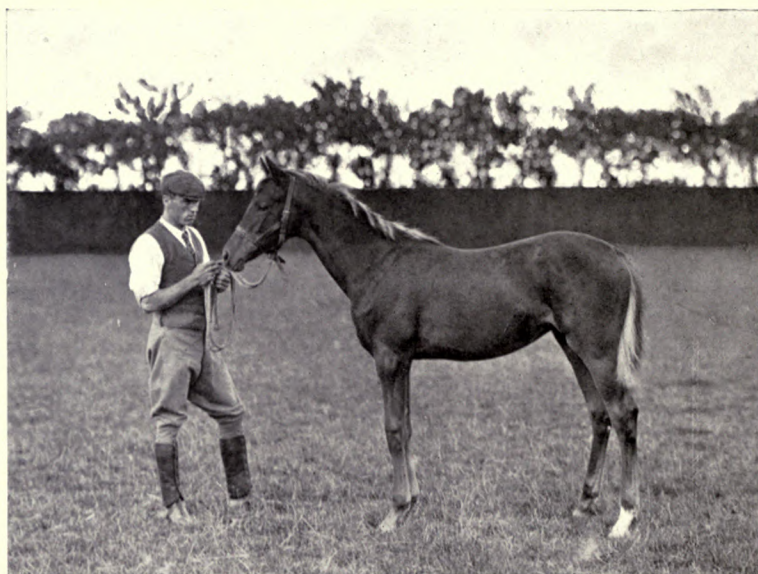
Tout Comprendre c'est Tout Pardonner.

IN tracing the long story of the development of the racehorse in England I shall delay as little as may be in those remote eras before the Arab was deliberately and continuously put as a sire to home-bred mares. I propose to work within the strict limits of the title of this book, and it will therefore not be my province to go into details as to those other varieties of the animal to which Sir Walter Gilbey, for example, has so fruitfully devoted his attention in a series of important handbooks, or to dilate upon any such fortunate chapter of accidents as that which has produced the first-rate Polo Pony. My labours will close with the last Derby of the nineteenth century, and it is with the antecedents, direct or indirect, of this historic animal that I chiefly desire to deal.

The spread of railways and telegraphs, the rise of the sporting Press, the introduction of Enclosed Meetings, and the countless innovations which differentiate the present day from distant eras, will all be more clearly understood from a comparison between my earlier and my later chapters than from any prefatory

paragraph which compresses a century of progress into an inch or two of epigram. In Racing, as in every other form of Sport, we must recognise that any living organism which is likely to survive will adapt itself to its environment. Things have greatly changed on the Turf, just as they have elsewhere. But the Turf is gradually adapting itself to the new conditions, and in that very adaptation I see a clear proof of its continuous vitality, in spite of all the lamentations about new-fangled ideas, or foreign invasions, and the "pernicious influence" of both.

It is probably in connection with American jockeys and trainers that the last year on the English Turf will be best remembered of one who scarcely lived to see the twentieth century, though he had the satisfaction of knowing that his colt *Volodyovski* (by *Florizel II.*, out of *La Reine*) was established as winter favourite for the Derby of 1901, at 9 to 2. The death of Lord William Beresford, V.C., did not disqualify



Filly by "Persimmon" out of "Fanchette."
Sandringham, 1901.

the horse either for the Derby or the Leger, as he was nominated for both those events by the lady who races under the name of "Mr. Theobalds," and had only been leased by Lord William for his racing career. *Volodyovski* won the Derby of 1901 under the colours of Mr. William C. Whitney of New York, but his jockey lost the St. Leger. Though it may be doubted whether Lord William Beresford ever really enjoyed himself so much in England as he did in India, he had attained the second place in the list of winning owners in both the last years of his life, and there is little doubt that the ambition which began with his marriage to the widow of a Duke of Marlborough would have eventually been rewarded with the first place, if he had lived long enough; for the number of horses he had in training and the characteristic courage of his methods must have commanded an even greater success than they had attained already.

The Navy has always been well represented on the Turf, and if Lord William Beresford's brother has carried on traditions which had been handed down by Admiral Rous, by Lord Glasgow, or by Captain the Hon. Robert Spencer, these in turn inherited the manly taste for sport from such old sailors as that Captain Byron who took his son of thirteen to see Mr. Thornhill's *Sailor* win the Derby, with Sam Chifney up, in 1820, in appropriately nautical "weather," for the wind and rain were so boisterous that the coach in which the Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) had driven to Epsom was overturned. The Captain could remember Nelson talking at dinner about the danger of attacking land fortifications from the sea. He could remember the triumph of the wooden walls of Old England in the death-struggle with Napoleon the Great. He only just escaped capture when commanding the frigate "Belvedere" in the war between Great Britain and the United States; and, after beating off the enemy's attack, he sailed into Halifax with three other hostile ships in tow, which he had captured as a slight return for the trouble that had been given him earlier in the voyage. But it was on that famous fight which his good friend Broke had fought on board the handy frigate "Shannon" that Captain Byron was most happy to dilate. The glorious battle with the "Chesapeake," and the no less glorious defeat of the "Guerrière" by the American warship "Constitution," were the favourite stories of the old sailor round his own fireside. His son never forgot them, and from his first Derby in 1820 until the Duke of Westminster's *Ormonde* defeated *Minting* and *Bendigo* at Ascot, William Byron's tall, spare figure was to be seen on every racecourse, the last of those gentleman bookmakers who followed in the footsteps of Lord George Bentinck, of Captain Brabazon, of General Anson, or Lord Strafford. He invested his money on the field on steadfastly commercial principles, and he stuck to his fancy with as strong a courage as his father had ever shown upon the sea. He had seen *Surplice's* double victory in 1848; he had seen the mighty struggle for the great Doncaster Cup of 1850, and *Flying Dutchman's* vengeance over *Voltigeur* in the year after. He died in his ninety-sixth year in the first weeks of the twentieth century, and his name is almost an epitome of Turf history beyond the memories of any of the friends he left behind him.

There is one coincidence suggested to me by the records of 1900 which may help as much as anything to transport my readers' imagination with a somewhat greater gentleness than usual to that "far backward and abysm of time," when records of interest to racing began. It is, that almost exactly a century before the heir to Queen Victoria's throne was winning the Derby, a little race meeting was being held, in

May, 1800, at Bocket Hall, in Hertfordshire, and the Prince of Wales's colours were successful on a horse called *Ploughator*, by *Trumpator*, a well-known sire of those times. I believe that even the present owner of the estate, Lord Mount-Stephen, might find some difficulty in imagining exactly where that racing of a hundred years ago was held; and there are few sporting examples to be quoted which give a greater idea of the difference in such matters now. It may be added that His Royal Highness was equally fortunate a month after, with *Knowsley*, at Guildford, where it is just as difficult to conceive of a good course to-day. But it is not only from the fact of a royal victory that this little meeting near Hatfield is worth notice. It was attended by Lord Salisbury, by Lord Melbourne, and by that Lord



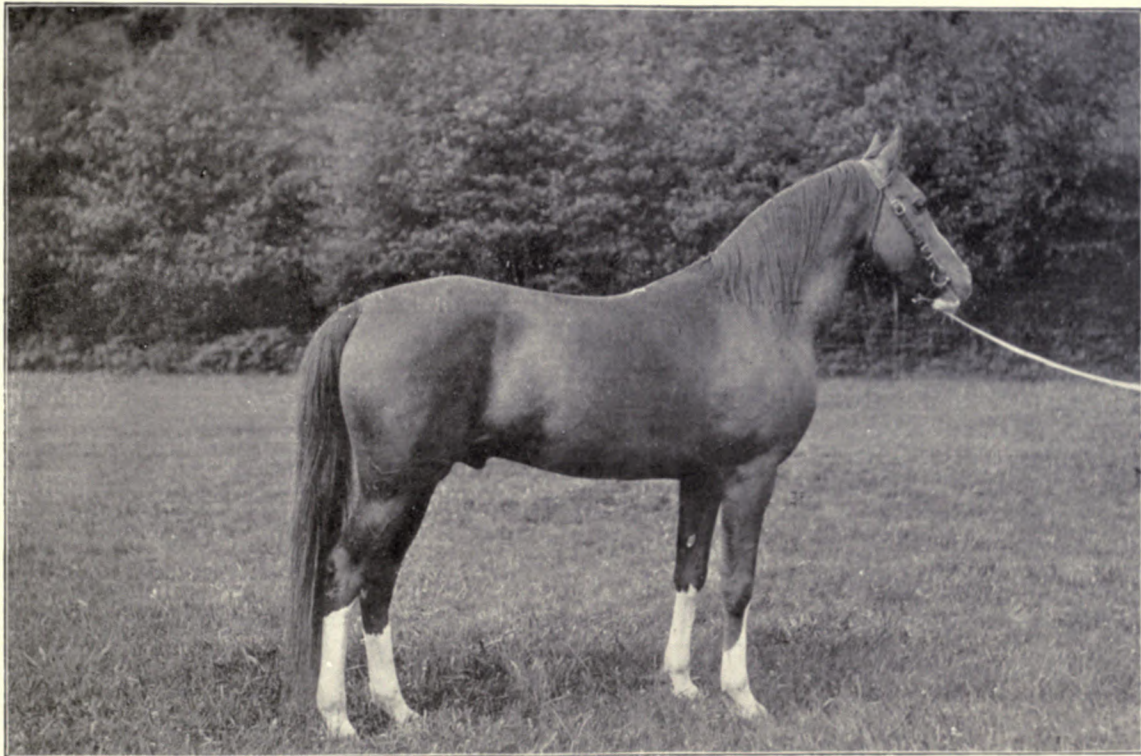
*Filly by "Florizel II." out of "Chinkara."
In Mr. Brodrick Cloete's Paddocks, 1901.*

Egremont whose descendant, Lord Leconfield, passed away in the first days of the twentieth century, retaining all that celebrity for artistic taste which he inherited from the racing ancestor who filled Petworth with the gems of native and foreign art. The family is connected also with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who married the granddaughter of Lord Byron, and

whose annual sales of Arab stock at Crabbet Park are one of the most interesting and picturesque—though hardly the most important—functions at which the busy hammer of Mr. Tattersall may be heard at work. Whenever I attend the gathering in those lovely pastures near Three Bridges, on a sunny afternoon in late July, it is an easy dream to be back in the early eighteenth century, even in the seventeenth, looking at those Arab sires which were imported with such difficulty into England, and became the origin of all our thoroughbreds. As a cross with other breeds Mr. Blount's Arabs are of service still, and if the researches of Sir Walter Gilbey prove to be correct, the strong yet handy horse of future warfare will be got from some small hardy native stock by sires of Arab blood. For long distances and hard

work, involving stamina alone, the pure bred Arab may still be perfect. As a racer he is not so successful, because his stride is not long enough for high speed.

If speech were not denied them we should no doubt be able to elicit some very interesting opinions on the subject of modern Racing from our four-legged friends. At least, we can hardly doubt that if *E/is*, on his way to Doncaster in a van (at the unheard pace of 95 miles in 11 hours 35 minutes), had realised the terrible developments of travelling in his descendants' history, he would scarcely have ensured the success of that experiment, even in order to win the Leger with the odds of



Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's "Mesaoud."

12 to 1 against him. The thoroughbred of to-day is not given his choice between the perpetual railway journeys he now has to undergo and the penalty of walking from his stables to the course, or he would probably be willing to forego a good deal of racing in order to escape even a little of the vibration and the sudden changes of climate necessitated by the conditions of the Turf at the beginning of the Twentieth Century.

We talk a good deal of the advance that has been made since the supposed brutality of our forefathers in the consideration given to the feelings of dumb

animals. We congratulate ourselves on abolishing the system of heats. We do not race our horses so hard, or so often, perhaps. But there it ends. If the great majority of supporters of the Turf desire the appearance of a favourite on various distant racecourses he appears. We think much more of the spectators than of what they look at. I have no particular humanitarian gospel to enforce ; but the facts are worth considering by anyone who cares to follow me when I describe the doings of a generation usually supposed to be considerably more callous than our own.

If to their faults in this line we may well be kind, neither is it for us to throw the first stone at that passion for gambling in the seventeenth, or especially in the eighteenth, century, at which so many modern purists hold up uncompromising hands of horror. At least let it be remembered that our predecessors had no "Starting Price scandals," involving a delicate question of minutes in the handing in of a telegram. Betting on horses then was only one form in which a spirit of gambling, which is practically as universal as it is ineradicable, made its appearance ; and it was by far the healthiest form. A very difficult question arises when modern critics, who have seen almost every other species of hazardous sport ruthlessly put down, begin to clamour for the total suppression of almost the last kind that remains. Modern developments may have been the indirect result of much well-meaning legislation, but while the Stock Exchange and the Racecourse are practically the only outlets for an amusement inherent in human nature, I infinitely prefer the latter. "*Expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*"

It is equally impossible to forget, at any rate when a writer is dealing with the development of the Turf as his main subject, that but for this gambling spirit the modern racehorse would never have existed at all. This may seem a large statement at first, but I believe that the few who doubt it will not remain incredulous when they have perused some of the pages in these volumes. Many causes for the present effect may be suggested, and among them the importation of Arab stock will of course take a leading place ; but Eastern horses have been known in England since the days of the Roman conquest, and it was only when it became a matter of high wagers that the imported Arab stallion, having proved his sterling qualities as a sire, was demanded in increasing numbers for the production of winners on the English racecourses. If mere love of a beautiful animal for itself alone had been the motive, this studied importation would have begun far earlier and have gone on increasing till the present day ; but a blend that promised perfection in speed and staying-powers was soon achieved. The mares we had already ; a "nick" that has

always been peculiarly favourable to breeders soon produced a racer that could beat every competitor of more humble and domestic origin; and the beautiful Arab was then severely left alone in his native deserts as soon as he had done what was requested of him and had won an imperishable name among the great ancestors in the English Stud Book. Our forefathers in fact wanted a good, and novel, and



His Majesty the King's "Laodamia."
Sandringham, 1901.

exciting means of gambling. They got it. The modern two-year-old, a racing machine if ever there was one, is one result.

But I am far from being desirous of even hinting at that never-ending controversy between old and new, which must remain one-sided and inconclusive till we all meet again where it is sometimes considered that the solution of every problem will be a final form of happiness. The photograph and the chronometer were employed too late for us to make any profitable comparisons, either as to build

or as to speed, between the vanished horses of the eighteenth century and the cracks of our modern classic races. Even if it were fair to ask a verdict from the juxtaposition of one of the masterpieces of Sartorius with the instantaneous record of a modern kodak, I doubt very much whether the advocate of twentieth-century progress would be satisfied with the result. The time test would be just as fallacious; and I am glad to think that the American hunger for time records has never become popular on this side of the Atlantic. We still prefer a stoutly-contested and honestly-run race to all the records in the world.

If I were asked to state any noticeable differences between the sportsmanship of the end of the nineteenth century and that of its first decade, I should point, not so much to the sports themselves as to the people who take part in them, above all to the extraordinary increase in the number of spectators. It is not usually imagined that we have more time lying idle on our hands than our forefathers had; yet how the gigantic crowds on a racecourse or a football field can be otherwise explained remains a mystery to me. I do not believe that the athletic revival, about which a great deal has been talked and written, has done so much to fill the old channels of good sport to the brim as it has to spread the waves of energy over a far wider expanse than was ever known before, with the result that the current has naturally become rather more slow and feeble in some places than in others. Amateur rowing has been kept alive by Henley and the Boat Race. Football came suddenly down upon the land like a mountain-torrent in full spate, and may very possibly diminish its proportions just as swiftly. But Racing was set too deep in the nation's heart to suffer much, except by overcrowding, and by that spirit of money-making which has so altered the face of all the land where true sport is concerned.

In later chapters I shall be obliged to go more into detail in the matter of the changes which this spirit has necessitated on the Turf. I note it merely, now, as one manifestation among others of that new power of gate-money which has revolutionised the external methods of our racecourses as much as it has altered the conditions of well-nigh every other sport we have. The best owners have gone on their way undisturbed, and the Jockey Club has effectually guarded the public morals of the Turf. But these men are only a few among the many. From Sir Charles Bunbury to the Prince of Wales, there have always been racing men who cared more for the sport than for what they could get out of it. The difference is that there are not half so many of them now, in proportion to the whole number, as there were once. Not only has the passion for betting extended to circles who



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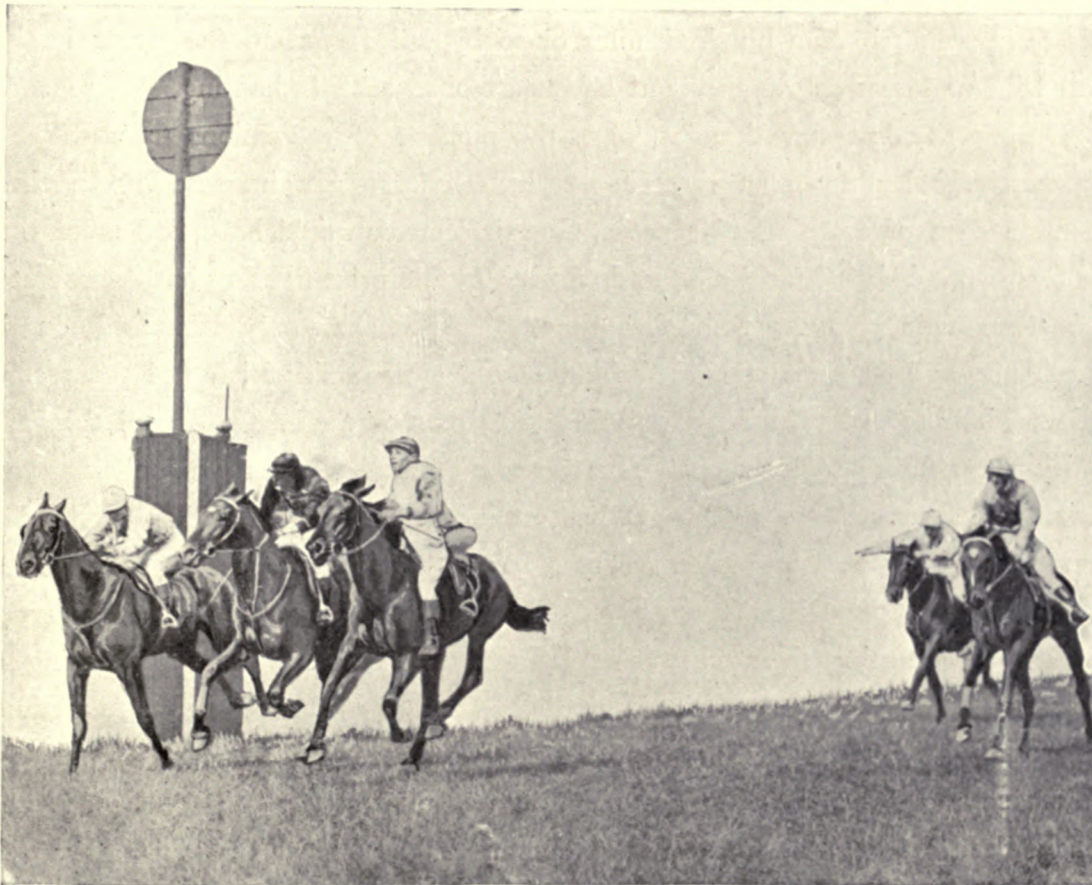
From a painting by Herring

Flying Dutchman.

By permission of the Right Honourable, the Earl of Rosbery.

never had anything to do with it a century ago ; but facilities for locomotion and opportunities of cheap enjoyment have so increased that a man of very moderate means is now given the opportunity of losing his money handsomely from one end of England to the other, and that, too, without leaving his own home unless he likes.

The evils and excesses which have thus arisen are perhaps a necessary



An Example of Instantaneous Photography, by permission of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

*The Finish of the Eclipse Stakes.
Sandown, 1901.*

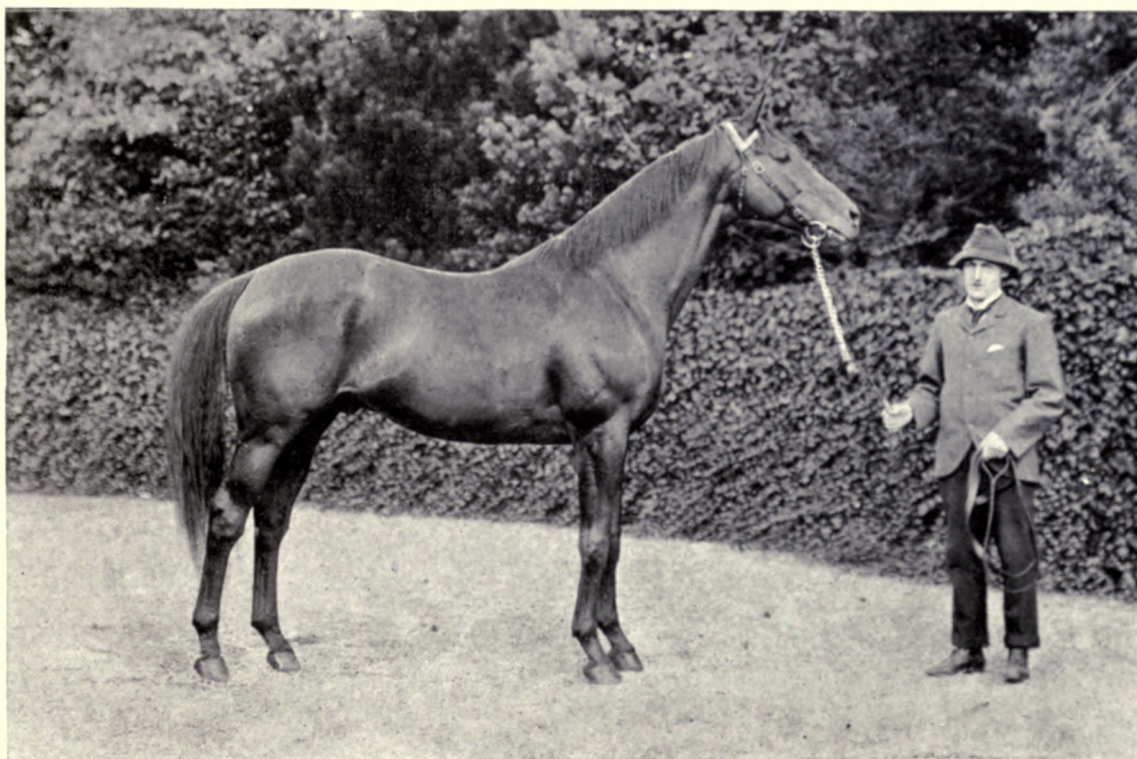
consequence of civilised evolution. At any rate, I do not mean to imply that every eighteenth century sportsman was a Galahad. It would not have been possible for bookmakers ever to have come into existence at all had not a complaint been fairly general that men could not get on enough money when owners only betted with each other. Modern enclosures give far more chance to betting-agents, touts, and all their tribe, than did the old country meetings ; and the telegraph and printing-press have still further increased the ramifications of that quickly-growing organisation

which lives upon Turf speculations without caring in the least for the best Turf interests. The artificiality which prevails in so many other branches of sport is present here as well. Squire Osbaldeston may once have shot partridges for money ; but his friends would have looked with much greater surprise on the excessive game preservation of the present day, and on the astonishing value necessarily set upon such sporting assets as the right to shoot a covert or to fish a trout stream ever since every enthusiastic follower of Izaak Walton has been easily able to afford a trip of a hundred miles or so by rail to get to the water he has rented. In a lesser degree the same effects are observable in hunting.

During the last few decades, also, the number of recreations from which a comparatively healthy man can choose have enormously increased. In these scientific days of arsenic and glucose, George Borrow would have had more than the loss of his beloved "old ale" to deplore. But if prize-fighting has degenerated into "pugilistic contests with the gloves," cricket has only improved on its inheritance, and, in spite of many baleful efforts of the statistician and the record-maker, I believe a big English crowd is just as keen on the best points of the game to-day as ever were its ancestors. The excesses of football will fortunately work out their own decay. When a "game" has got under the control of limited liability companies whose only care is to secure a big gate, it is not very far from radical reform. Lawn tennis, bicycling, and golf, have all had their turn of popular favour, and are each testing their true value by their respective powers of defying or outlasting criticism. Throughout them all the bane of preferring results to methods has worked its peculiar evil. It could not be expected that the Turf should alone remain scatheless, nor has it done so. But in spite of every harmful symptom I believe the Turf will have a longer life than any of its rivals. Without going so far as the hero of one of our latest "problem-plays," who asked "Where would England be without her love for horses?" I will at least observe that if we eliminated all the doings of our most successful owners from the story of their native land, our annals would be far less splendid than they are ; the Navy would have been poorer ; the Army would have lost some of the most brilliant of its officers ; the highest position that a subject can hold would not have been graced by more than one Prime Minister ; the throne itself would have been deprived of more than one monarch of these realms.

His Majesty King Edward VII. will always retain a very high place among royal patrons of the Turf. The calamity that fell upon him and upon the whole

English-speaking race when the illustrious Queen Victoria died, naturally resulted in a withdrawal which every friend of English Racing hopes will be as temporary in duration as it is merely nominal in fact. For under whatever name his horses run they have hitherto remained His Majesty's property, and it may fairly be expected that they will continue to add to the illustrious roll of His Majesty's successes. There is every precedent for so pleasant a possibility, for the horses which George IV. owned when he was Prince of Wales continued to win for



His Majesty the King's "Persimmon."
Sandringham, 1901.

him when they ran in the name and colours of Mr. Delmé Radcliffe. On the other hand it would have been nothing extraordinary if His Majesty had determined to enter his own horses, as did William IV. at Goodwood in August, 1830, when the card showed the following interesting result:—

The Gold Cup value 300 sovs., and the surplus in specie. A subscription of 20 sovs. each with £100 added by the City of Chichester. Once round. (38 subs.).

His Majesty's b. m. <i>Fleur de Lys</i> , by <i>Bourbon</i> , aged, 9st. 9lb.	G. Nelson	1
His Majesty's b. h. <i>Zinganee</i> , 5 yrs., 9st. 10lb.	J. Day	2
His Majesty's ch. h. <i>The Colonel</i> , 5 yrs., 10st.	Pavis	3

These three had run at Ascot two months before for George IV., and the beaten horses were scarcely less remarkable. Lord Exeter's b. f. *Green Mantle* (10 to 1 against) won the Oaks; Lord Jersey's b. g. *Glenartney* (7 to 1 against) was only beaten for the Derby by his stable companion *Mameluke*, who was sold to Mr. Gully for 4,000 guineas; Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. *Tranby* was ridden four miles four times over in Squire Osbaldeston's famous match against time. The Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Hindoo* and Mr. Grant's b. f. *Lady Emily* also ran. When the Royal stud was sold Mr. Tattersall's 1,550 guineas for *The Colonel* was the highest price given. His Majesty's *Persimmon* alone is worth to-day about twice the total sum produced by the whole of that royal sale sixty-four years ago. This fine stallion, who is a son of *Perdita II.*, and recalls the *Hampton* and *Melbourne* type much more than that of his sire *St. Simon*, must be worth at least £100,000, for he is now earning £12,000 a year, is full for the next two seasons, and is only eight years old as I write. Up to the 12th of October his get had won £2,455 in 1901, and his name comes between those of *Winkfield* and *May Duke* in the list of winning sires, in which (at the date mentioned) *Ladas* (by *Hampton* out of *Illuminata*) comes second to *St. Simon* with £25,133 for ten winners of eighteen races.

But it is, of course, rather to the future than to the present year that admirers of *Persimmon* must look for evidence of his real value. In the Sandringham stud where His Majesty kindly permitted many pictures to be taken for these pages, this September, 1901, some of his produce are:

- (1). Ch. filly out of *La Carolina* (1889) by *Sterling* out of *Cherry Duchess* by *The Duke*.
- (2). Ch. colt out of *Meadow Chat* (1892) by *Minting* out of *Stone Clink* by *Speculum*.
- (3). Ch. colt out of *Red Enamel* (1888) by *Arbitrator* out of *Lenity* by *Bend Or*.
- (4). Br. colt out of *Laodamia* (1890) by *Kendal* out of *Chrysalis* by *Lecturer*.
- (5). Br. colt out of *Fanchette* (1880) by *Speculum* out of *Relicence* by *Vespasian*.

I should add that the Royal stud also contains:

- (1). B. filly by *Orme* out of *Leveret* (1891), by *Galopin* out of *Sacrifice* by *Hampton*.
- (2). Br. filly by *Sir Hugo* out of *Mousme* (1895), by *St. Simon* out of *Fanchette*.

And among the other mares are:

- (1). *Nonsuch* (1894) by *Nunthorpe* out of *La Morlaye* by *Doncaster*.
- (2). *Vane* (1897) by *Orme* out of *Vampire* by *Galopin*.
- (3). *Courtly* (1891) by *Hampton* out of *Little Lady* by *Rosicrucian*.
- (4). *Mintleaf* (1889) by *Esterling* out of *Mintsauce*.
- (5). *Pierrette* (1888) by *Mask* out of *Poetry* by *Petrarch*.
- (6). *Eventail* (1896) by *Ayrshire* out of *Fanchette*.
- (7). *Tears of Joy* (1895) by *Amphion* out of *Merry Dance* by *Doncaster*.

Apart from other considerations, even if it be judged from the few names here given, this stud is one of which the ruler of any Kingdom might well be proud, even though it does not now include *Perdita II.*, who died in 1899. She was by *Hampton* out of *Hermione* by *Young Melbourne*, and is the only mare on record who produced two sons, own brothers, and a grandson, Derby Winners. Her produce must be worth almost a quarter of a million pounds in value, and her record outdoes even that of *Pocahontas*. *Penelope* approaches it most nearly.

I have gone into these details because it is as well to discount as soon and as thoroughly as possible any exaggeration in the laments about modern decadence to which I have referred. Certainly no one who stood, as I did this spring, in *Bend Or's* loose-box at Eaton, would be inclined to believe that the best English breeders are taking less care than they ever did or are less likely to reap their due reward. That splendid son of *Doncaster* and *Rouge Rose* still stands high in the list of winning sires (twenty-fourth, with £3,582 in October, 1901), and looks good for many more years yet, though it is as long ago as 1880 since he beat *Robert the Devil* by a head for the Derby. Through his son *Ormonde* and his grandson *Orme* he could have been sure of immortality even if his own performances had not placed him among the classic heroes of the Turf.

Before leaving this subject I must give one more reason for the faith that is in me by quoting the instance of *St. Simon*, the lord of a stud farm scarcely less famous than the two I have just mentioned. This bay son of *Galopin* and *St. Angela* (by *King Tom*) was declared by Matthew Dawson, who trained *Thormanby*, *Wheel of Fortune* and *Minting*, to be the best animal he ever had. But though he left the Turf undefeated, after beating *Tristan* for the Gold Cup at Ascot, and winning the



Colt by "*Persimmon*" out of "*La Carolina*."
Sandringham, 1901.

Gold Cup at Goodwood (hard held) in a canter, a leg trouble, brought about by his victory over *Chislehurst* for the Gold Cup at Newcastle on very hard ground, prevented his turf career being extraordinarily successful, and his chief reputation will rest upon his astonishing performances at the stud. Without including place money or races abroad, the figures of his winning stock are as follows :—

1889	£24,286
1890	32,799
1891	25,890
1892	56,139
1893	36,319
1894	42,092
1895	30,469
1896	59,740
1897	22,541
1898	15,210
1899	17,505
1900	54,460

This gives a total of £417,750, which I have seen stated at £521 higher, or an average of over £34,212 for the twelve years, and his figures up to October 12th, 1901, were £28,567 for 18 winners in 30½ races, a total which heads a list in which his sons *Florizel II.* and *St. Frusquin* are third and fifth. What this extraordinary excellence means for *St. Simon's* owner is that the sum of 600 guineas was asked for his services in the spring of 1901.

If we go back only to the years at the beginning of the reign of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the figures in this connection furnish a more startling comparison than almost any other that might be drawn. *Emilius*, who won the Derby of 1823, for Captain Udney, and afterwards became the property of Mr. Thornhill, standing for many years at the celebrated Riddlesworth stud, was the sire of *Plenipotentiary*, *Priam*, *Riddlesworth*, *Poison*, *Barcarolle*, *Extempore*, *Oxygen*, and *Mango*, who had nearly all got winning brackets by 1837. Yet in 1838 *Emilius'* fee was fifty guineas, which was only equalled by that of his older rival *Sultan*, and was about double what was charged by any other English stallion. The sire of *Touchstone* and *Launcelot* could only get half that sum. The great *Touchstone* himself only ventured on thirty guineas, which was the figure demanded for *Bay Middleton*, sire of *Crucifix* and *The Flying Dutchman*. If the rise in value of the progeny of the sires at one end of Queen Victoria's reign may fairly be

estimated by the difference in the fees charged at the other, we have evidently reached a crucial period in the history of the Turf. Whether that argument holds good will become clearer as I try to develop a few of its many interesting pages. But it is obvious at any rate that the causes which are at work to produce such astonishing results will be well worthy of investigation at the present moment ; and it is in this belief that I have ventured to trace the origins of the English thoroughbred as far back as I can find authority to guide me.

It is not my desire to weary my readers with useless preliminary researches ; but if I were to begin at once with the first race of which definite details are recorded in the eighteenth century there would be hardly any use in calling this book a History



Colt by "St. Simon" out of "Azeza."
Sandringham, 1901.

of the Turf at all. It is to Mr. John Orton, a Yorkshireman of the middle of the nineteenth century, that we owe the preservation of the fact that on Tuesday, September 13th, 1709, a Gold Cup (value £50), for six-year-old horses at twelve stone, was raced for, in three heats of four miles each, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, and was won by

Mr. Metcalfe's b.h. *Wart*. The organisation and arrangements revealed in this presuppose a large number of similar encounters since those far-off days when Severus Alexander had a stud at Netherby ; and I shall endeavour to suggest a few of the more typical of the intervening facts, not merely to explain the gradual development of the animals themselves, but to suggest the slow and certain spread, from Tyne to Thames and back again, of a spirit of emulation among owners, and of sporting instincts among their friends, which make up the warp and woof of that variegated tapestry we call the English Turf. Here and there a thread is wanting. But the shuttle flew merrily to and fro for several centuries before a pattern so distinct as that observable in 1709 could be distin-

guished, and I am not afraid of directing your attention a little more closely to its movements, to the men and women who got their chief enjoyment out of it, and to the very varied instincts or predilections which supplied the motive power.

The position of Racing in social life before the end of the sixteenth century was not very distinctive; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it becomes an intimate and important part of the general study of manners, for among the names handed down in the traditions of the early Turf are those of men who were not only most eminent in public life but also most interesting and remarkable in their personalities. It will be one of my endeavours to give a direct impression of the relation of Racing to other phases of contemporary social life, of the attitude of society towards it, and of the spirit in which it was followed by its greatest devotees. Another of my desires is to give such an account of these men and women, within my limits, as may enable the reader to get a fair idea of the world in which they lived.

Two opposite difficulties beset this ideal. For the first part of it the direct material is slight. The chief letter-writers and writers of memoirs were, unhappily, not interested in Racing. It follows from this that they neither wrote much about it themselves, nor did the Racing friends whose letters to them we possess discourse at any length upon the subject. It is mainly by indirect hints that our impressions are gradually built up, and an appeal must sometimes be made to the sympathetic imagination of the sporting reader. For the second part of the subject, however, the material is almost too abundant. The difficulty is to know where to stop when one begins to write of the careers and characters of some of the men who were constant to Newmarket Heath, and a rigorous selection of typical instances becomes inevitable. On the whole I have found it profitable and convenient to fuse the two kinds of material, and by imagination on the one hand and selection on the other to attempt a general picture of English society on its Racing side, without either emphasising the specialties of the Turf chronicler to a wearisome extent, or trespassing too far in the special province of the general historian.

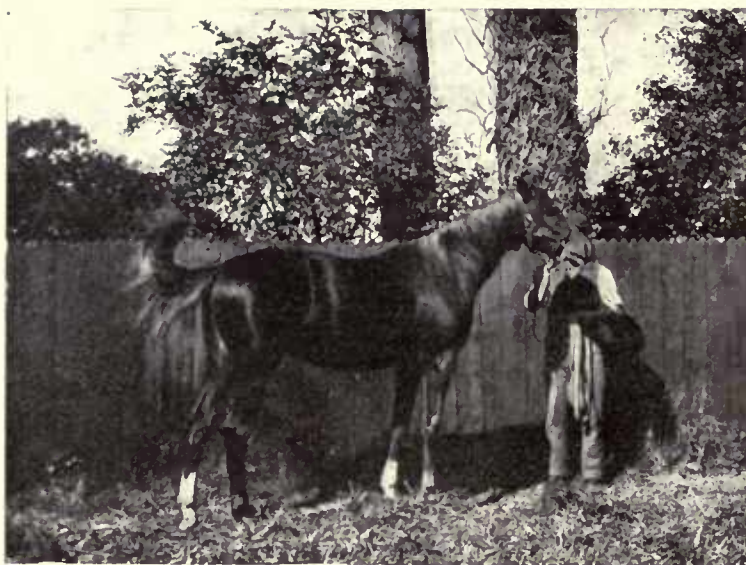
In such a task as this, the aid of illustrations becomes practically inevitable, and I have been content to accept their many drawbacks for the sake of the balance of interest and information which, as a whole, they must convey. In the matter of the artistic rendering of the thoroughbred, the pendulum has swung from the stiffness of Barlow or Tillemen in the seventeenth century, through the conventions of Sartorius, to the instantaneous photograph of to-day. In all that

time a picture of the racer, as the human eye perceives him at full stretch, has never yet been put on paper, though Herring in one direction and John Charlton in another have approached the nearest. The rest are beautiful if you like, and often succeed admirably in conveying the desired impression; but they are not true; and I have often wondered when it will be possible to get a picture which will preserve the truth of the instantaneous photograph, and will yet appeal to that combination of judgment and attention which is implied in our "seeing" anything. It is easy to suggest how the accepted artistic convention for a galloping horse arose. When an artist draws a wheel we let him give us the idea of pace by putting in some extra fifty spokes, because few of us are quite clear how many spokes a wheel should really have. But he cannot use the same simple method in depicting a gallop, because the intelligence of the youngest of his spectators would revolt at any drawing of a horse with more than four legs. So the artist went to the animal that was most commonly to be seen running, the dog. He gave the horse the same action to convey the idea of pace, and his spectators were satisfied to see *Ormonde's* legs in the same position as those of "Fullerton." They have been satisfied ever since.

It has often occurred to me that by a skilful combination of the mechanism of the biograph with the known properties of the human retina a picture of the racehorse at full stretch *as we see him* might for the first time be put on paper by some enthusiastic scientist. The machine registers a great many more separate actions in a single second than the eye can distinguish; but, as the capacity of each is known, it ought to be possible to print upon one plate the exact number of "biograph movements" which occur in the space of time necessary for the passage of a single impression through the eye to the brain. Luckily "sight" is a composite matter, and until a few years ago the artist had as much to say as anyone about what we all "saw" coming round Tattenham Corner on a Derby Day. Then the instantaneous photographer began to contribute an entirely new factor, and with his subtle assistance we are already beginning to "see" many motions in the galloping horse which our grandfathers would have scouted as impossible. I have given one example of instantaneous photography, in the pages of this Preface, which may be compared with Herring's painting of *The Flying Dutchman* at full speed, one of the masterpieces in Lord Rosebery's collection.

I cannot help feeling a good deal of sympathy with a large number of sportsmen who prefer a good photograph of a thoroughbred at rest to anything else; and to

the proprietors of *Country Life* I owe the possibility of reproducing some of the best of these photographs I have ever seen. There are very few artists who, like Mr. Charles Furse, unite a mastery of technique and a thorough science in painting with a knowledge of the horse and a love of his performances. From his skilful brush comes the fine picture of Lord Roberts' Arab charger which will appear in later pages. It has always been a mystery to me that, with very few exceptions, the walls of our great exhibitions are year by year conspicuously lacking in any representation of the many famous and beautiful animals in training at the time, or at the stud. As far as I can remember, M. Dégas is the only artist of late who has attempted, and evidently enjoyed, the fascinating task of rendering the bloom and texture of a light chestnut in full sunlight at the start of a race. To the work of M. Emil Adam (who inherits from his grandfather his felicity of touch



*Colt by "Persimmon" out of "Fine Lady."
In Mr. Brodrick Cloete's Paddocks, 1901.*

and love for horses), or of many others who lay themselves out especially to perpetuate the favourite of the stable for his fortunate owner, I naturally am not now referring. To them every Turfite owes a debt which needs no emphasis. I have in mind those artists who are great in other ways, and who seem to have neglected a subject which

appealed to their predecessors from the sculptors of the Parthenon to Leonardo, to Velasquez, to Van Dyck. But in the days when photography was not, and when the only artists who have handed down to us their impressions of the racehorses they knew were utterly untrammelled by the anatomical limitations which Stubbs first laid down, I can only be grateful for what material there is without too harshly criticising it.

To one racing man at least the Art of the nation is under a heavy obligation, and for that reason, if for no other, our artists might well begin to pay the debt.

One of the finest judges of racing in his generation was the late Mr Frank Clarke, whose writing under the *nom de guerre* of "Pegasus" was well known in the first newspaper that was ever wholly devoted to sport. His entire fortune was left to the National Gallery, and the annual purchase of pictures out of its interest is one of the assets which is helping to make that great collection one of the finest in the world. The name, too, of one of the few owners who have ever won four Derbys is commemorated in the Bowes Museum in the north of England. It is only natural, therefore, that among those whose assistance I have to acknowledge, Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Mayhew of the British Museum, and Mr. Lionel Cust, of the National Portrait Gallery and Keeper of the King's Pictures, should be given the first place. They have each been of the greatest service in the course of researches that might have been impossible, and would certainly have proved far less fruitful, without their courteous and kindly aid.

But it is to contemporary sportsmen themselves, who are still closely connected with the English Turf, that I owe most in this modest effort to illustrate its history; and to none do I owe more than to His Majesty the King, whose gracious interest in this work has placed at my disposal all those paintings in the Royal collections at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Cumberland Lodge, and elsewhere, which were of importance to my subject. The value of the reproductions thus obtained to all my readers will be a better appreciation of His Majesty's kindness than any expression of my own gratitude now possible. To His Royal Highness Prince Christian I am also under a deep obligation, for which reasons will appear in almost every volume of this work. His Royal Highness has lent me many valuable records for reproduction from his own collection.

His Grace the Duke of Westminster has most kindly permitted me to reproduce the sporting pictures from Eaton in these pages. To the Earl of Rosebery I am equally indebted, for in addition to having been allowed the privilege of inspecting one of the finest collections of Turf paintings I have ever seen, I owe it to his kindness that several rare pictures from the Durdans are published among these chapters for the first time. Sir Walter Gilbey and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild have been equally generous. From Elsenham Hall, and from that Old Palace House at Newmarket, which is full of racing memories from the days of Charles II. to the St. Leger of 1901, I have been enabled by the kindness of their respective owners to reproduce pictures which will add very greatly to the interest with which every lover of the Turf will read this history. Mr. Somerville Tattersall has also given me the

run of a collection of prints which for delicacy of preservation must be almost unparalleled. To him and to Mr. E. Weatherby I owe a debt which every racing man will readily appreciate. I have also to acknowledge the courtesy which placed at my disposal many relics and memoranda of the famous jockey Francis Buckle, now in the possession of his grand-daughters.

The list of my benefactors might easily be lengthened, and no doubt before my last page is written it will largely be increased. But if I have indicated something of the nature of the assistance so readily accorded me on all sides, I cannot hope to convey any notion of the fulness of my obligations or the depth of my gratitude; and I will only add that Mr. William E. Gray has photographed pictures and engravings for me in all parts of the country with a success that implies a good deal more than merely mechanical perfection. I trust the excellence of his work may be some slight return for the help and courtesy he invariably received. By a privilege I very highly value, my proof-sheets have been submitted to Mr. Arthur F. B. Portman, the well-known proprietor of "Horse and Hound," to whom my last word of thanks is very sincerely given. For the mistakes that may be still apparent, no one but myself can be held responsible. That they are far fewer than they would otherwise have been in so long and complicated a book is entirely owing to Mr. Portman's generous help in this respect.

I had originally intended to issue an Appendix with each Volume, but it has been found more convenient to place it at the end of the book.





A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TURF.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Librum scribat ipse qui judicat."

IT is not my intention to begin this history with the usual apology for adding another book about horses to the sportsman's library. If excuse were needed, the opportunity of a new century and a new reign would be alone sufficient to explain an attempt to resume what has been done on the English Turf since Racing became a popular institution, and to put on record the position from which a fresh start has been made.

The point of time thus chosen is not merely the arbitrary date of a conventional calendar. It forms, if I am not mistaken, a real and organic division in that life-story of classic encounters which has as much to do with the men and women of the period as with the horses they have loved so well to watch.

It confirms this belief, and it is appropriate to these pages, to observe that in the old century, His Majesty King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, headed the list of winning owners, an auspicious success which has been mainly due to the magnificent three-year-old career of *Diamond Jubilee*, own brother to the no less illustrious *Persimmon*. But it was not the mere total of his winnings which made the year 1900 remarkable in the racing career of His Majesty, and in the history of the Turf. Apart from the fact that the treble event of the Two Thousand, Newmarket

Stakes, and Derby has only been brought off by His Majesty's colt, by *Isinglass*, and *Ladas*; by winning the triple crown of Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, *Diamond Jubilee* has joined the select and glorious band of record-makers, composed of *Flying Fox*, *Galtie More*, *Isinglass*, *Common*, *Ormonde*, *Lord Lyon*, *Gladiator*, and *West Australian*, who was the only winner, except *Diamond Jubilee*, who started for the Derby at 6 to 4 against; and it is interesting to note that all of these, except Mr. Sutton's *Lord Lyon*, were bred by their nominators; and that *Gladiator* is the only foreign-bred horse which has ever attained the position so eagerly desired by every owner of racehorses in the world, and only just missed by the American-bred *Iroquois*, when he was unfortunately beaten by *Peregrine* in the Two Thousand.

Since 1853, *Lord Lyon's* year has seen the greatest value in the total stakes for these three classic races, and *Diamond Jubilee* secured nearly £3,000 less than they were worth in 1866; but besides them, both the Newmarket Stakes and the Eclipse Stakes were put to the credit of the speedy son of *St. Simon* and *Perdita II.*, and of the total of over £29,000, which put the Prince at the head of the list, *Diamond Jubilee* was responsible for all except the Portland Plate (£735), the Sussex Stakes (£137), and minor events of little importance. Moreover, His Majesty is now the only owner who has ever won both the Derby and the Grand National, the two most important races in different branches of the sport, and won them in the same season; so I am omitting such important items as the victories of *Ambush II.* and other 'chasers in the Royal colours, when I point out that the Jockey Club record of the Prince of Wales since 1886, when *Counterpane* with Archer up secured the Maiden Plate at Sandown, included every classic race except the Oaks, his nearest approach to that being when *Thais* was beaten by Lord Derby's *Canterbury Pilgrim*, and represented a value in stake-money of at least £100,000.

His Majesty has still other records to his credit which make it appropriate to take the century which immediately follows them as a new beginning in the history of Racing. Since the institution of the race, he was the only owner who had won the Derby with two colts by the same sire and dam; and it is also extraordinary that both *Persimmon* and *Diamond Jubilee* did the course in two minutes forty-two seconds, the fastest time on record for the course of one mile four furlongs, and twenty-nine yards. Own brothers have indeed been victorious before; but though both were by *Whalebone* out of a *Canopus* mare, *Lapdog* (1826) was the property of Lord Egremont, and *Spaniel* (1831), belonged to Lord Lowther. Again two colts by *Waxy* out of *Penelope* secured the blue riband in 1810 and 1815; but

Whalebone ran in the third Duke of Grafton's colours, while *Whisker* was owned by the fourth Duke. In the English Royal Family, King Edward's success on the Turf is unparalleled ; though the Duke of York (son of George II.), also won the Derby twice, with *Prince Leopold* (1816) and *Moses* (1822). In 1788 the same race was won by the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) with *Sir Thomas*. There is every hope that continued good fortune may attend a connection which does as much credit to the modern Turf as to His Majesty. Though *Ambush II.* was scratched for his engagements, and the rest of the King's horses have been leased to the Duke



*Sculptures from the Parthenon.
Showing small size of Greek Horse.*

of Devonshire, the Delmé Radcliffe of to-day, they remain the King's property, and His Majesty may well look forward to equalling the score of three Derby victories achieved by Sir Charles Bunbury, the first winner, by Lord Grosvenor, Sir F. Standish, Lord Egremont, the third Duke of Grafton, Lord Jersey, and the Duke of Portland ; even if he does not join that select company who, by four successes have won imperishable fame for the names of the first Duke of Westminster, Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. John Bowes.

To go more in detail into the occurrences of 1900 would be improper in this place, but it must be impossible for anyone who followed the events of that season

with the slightest interest to avoid remarking that the crack three-year-old was ridden in all his victories by his own lad, Herbert Jones, a young man of very slight experience, in spite of the fact that the stable had first claim on the best English jockey of the day. This was of course easily explained by the fact that the horse had a very extraordinary temper; and though it improved very much, yet he would always go more kindly for his own lad than for M. Cannon or anyone else; and no one who saw the masterly way in which Jones sat tight, while *Disguise II.* got so good a place that many thought Mr. James R. Keene had got another *Iroquois*, could regret that the lad had been given the chance he used so well. But the pessimistic critics who are always on the look out for evil omens, harped on the coincidence that in the same season the list of winning jockeys was headed by an American; that five out of the leading ten belong to the same nationality; and that Reiff, who beat Loates for the premier position, secured 143 races out of 553 mounts, while the Englishman had to make 809 attempts to score six victories less. The more old fashioned of us consoled ourselves with the remembrance that none of the classic events fell to the foreigner, for apart from the successes of Herbert Jones already chronicled, S. Loates got the One Thousand Guineas on *Winifreda*, and M. Cannon added the Oaks, with *La Roche*, to a list which contains the Lincoln Handicap, the City and Suburban, the Metropolitan, and the Middle Park Plate. Ascot, however, was undoubtedly the spoil of the Americans, for Sloan was credited with the Stakes, and the New Stakes, and the Ascot Cup; and a score which contains the Royal Hunt Cup, the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, the Stewards' Cup, the Goodwood Cup, and the Great Ebor Handicap—all won by the younger Reiff—is not to be despised under any circumstances.

The third name on the 1900 list of winning owners suggests that question of reform which has been somewhat too intimately associated with the "American Invasion" so characteristic of the last year of the nineteenth century. Lord Durham has never shown himself lacking in the courage of his opinions, and a few outspoken utterances from his lordship during 1900 did much to clear the air. Lord Crewe's speech at the Gimcrack dinner was a judicious contribution to a controversy that might otherwise have gone a little too far. The Jockey Club, however, decided to deprive patrons of the Turf of the sight of Sloan's style of riding. If not beautiful it was certainly effective; and though, as will be seen later on in this book, it was hardly as original as many seemed to think, it proved at any rate of some service to the English Turf.

Having now touched on a few of the distinctive characteristics of owners, horses, and jockeys in this pivotal year, I need only point out one more record-making fact, in connection with its winning stallions, to establish fairly my claim that the beginning of the twentieth century provides an especially convenient period for a look back upon Turf history as a whole. In 1900 one of the results of *Diamond Jubilee's* victories was that *St. Simon* once more came to the top of the list of successful sires, and it is probably unique in the annals of breeding that the same good horse got the five classic winners of a single season, for *Winifreda* and *La Roche* were among



*Sculptures from the Parthenon.
Showing Eastern Type of Greek Horse.*

St. Simon's produce, as well as the handsome colt out of *Perdita II*. With *St. Brigida*, *Simon Dale*, *The Gorgon*, *St. Nitouche*, and *Boniface*, adding to his score, in addition to the flyers already named, there is little wonder that *St. Simon* made the gap between himself and *Isinglass* (the second stallion on the list) a long one. He is also, I believe, the only example of a sire who provided not only two Derby winners for one owner, but also the second horse in each of the races which they won. *St. Simon* is indeed an instance that would take away a good deal of the "glorious uncertainty" of breeding, if it were more common; for he was unbeaten on the racecourse, and in twelve years his sons and daughters have won nearly £245,000



*A Roman Horse of the Third Century A.D.
From the Columna Theodosiana.*

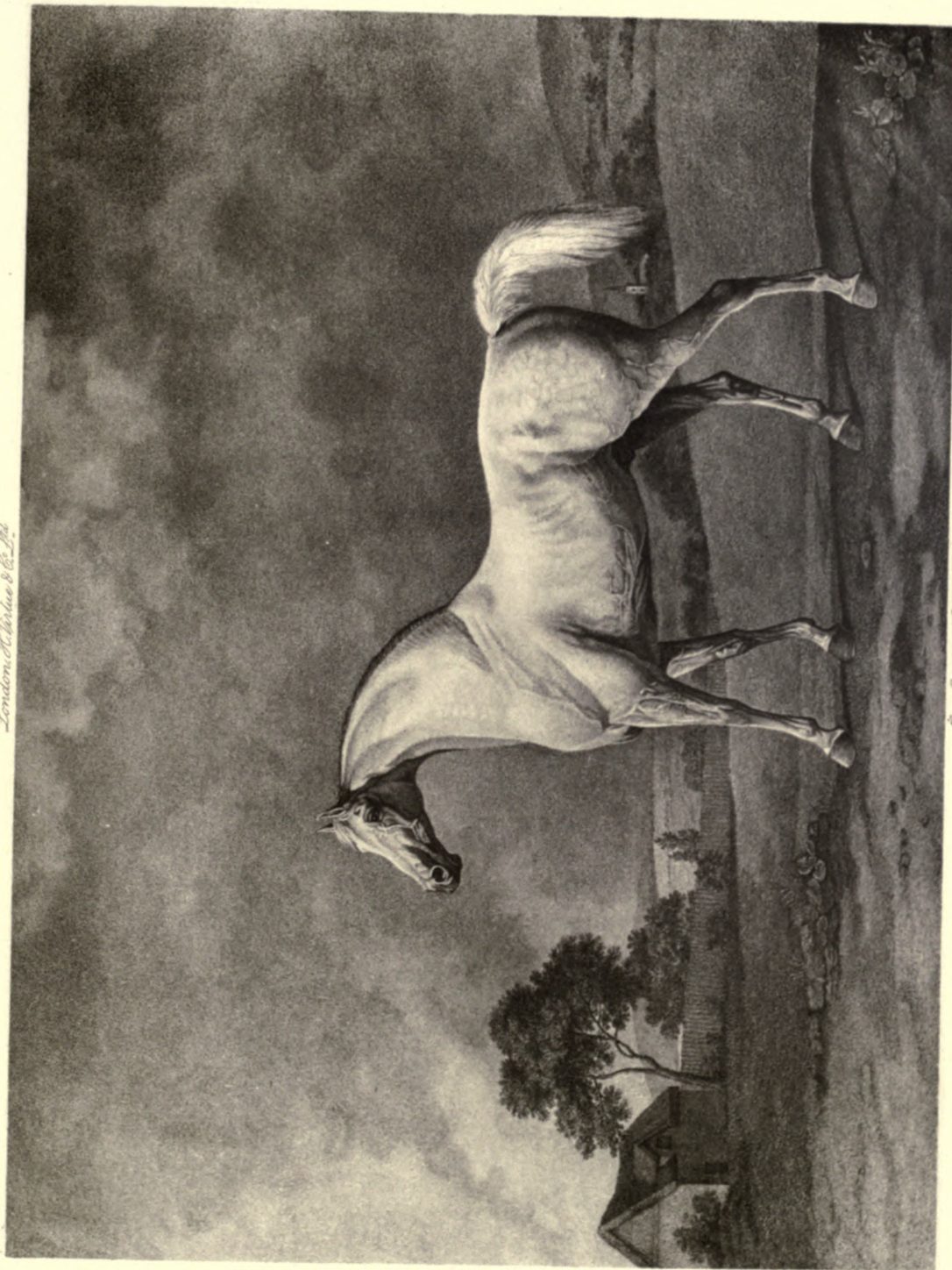
in close upon 400 races. How rare that combination is will become more and more manifest as I trace the gradual descent of modern thoroughbred stock from the seventeenth century to the present day.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," and I do not desire to imply for a moment that before, let us say, *the Markam Arabian* (to go back as far as possible) there was nothing of

interest to sportsmen to record in England. The records of early race-meetings, of legislation in favour of breeding, of love for horses in the abstract, and of the passion for matching them against each other whenever an opportunity arose—all these things are worth gathering up and considering at their true value in the course of our description of the development of all that is meant by the English Turf. But I do not propose to weary you with long columns of figures and statistics at dates when there are many other materials available for the historian. These things are essential for reference of course, and they will be found in their right place at the end of each volume.

As soon as I come to the crystallisation of something like a definite society round certain events, bound together by kindred interests, and accustomed to meet each other at stated intervals, I shall begin to reveal the second of those reasons for my present attempt, at which I hinted in the first lines of this chapter. When the racecourses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are looked at in the light of the society contemporaneous with them; when the owners of famous horses are realised to be men of prominence in many other spheres of life as well; when the ladies who accompanied them are considered not merely as so much gay background to the scene, but as the wives, the mothers, or perchance the mistresses, of men who held the fates of their own country and sometimes of Europe in their hands; when, in fact, the Turf is regarded as one aspect of the life of a part of England—and that

London, W. & A. G. B.



By George Stubbs.

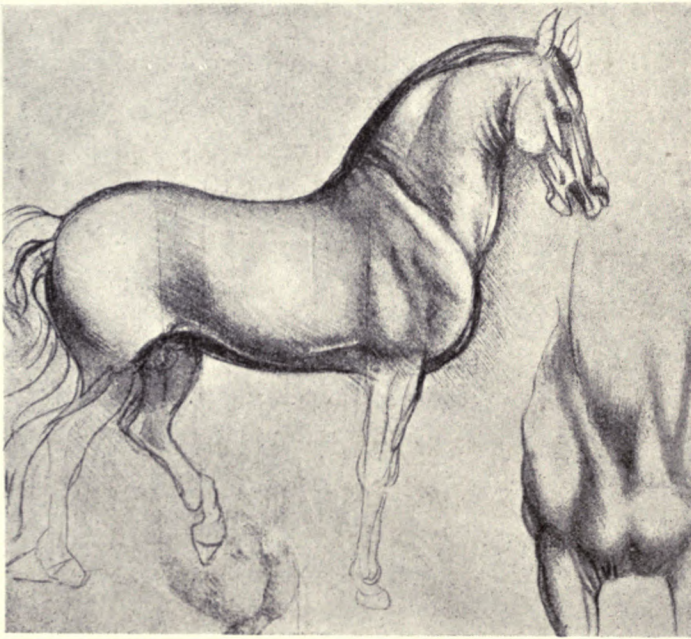
Mambino



a good deal the most interesting part—then I believe that there is some chance for even a new book on these so-often-treated subjects proving acceptable as much to the old hands as to the novice who has not yet stocked his sporting library. It is with this plan in view that I have added as many illustrations to my narrative as a long-suffering publisher would permit. Whenever it was possible I have chosen them from contemporaneous sources, and I believe that Lely, Van Dyck, Rowlandson, Gilray, or Sir Joshua Reynolds are just as valuable artists for my purpose as Gilpin, Herring, Stubbs, or Alken

I have been equally catholic in my choice of those artists, from whose work an attempt has been made (the first of its kind, I believe) to illustrate by means of contemporary pictures, or carvings, the gradual development of the horse in England, and of the breeds of other countries, so far as they are known to have affected English horses. There are various sources from which it is possible to imagine the appearance of the breeds which were to be found on the Continent at the end of the fifteenth century, breeds, in some cases, definitely affected by Eastern blood, in others enriched by the English mingled strain, in others, again, without a touch of either influence. But the importations from many different countries into England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, make it important to arrive at some idea of what the new blood meant. Taking Italy first; old Time himself is against anyone who tries to find contemporary representations of what the famous Ferrara stud really was in the latter half of the fifteenth century. For though Francesco Cossa and his friends filled the Schiafonia Palace with their frescoes at exactly the right period, the remains are hopelessly indistinct. In such works as the "Trionfo di San Giorgio," Carpaccio drew a horse very like the animal Verrochio and Van Dyck saw. Mantegna's similar paintings are not more convincing. But Leonardo da Vinci's study, which I reproduce from the Windsor collection, reveals a very definite Arab type, with which the earnest reader may compare the series that begins upon the Parthenon and ends in the picture of *Mambrino*, of whom I have given details in later chapters. Leonardo's horse is very different in build to Verrochio's magnificent charger in the Colleone statue, which is more of the Stuart type of the seventeenth century. Turning then to Germany, I have obtained three very distinct types from contemporary records. It was, I imagine, from a cross between Albert Dürer's horse (page 22), and the Eastern horse of the "Master of the Housebook" (see page 23), that the "Equus Germanus," which I reproduce here from Stradanus' careful picture, was bred in later years.

Having regard to the appearance of a page which will generally be illustrated, I have been glad to take the excuse thus offered to relieve the casual reader of a superfluity of references and footnotes. These additions are insidious parasites upon the main trunk of any narrative that is largely based on records of the past. They provide the author with a cheap display of erudition at the expense of his best readers' patience, and for their sakes I am content to risk any imputations of ingratitude or petty larceny which may be inspired by the more industrious rectitude of other critics. Fuller details with regard to the pictures than I could print beneath them have been preserved in the List of Illustrations that will accompany each volume,



*Italian Saddle Horse of the Fifteenth Century.
By Leonardo da Vinci.*

and as to written authorities I may at once acknowledge the deep obligation under which, in common with every other writer at this time of day, I labour towards my excellent and far more worthy predecessors. One only I will name here, because his storehouse of facts is fuller, in my opinion, than that of any other Turf historian of that period. I refer to Mr. J. P. Hore, whose "History of Newmarket and Annals of the Turf" reach, in his third volume, the end of

the seventeenth century. None of his readers can regret as heartily as I do that it goes no further. His arrangement and plan are his own ; but after many efforts to beat him on his own lines of research I have repeatedly had to confess that he has "got there first," and though the leading idea of my own volumes is entirely different, my earlier chapters are full of details which I owe to him ; and my own investigations have only confirmed the points on which he gave an earlier reference. Of course "there are Others." Their names are reverentially enshrined in the appendix to the last volume for the admiration of posterity and the avoidance of all scruple and doubtfulness. To the dead I here confess my debts. To the living I very

respectfully offer my sincerest thanks, and among these latter I desire to place a goodly number of that gallant army of journalists, anonymous or otherwise, whose

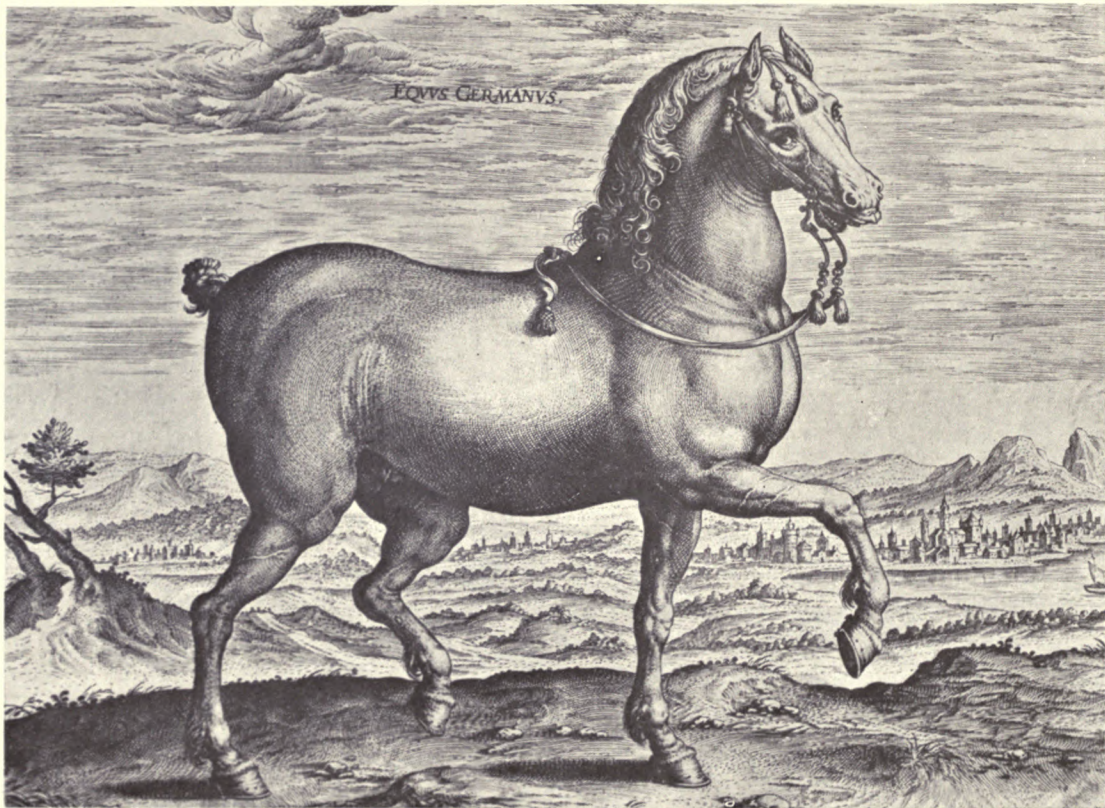


Italian Great Horse of the Fifteenth Century.

By Verrochio.

labours I can appreciate at their full value, inasmuch I have not yet left their ranks myself. If I had not made up my mind to mention no names just now, there are a

few men and a few newspapers whom I would gladly pick out as especially useful and suggestive. But those who know nothing of the Press would not be much the wiser if I did, and those who care for it will no doubt think they recognise their favourites unaided, so I forbear without reluctance. Similarly, there are certain stock publications, periodical or otherwise, which have attained a position of



The German Horse of the Sixteenth Century.

By Stradanus.

venerable respectability, like some ancient and well-established quarry in which the surrounding inhabitants have burrowed for their building-blocks as long as houses became a domestic institution. Some of my stones may no doubt be recognised as coming from those well-known tertiary strata in old sporting literature which every practised writer knows. They are the bedrock of every subsequent enterprise, and the foundation of each structure, as the years roll on. But it is still possible to vary the forms which rest upon them and the plan in which themselves are laid. If I have done that I can ask no more, and with no more ado I will proceed to business; for it is time to "cut the cackle, and get to the 'osses."

CHAPTER II.

THE HORSE IN ENGLAND TO THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

. . . . " Illi ardua cervix
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga,
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus. Honesti
Spadices glaucique, color deterrimus albis
Et gilvo
Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo,
At duplex agitur per lumbos spina, cavatque
Tellurem et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu."



*Coin of the Iceni, in the
First Century A.D.*

COINCIDENCES are always interesting, and I shall not perhaps be accused of too much prehistoric antiquarianism if I point out that the gold and silver coins used by the inhabitants of Newmarket Heath, at the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, were stamped with the figure of a horse. On the obverse occur various inscriptions such as ECEN., IC., and others, which first led the ingenious Sir Thomas Browne (of "Religio Medici") to the discovery that they had been made by the Iceni. I have reproduced one of these coins struck by Cunobelin

in the First Century, which gives pictorial confirmation of the testimony of Julius Cæsar. In these early effigies the trained eye of Sir Walter Gilbey has also discovered "cardinal points in common with" the Shires, Clydesdales, and Suffolks of the present day. When I have added that it was these Iceni whom Boadicea led with their allies, the Trinobantes, to a battle against the invaders which seems to have resulted in the extermination of the tribe, I shall have produced all the evidence

necessary to connect Newmarket's ancient love of horses, with the patriotic annals of this country. No doubt some of the horses which had been wild on Exning's immemorial pastures were among those sturdy little British nags which are known to have formed part of the most valued importations in Imperial Rome, not only for chariot-racing, but as cavalry remounts. The ponies of Scotland, Wales, and Exmoor were equally appreciated; and it is fairly certain that the debt was more



*A Roman Charger in the Third Century A.D.
From the Columna Theodosiana.*

than half unconsciously repaid by the desultory amours of those few Eastern steeds which came over with the more luxurious of the conquerors as the occupation of Britain began to appear permanent and settled.

As a Southern-born, I regret to have to acknowledge that, in spite of the coins of the Iceni, the first traces of a racing-stable are undoubtedly to be found in Yorkshire, where the Emperor Severus Alexander is proved to have made special arrangements at Netherby for the shelter and training of his delicate Arabs in a cold and unaccustomed climate. Later on, similar practices may be traced at Rushborough, Dorchester,

Silchester, and Caerleon ; and the presence of imported stock undoubtedly had a considerable influence upon domestic produce. I have reproduced two contemporary carvings of the breed of horse most probably brought into this country by the Romans, and the Eastern type is as clearly observable in them as in the sculptures of the Parthenon. The Venerable Bede himself is not without an unmistakable reference to the inevitable results, in the description he gives of a rough and ready match which was made and ridden in the dominions of East Anglia during the reign of King Edmund the Martyr. The legions had tramped out of Britain ; but the racing tastes of their officers remained. The great King Alfred had a Master of the Horse named Ecquef. It is not too much to say that the Anglo-Saxon was already bitten with the passion for the Turf.

By the reign of Athelstan, this fact had become so far appreciated abroad, that when the father of Hugh Capet was courting the daughter of the British King, he could find no more appropriate gift for so important an occasion than some " running-horses " ; and the will of this tenth-century English monarch is equal evidence of an affection for Racing, which had been recognised as much by his foreign friends as by his courtiers at home. An even stronger indication is to be found in the Royal order of the same period—perhaps the faint beginnings of future prohibitive legislation—that no horses should be sent abroad for any purpose save by the King's desire and knowledge.

There is no record of an Arab horse being brought to these islands by a Briton until Alexander, King of Scotland, is known to have presented one to a church in 1121 ; and his companion, who was a gift from Eastern Europe with some Turkish Armour, was kept at the Royal stud at Gillingham. But we need not imagine that the importations of the Conquest were limited either to the large, and apparently very seasick war chargers depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, or to the hacks which accompanied the great Duke in considerable numbers. At Hastings he rode a small stallion of 14 hands, given him by Alfonso of Spain. By that time the Crusades had begun already. An acquaintance with the East, so fruitful in many other luxuries, was not likely to have been barren in the one thing on which the Oriental has always prided himself ; Sir Walter is as correct as usual in his description of the tournament in " *Ivanhoe*." The ancient poem quoted by Strutt, provides no proof of the ancestry of *Favell* and *Lyard*, said to be the favourite steeds of Richard Coeur de Lion, and valued at the rhetorically exaggerated sum of a thousand pounds in gold. But the fondness of that otherwise apparently useless monarch, King John, for im-

porting horses from Flanders and from the East (chiefly Spanish "dextrarii" or war-horses) rests on the better basis of the Royal registers, and the Spanish stallions of Barb descent which Roger de Belesme, created Earl of Shrewsbury, took over to his estate in Powisland, of course definitely affected the breed in those parts, which is celebrated by Giraldus Cambrensis. It continued good ; for Edward II. purchased a "Powys horse" in the 13th century.

Racing seems to have been first considered worthy of separate mention, as a fashionable amusement for the upper classes, by Sir Bevys of Southampton, a poet who says that the knights made courses on horseback at Whitsuntide, in the reign of King Richard I., over a distance of three miles, for a stake of thirty pounds of gold. I must confess that I regard this evidence with suspicion. Fitz Stephen is not so



Cock fighting in the Fourteenth Century.

From a MS. in the Bodleian Library.

explicit, but more convincing, in what he describes at Smithfield in the previous reign, where sham fights on horseback were the popular version of those knightly tournaments which the King discouraged ; but the name of Knight-rider Street still records the route taken by the jousts in more sympathetic reigns. "When a race," says the old writer, "is to be run by this sort of horses (hackneys and charging steeds),

and perhaps by others which in their kind are also strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. The horses on their part are not without emulation ; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired with the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries."

There are several evidences, which are easily detected in the phraseology of this historian, to show that the proceedings were not merely the usual trials of a horse by his groom before a possible buyer previous to the sale. The course is cleared ; there is a prearranged signal ; and there seems a definite arrangement (if not a wager) on the part of the riders to discover

which horse would prove the fastest. This consoles me a little for Netherby, and is better testimony than any unsupported poetic enthusiasm (with its well-known carelessness for beggarly details) could ever supply. Edward II. secured thirty war horses



Bear-baiting in the Fourteenth Century.

From the Luttrell Psalter.

and twelve great horses from Lombardy for breeding purposes, and Edward III., being anxious to get cavalry for his wars, made expensive importations from the Low Countries for his stud farms. His Wardrobe accounts also shew that he possessed several "genets" or Spanish barbs.

Among the many instincts which combined to further the interests of the Turf, the love of gambling was essentially important. Not only were the chances of a wager to be secured in those old forms of sport which persisted in this country from the earliest times to the Victorian Era, but actual dicing was perfectly well-known and common in quite early centuries, and the passions of a gambler of the lower orders for this form of amusement are very clearly depicted in an early fourteenth-century drawing. Bear-baiting was also practised in 1340, as is shown by the illustrations to the Luttrell Psalter, and a spirited representation of cocking at the same period is to be found in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. There was evidently plenty of reason for the legislation of Richard II. against gambling among farm-labourers, who could ill afford to squander their small wages. But its appearance, so far down the social scale already, is a proof that various forms of sport and betting had been common in England for some time before the development of the Turf



Roadside Gambling in the Fourteenth Century.

From a MS in the British Museum.

gave to both their most exciting and complicated expression.

By 1377 I find myself able to quote a metrical description of a match between horses

belonging respectively to the Prince of Wales and to Richard Fitzalan, fourteenth Earl of Arundel, in which various details are confirmed by existing documents in the Record Office. The Marquis de Saluces, in a manuscript once only known to the officials of the Bibliothèque Nationale, in the Rue Richelieu, writes as follows, much in the style of Wace :—

“ Un jour li Roy une feste faisoit
 De son filz que chevalier faire vouloit.
 Là, faisait courer les destriers
 Et si y avoit joiaulx chiers
 Qui devoient estre [à] celui
 Qui avoit meilleur cheval o lui,
 Et qui mieulx seroit courant
 Et aux joiaulx plus tost venant.
 Là furent [— —] assemblez
 Tous les destriers de mains contriez
 Le filz le Roy y fu mesmement
 Qui bien cuidoit estre gangnant
 Car cuidoit avoir meilleur destrier
 Que on peut nulle part trouver ;
 Mais au derrein ce fu pour néant
 Que Bovez fut trestous passant
 Par la force de son destrier,
 Qui en mains lieux lui fu mestier,
 Ce fu Arundel le courant ;
 N'est meilleur ou firmament.”

The corroborative details of which I have spoken are contained in the facts that Lord Arundel's horse passed into the possession of Sir Alured de Vere, and was from him very naturally bought by the Prince for a sum said to be equivalent to £20,000 of our money, soon after he had become Richard II.; and it is significant that the first of many subsequent laws directed against gambling appears in the statute-book of the same monarch just twelve years afterwards. I may perhaps be allowed to add, to the greater glory of the Navy, that this same Richard Fitzalan, who was so early a supporter of the British Turf, performed many gallant actions as Lord High Admiral of England, one of which, the capture of a big convoy off Rochelle, resulted in Froissart being able to chronicle that the wine he brought to London was sold at fourpence a gallon for some months afterwards. After his former old rival on the course had ordered his execution in the most unsportsmanlike manner upon Tower Hill, what may very possibly have been a relic of the dead owner's racing trophies was left to his brother, the Archbishop of

Canterbury, in the shape of a gilt and enamelled cup with a stag upon its cover. The only race by which this unfortunate millionaire has been handed down to Turf history may very possibly have occurred at Newmarket, which had been found out as highly suitable for tournaments as early as 1309; and in 1313 the Earls of Pembroke, Gloucester, Hertford and Surrey were, with others, expressly prohibited by Edward II. from holding a meeting there. The Lords of the Manor of Newmarket were then the Argentines, who inherited it from a Norman ancestor, and the first contemporary mention of the place occurs in a grant made them by Henry III. in 1226-7. It was held after them by the Alington family of Horseheath (an appropriate name) until it passed to the Dukes of Rutland in the reign of George III.

There are several other indications of the excellence of the Royal stud in the reign of Richard II., though of course the "roan *Barbary*" which Shakespeare describes at Bolingbroke's coronation is only valuable as the evidence of two centuries later.

In the reign of Edward I. good horses could be got for £10, but by the days of Edward III., who was at one time indebted for horses to the tune of 25,000 florins to the Count of Hainault, the price of running horses had reached the equivalent of nearly £200 in our money. An issue of the Exchequer for 1363 also contains the following interesting entry:—"To William de Manton, Keeper of the King's Wardrobe, by the hands of Thomas Spigurnell, Keeper of the King's great horses, in discharge of £119 6s. 8d. paid to the same Thomas for the purchase of divers horses from the Executors of the will of John, late Bishop of Lincoln, viz. : one free sorrel Courser, price twenty marks; one Courser spotted with white, price twenty marks; one Courser of a roan colour, from Pappenworth, price twenty marks; one



Richard II.
From the Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.



*The White Irish Hobby of the Fourteenth Century.
From a MS. in the British Museum.*

Richard II.'s campaign in Wicklow, tells of Art MacMurchada, a "fine large" chieftain who called himself "King of Leinster," and rode "a horse without housing or saddle, said to have cost him 400 cows," which must have been as active as his owner for the accompanying picture shows him charging gaily down a mountain side towards a formidable water jump, on the other side of which are waiting the Earl of Gloucester and his officers, apparently for a friendly conference. This high-priced animal very probably represented the value of imported stock, and may well have been an ancestor of those Irish "hobbies" so celebrated in the stud of the Earl of Kildare some time afterwards, and repeatedly used ever since.

The animals used in war had of course been worked off in the French campaigns with almost as much freedom, comparatively speaking, as has been the case during the year 1900 in South Africa; and mares—it may be noted—were never used by knights in armour. The Old Knight's horse is described by Chaucer as "good, albeit he was not gay," and the peculiar shoes shown in the illustration deserve notice, as well as the brand upon the creature's flanks. But the same writer lets out one illuminating hint when he says of his monk: "full many a daintie horse had he in stable"; and the picture in the Ellesmere Manuscript

roan-coloured Courser, from Tolney, price twenty marks; one brown bay Courser, price twenty-five marks; one roan Courser, from Cranbourn, price £10 13s. 3d. and others. A Harleian Manuscript also reveals the fact that there were fine horses in Ireland during this reign. The author, in describing



*The Knight's Horse.
From the Ellesmere Chaucer.*

shows a very sportsmanlike parson, followed by his hounds. It was the abbeys which were invariably ransacked for cavalry remounts when diseases and campaigns had depleted the military stables of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a fact which is corroborated by the extract from the Exchequer just quoted, and which may very possibly be explained by such



*The Sporting Monk.
From the Ellesmere Chaucer.*

typical presents as that of the Arab to a church which I noticed in 1121. A "horse of price" was evidently the current phrase for the thoroughbred of good Eastern stock, and the words are often used in metrical chivalrous romances of the time, both in French and English. With the scarcity of animals produced by Royal impressment, the horsecoper of course began to flourish, and legislation was commenced against him by a statute of Richard II., a monarch whose love of the Turf was no doubt directed and encouraged by his good friend Thomas Markes, fifteenth Bishop of Carlisle, and a native of Newmarket, who stood by the unlucky King, at grave risks, to the very end, and boldly opposed his deposition.

It is somewhat dispiriting work to trace the evidences of thoroughbred stock in Royal stables or in the studs of the great abbots of the thirteenth century (who are recorded to have used "horsebread" for their racers) only to find an almost absolute blank created so soon afterwards by the internecine troubles of the Wars of the Roses. The stouter horses were ruthlessly used up in the squadrons of the opposing hosts, and there was no time to think of the more delicate and speedy variety which had gradually and with so much difficulty been bred up for real racing. In many cases studs of Eastern stock crossed with our own mares are known to have been sold out of the country during this unsettled period. Foreign dealers not only saw their chance but took it eagerly. One of the Eastern stock, however, is known to have remained behind. For *Black Saladin*, who deserved a better fate, was killed by his master at the battle of Barnet in April, 1471, to encourage his followers to fight better on foot, and his gravestone may still be seen in the grounds of the Warwick Hotel, on the East Barnet road. It is an episode as sad as the slaying of *Veillantif* by dying Roland in the defiles of Roncesvalles.

The great and intelligent house of the Estes of Ferrara, especially benefited by judicious purchases; and it appears that colts bred at Eltham were particularly appreciated in the paddocks of Mantua, for the tempestuous Queen Margaret of Anjou (the foundress of Queens' College, Cambridge, of whom I have written more at length elsewhere) sent some Eltham-bred stock by her Master of Horse to the Marquis of Este in the middle of the fifteenth century, which so delighted him that he made her envoy, Reynold Chichely, the Rector of his own University. Thus do true scholarship and a love of the Turf ever go hand in hand together, if only they are given a fair chance of mutual appreciation. Another trace of this



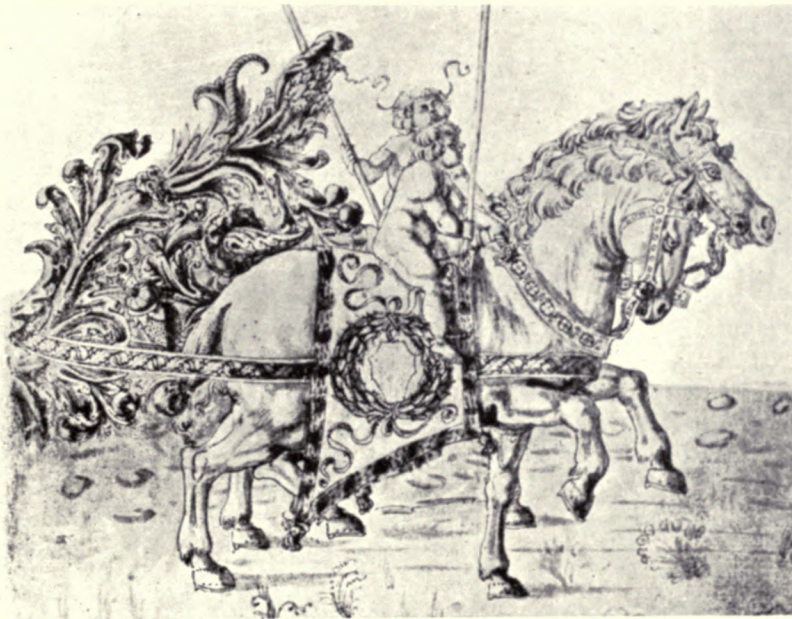
Queen Margaret and her Court
From Lydgate's *Life of St. Edmund*.

Royal sportswoman's intelligent interest in the Newmarket district, is to be found in her gift of £13 6s 8d (in 1453) to two men there whose stable had been burnt. It is of great and consoling interest to observe that when the produce of some of these exiles to Italy and elsewhere, in the shape of *Governatore* and *Altobello*, were sent back again to Henry VIII., they were considered to be "worth their weight in silver."

So the Eltham stud was celebrated long before the days of Mr. Blenkiron, and the Middle Park Plate has somewhat more august associations than its history since 1866 would alone seem to indicate. It deserves more than the passing notice which is all that can be given here, to observe how early and how invariably the descendants of that fortunate union of Arab sire with English mare have proved their superiority, not merely over either of their parents, but over every other strain or cross in the history of breeding throughout the world. From it were descended the only "foreign" horses who ever carried off our classic races. *Iroquois*,

Gladiateur, and their few companions, were practically of the same lineage as the horses against which they ran.

In the first chapter I have already given a few types of Italian horses of the end of the fifteenth century. The beasts in Finiguerra's Florentine Pictures of 1460 are clearly the "great horse" of pageantry and shows, which may have appealed to the tastes of Henry VIII., but did not do as much good to English racing stock as the smaller animal represented (p. 7), in da Vinci's sketch. The "Equus Germanus," drawn by Stradanus, in the sixteenth century (see page 10), was probably the result of a mixture of the two strains which are represented by the animal ridden by the



*The Florentine Pageant Horse of 1460.
By Finiguerra.*

Turkish horseman, drawn in 1480, by the unknown Master of the Housebook (sometimes called the Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet), and by the native German stock depicted in the famous "Small White Horse," etched by Albert Dürer. The continent also largely profited by England's losses up to 1500, and when we had to recruit our impoverished studs again, it was from foreign horses of the kind I have illustrated that the fresh blood came.

By 1494 the evils of unlimited sale had been recognised and checked by a severe and carefully-worded statute of Henry VII. forbidding exportations except for the owner's personal use, and ordering a forced sale at seven shillings if that price was

forthcoming at any English port of embarkation, a sum which seems to indicate very fairly the disastrous clearance of valuable stock which had been going on for some time before. The price may, for instance, be compared with the fourteen



A German Horse of late Fifteenth Century.

By Albert Dürer.

shillings at which the horse belonging to the Prior of Fordham, which was stolen by a thief at Newmarket, was valued in the reign of Edward I. It may also be noted that provisions were publicly enforced at this time to ensure stallions being kept separate, and only to allow geldings to graze promiscuously with the horses which

were turned out together by various owners into the pastures after harvest. Anxiety about the breed was evidently rousing a healthy state of public opinion. By 1509 there are already faint results observable. Among the household effects of



The Eastern Horse, imported into Germany in the late Fifteenth Century.

By the Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet.

Henry VIII. for that year are "Coursers, young horses, hunting geldings, hobbies, Barbary horses, stallions, geldings, mail (the 'mail' or 'male' horse was used to carry baggage), bottles, pack, Besage, robe, and stalking horses." From three years afterwards another interesting catalogue has come to us in the "Regulations and

Establishments" of Algernon Percy, fifth Duke of Northumberland. In this nobleman's stud we find : four palfreys for my lady and her women ; four hobys or nags (probably small Irish hacks) for my lord and his men ; seven "great trotting horses for the chariott;" one nag for the outrider ; one horse for Lord Percy the heir ; one "great double (*i.e.* stallion) trotting horse, or curtal," to ride on "out of townes;" one trotting "gambaldynge" horse, to ride for parade "in townes;" one ambling horse for daily work, no doubt like the "ambler" upon which the Wife of Bath, whose costume astride is so engaging in the Ellesmere manuscript, sat so easily long before ; one "proper amblynge little nag" for hawking and hunting ; one "great amblynge and trotting gelding" to carry armour ; one "clothsek horse" for personal luggage.



*The Wife of Bath.
From the Ellesmere Chaucer.*

But in another two years more an event occurred which seems to have enabled English breeders to turn the corner after their disastrous experiences in the last century. On the 20th of March, 1514, the Marquis of Mantua sent over a present of some of his best thoroughbreds to Hampton Court ; they were the *Altobello* and *Governatore* to whom I have already referred, and from them, and subsequent drafts of similar Eastern blood, was no doubt recruited the sixteenth century stock of English racers. One of them was a bright bay, the right colour for a Mantuan barb, and Henry VIII. wrote in July from Eltham, to express in the most glowing terms his gratitude to the Marquis for so valuable an addition to the Royal stud. By 1517 several further importations from the famous stables of Francesco Gonzaga had reached England ; other sources were eagerly tapped by the enthusiastic monarch ; and Ferdinand of Arragon sent him over two high bred "barbs" from Spain. At about the same time a stallion which had come from Urbino was standing at Hampton Court, and was no doubt used by Cardinal Wolsey to breed from. By 1526 the Royal stables were so full, that the King was able to send Francis I. a present of no less than eighteen horses. Thirteen years later the gap was more than filled by the Imperial gift of five-and-twenty Spanish horses from Charles the Fifth. When I have added that the Venetian ambassador noticed King Henry "gambling with the French hostages to the amount, occasionally, of from six to eight thousand

ducats in a day;" and when I record that this spirit of wagering once carried him so far that he bet the great bells of St. Paul's (and lost them) against £100, on a cast of dice, with Sir Miles Partridge; I shall have provided the final element in the production



*Henry VIII.
By Holbein.*

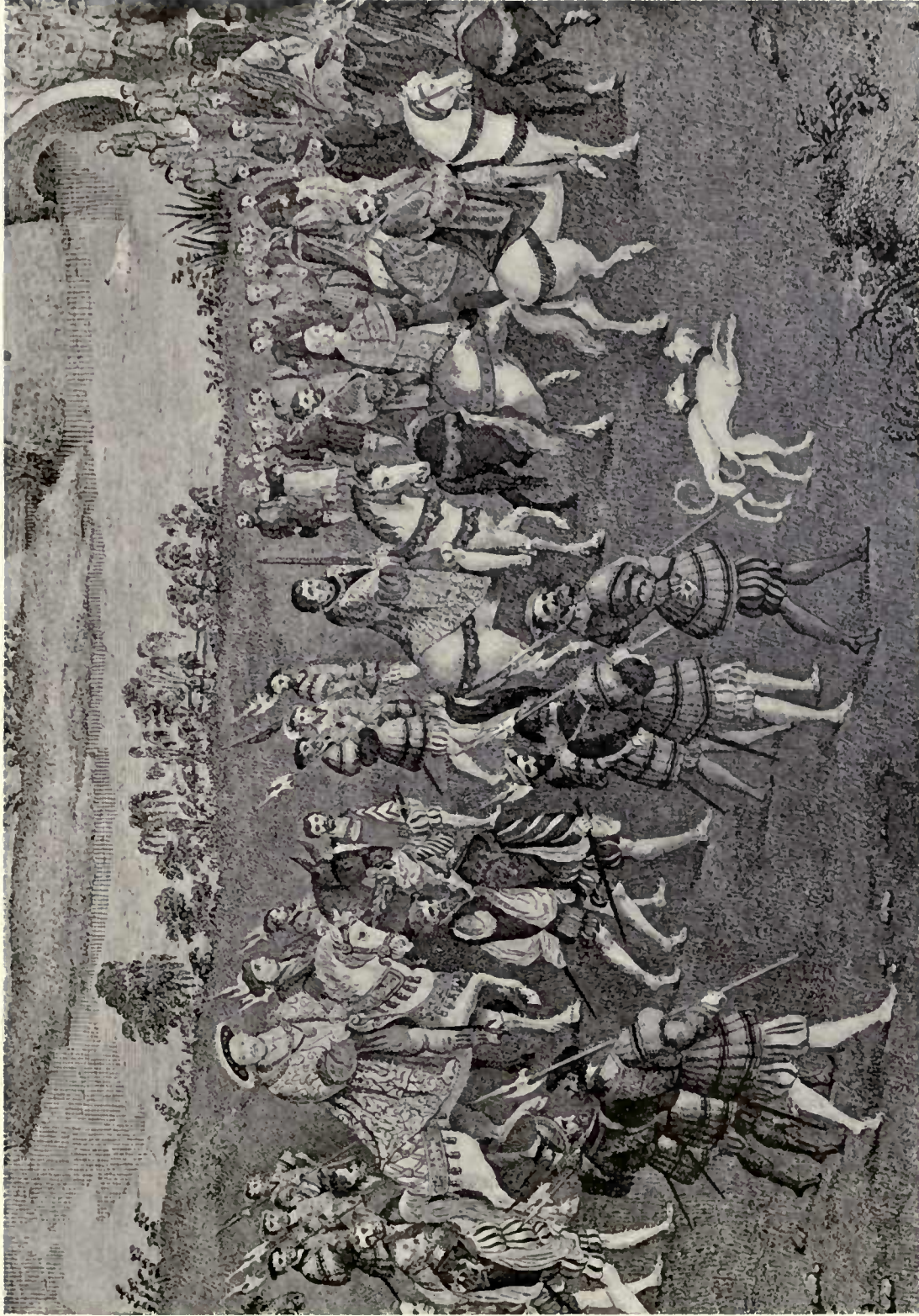
of a Race Course. It is indeed possible not only to prove that racing now existed, but to give a few names of the supporters of the Turf, and of the details of their arrangements.

The Privy Purse Expenses reveal that various sums were regularly paid out to persons who brought their horses to compete on various courses against those of the

King, and to the jockeys and other officials who were connected with the Royal stables. Among these sporting nobles was Sir Thomas Cheyney, an expert horseman who had a stud in Kent, and afterwards became Warden of the Cinque Ports. Another was Thomas Fiennes, Lord Dacre of the South. A third was Gerald FitzGerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, whose stud of Irish hobbies was very celebrated. One of the most interesting was Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury, whose stables at Sharpham were a credit to the countryside. He might well have escaped the barbarous punishment inflicted upon him for refusing to give up to the King the revenues of an abbey which he put to such good uses. In the same gallant company was Sir Henry Norris, gentleman of the Privy Chamber, who literally lost his head some time afterwards, in the matter of pretty Anne Boleyn; and Charles Brandon, created Duke of Suffolk by his brother-in-law the King, who is not to be confounded with the third duke of the same title, one of the most romantic figures of his time, and known in his exile as "Blanche Rose." Both, curiously enough, were magnificent horsemen, passionately devoted to the Turf.

Soon after Louis XII. of France had succumbed to his senile affection for the young English Princess, and she had escaped back again to England to marry Charles Brandon, "Blanche Rose" was at Metz living on his pension. He must have felt considerably relieved when Francis I. was on the throne, and his elation took the form of a very sporting wager on the spot. The bet was for eighty crowns a-side with Seigneur Nicolle Dex, owners up, and the money was given to a stakeholder. Early on a May morning in 1517 the two men passed through the Porte St. Thiébault towards the start. The Englishman, riding with a saddle, made the running at once, but was caught before the distance and in spite of using his spurs unmercifully was beaten. His opponent rode in a doublet only, with nothing but a cloth tied round the belly of his steed, which was shod in specially light steel shoes and had been trained on a copious diet of white wine. De la Pole was not more successful when he tried to reverse matters a year afterwards with his page in the saddle. He fell at Pavia, after fighting with distinguished courage, in 1524-5.

The races which this ill-fated exile's countrymen were watching at home were in all points far more completely organised than has usually been imagined. The King's trainer, called "the Keeper of the Barra or Barbary Horses," was named Pawle, and the items of Royal expenditure in 1532 reveal the curious fact that a "bath" for one of his racers cost seven shillings and twopence. It is probable that the term "Barbary" was loosely applied both to pure or imported stock, and to



*Henry VIII's Horses at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
From the Picture at Hampton Court.*

the mixed produce of Arabians and British animals ; for the number of races that were held, evidently on fairly level terms, would otherwise have been impossible. The jockeys, we find from the same source, wore "doublets of Burges satin" as well as doublets of fustian. They also had "ryding cappes of blac satin and lyned with



Charles V.'s Horse.

From a sketch by Rubens.

black vellute for the King's grace," so that racing colours may also be said to have a far older origin than is sometimes stated. When he won, a Royal jockey got a gratuity of 24s. 8d., in addition to his 2s. a week and 5d. a day board wages. Under similar circumstances, 20s. was added to the annual stipend of £20 allotted to

Thomas Ogle, "Gentleman Rider of the Stables." On another occasion 18s. 4d. is recorded as the gratuity given both to the trainer and to the "boye that ranne the Barbary Horse." The name of at least one gentleman who risked his horse against his sovereign's stable is given as "Mr. Karey," and Lord Dacre of the North is also mentioned as sending one of his jockeys to the King, for which £3 6s. 8d. was paid him out of the Privy Purse.

But in all this I can find very little trace of Newmarket as yet, and it is a long journey North from London before we come to the first officially established race-course on the Roodee at Chester, a place which was for long in the occupation of the Roman legions, and may well have preserved a living memory of the sports they introduced. In any case it was here that an annual prize was first instituted, of which the Chester Cup is the lineal descendant. Modern conditions have shorn that race of much of its old interest and value in the last fifty years, but nothing can take from it the distinction of being the oldest regular prize upon the English Turf of which we have any authentic record.

It appears that the sports on that fair space of land on which the ancient Roman walls still look down, were chiefly promoted in the sixteenth century by the Town Guilds of the Shoemakers, the Saddlers, and the Drapers, the former of whom had for many years given "one bale of lether cauled a fout baule" to the drapers for competition. In the thirty-first year of Henry VIII. the Mayor and Aldermen of Chester, laying down regulations for the Shrove Tuesday sports, passed a resolution that the saddlers "from hensforth shall the said tuesday houre and place gyve and deliver unto the said drapers afor the mayre for the time being upon horsbak a bell of silver to the value of iiis. iiiid., or above, to be ordered, as is aforesaid, by the drapers and the mayre of the said citie for the tyme being to whome shall runne best and furthest upon horsback before them the said daye and tyme and place; and allsoe that every man that hayth bene maryed within the said citie sithens Shraffs teuesday last past, shall upon the said Shraffs tuesday next to come, at the said tyme and place, geve and deliver unto the said drapers afore the mayre being an arrow of silver" this latter being apparently a prize for archery, which was also held at the same place. But the better sport soon ousted target-practice altogether, and instead of shooting for a breakfast of calf's head and bacon, the Sheriffs very sensibly moved with the times and substituted a piece of plate to be raced for on Easter Tuesdays. This went on until it became unfashionable owing to the high-handed conduct of a High Sheriff during the Restoration, who was so anxious to

secure the prize himself, that he borrowed a Barbary horse for the occasion from Sir Thomas Middleton, but refused, on the flimsiest pretext, to allow Sir Philip Egerton and Mr. Massey to run their horses at all. Pride in their antiquity had no doubt unduly puffed up the Chester worthies, but they are certainly to be congratulated on their foresight in the days of Henry VIII.

There is no doubt that this monarch is responsible for a very definite and thorough, though perhaps only temporary, reform in English breeding. Not only, as we have seen, did he do much in the way of importation, and of racing, but his statute-book shows an almost equal care that his subjects should preserve the stock he had taken so much pains himself to improve. In 1530 he enacted that no horses should be exported without express permission on pain of a fine of forty shillings, which is significant as showing the great increase in the value of stock since we last noticed it in this connection. With a view to more direct control he then gave orders that "no person shall put in any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste (where mares and fillies are used to be kept), any stoned horses above the age of two years, not being 15 hands high, within the shores or territories of Norfolk," and nearly thirty more counties which are named, "nor under 14 hands in any other county, on pain of forfeiting the same," the proper mode of seizure being carefully stated. The King was not really doing much service to the breed that was to produce the future racehorse, a breed far smaller in the eighteenth century than it is to-day, because he was endeavouring to secure more particularly the "great horse" which was requisite to carry in battle the load of twenty-five or thirty stone, which a heavy armoured knight (even before the days when we were chasing De Wet) very frequently rode. He and his knights were indeed weighty warriors, and the animals they rode may be seen in the group I have reproduced from a contemporary picture of their arrival on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He had not yet experienced that want of small-boned hardy horses for general service, which has been pressing hard upon the War Office of this country, during the South African campaign; and His Majesty evidently went too far for the best interests of at least one county, as Carew explains. The opposition had so much reason in it that James I. subsequently excepted Cornwall from the edict, and in the marshes of the fen-countries a similar indulgence had to be granted by Elizabeth, allowing thirteen hands to be the limit in those districts.

I doubt whether even so long a tenure as this was possible for another edict which must have been inspired rather by the enthusiasm than the prudence of King

Henry. In his anxiety to increase the number within his realms of the animals he loved so well, he strictly enjoined every duke and every archbishop to keep seven trotting stallions for the saddle of at least fourteen hands high, a minimum which would have taxed even so splendid an establishment as that of the Duke of



Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

Northumberland, which we noticed in 1512. When even the ecclesiastics, who had been turned out of their abbeys by the hundred, saw themselves also compelled to keep a horse, they must indeed have done their best to evade the statutes of so illogical a sportsman. Clergymen with a yearly benefice of £100, and laymen who

could afford "French hoods or a bonnet of velvet" for their wives, were ordered to keep a trotting stallion under a penalty of £20.

It may be worth while to notice, as one result of all this law-making, that two Friesland horses are known to have been sold in this reign for £33; and that for two "large horses" (apparently the King's favourite breed) sums of £37 and £53 respectively were paid, while two of the commoner sort were sold at Smithfield, in 1547, for £4 13s. 6d. On the whole I fancy that the legislation of this reign was too hasty to have much permanent effect. The improvement of thoroughbred stock was a slow and costly business, which even bluff King Hal could not accelerate. As far as mere quantity went, he can have been scarcely more successful; for though it is true that a few gentlemen like Sir Nicholas Arnold kept up a numerous stud, and also that King Edward VI. writes to his friend Barnaby FitzPatrick (first Baron of Upper Ossory) of the number and excellence of the horses he could levy; yet if the often-quoted figure of three thousand cavalry was all that Elizabeth could call into the field when the fear of the Spaniard was on all the land in 1588, the progress does not seem to have lasted, and even out of these small numbers the greater part are described by Blundeville as "very indifferent, strong, heavy, slow draught-horses."

It is also germane to our subject to observe that severe gambling legislation has invariably accompanied any particularly vigorous epoch in Turf history. It begins, as far as I am aware, in 1389, when Richard II., as I have already quoted, forbade stakes upon games of chance played by husbandmen or labourers. Twenty years after the penalty was increased to six days' imprisonment. In the thirty-third year of his reign Henry VIII. visited all kinds of gambling with a fine of forty shillings, in the most paternal manner; but noblemen and the richer gentry were apparently allowed a perfectly free license to do what they pleased in such matters. Thus did the authorities in early days strive to limit losses on the Turf to those who could afford it. How slow behind them limp the ponderous modern definitions of "a place within the meaning of the Act."

That the importations which Henry had so magnificently inaugurated were kept up during the next reign is evident from the journal of King Edward VI., which records, in January, 1551-2, that "the French King had sent me six cortalles, two Turkes, a barbary, two genettes, a sturring horse (probably the same as 'a courser') and two little muyles." This was a graceful return for the "two most beautiful Spanish horses, originally given to the King by Charles V., and sent on as a present to the French King under the care of Sir Jacques de Granado the Royal equerry."

The type of horse which Charles V. rode may be seen from the sketch by Rubens which I reproduce. Much ceremony was observed at the French court on their arrival, and the British ambassador is careful to report full details in a special despatch. About this time from Italy, the land of the manège, was brought over one



*George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland.
From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.*

Regnatello to teach the courtiers horsemanship, with two assistants and Hemnibale (as the Duke of Newcastle spells him) for a farrier or veterinary surgeon. The young King seems to have wisely confined his legislation to a confirmation of the best edicts of his predecessor, with one exception ; for it was in his day that horse-stealing was first made a capital offence, with the further proviso that "all and singular person

and persons feloniously taking or stealing any horse, gelding, or mare, shall not be permitted to enjoy the benefit of clergy." This is quite in the good old Yorkshire spirit which still believes that the miscreant who can shoot a fox would rob a church next day. This terrifying statute proved, as usual, more severe in appearance than it was useful in results; for Holinshed records that when a noted horsethief named Ditch was apprehended in Elizabeth's reign, he confessed to eighteen separate indictments, got ten of his confederates hanged, and "made fifteen pounds of current money" before the Sessions were held, by helping various persons to recover their stolen horses—a wily knave indeed.

Holinshed's testimony is valuable on this point, because he is led on from melancholy recitals of Elizabethan horse-coping to speak of the various native breeds with some minuteness, and the passage is worth quoting:—"There are certain notable markets," he writes, about 1575, "wherein great plentie of horses and colts is bought and sold, and whereunto such as have need resort yearelie to buie and make their necessary provisions of them, as Rippon, Newport Pond, Wolfpit, Harborow, and diverse other. But as most drovers are very diligent to bring great store of these into those places; so manie of them are too lewd in abusing such as buy them. For they have a custome to make them look faire to the eie, when they come within two daies journey of the market, to drive them till they sweat, for the space of eight or twelve houres, which being done they turn them all over the backes into some water, where they stand for a season, and then go forward with them to the place appointed, where they make sale of their infected ware, and such as by this means do fall into manie diseases and maladies. Of such outlandish horses as are daily brought over unto us, I speak not, as the genet of Spaine, the courser of Naples, the Flemish roile, and the Scottish nag, because that further speech of them cometh not within the compasse of this treatise, and for whose breed and maintenance (especially of the greatest sort), King Henrie the Eight created a noble studderie, and for a time had verie good successe with them, till the officers waring wearie, procured a mixed brood of bastard races, whereby his good purpose came to little effect. Sir Nicholas Arnold of late hath bred the best horses in England" Of Irish horses he writes that they "are of pase easie, in running wonderful swift, in gallop both false and full indifferent. The nag or the hackeneie is very good for travelling, albeit others report the contrarie. And if he be broken accordinglie, you shall have a little tit that will travell a whole daie without anie bait."

It has been sometimes said that very little evidence exists for the patronage

which Queen Elizabeth undoubtedly extended to the Turf. I find myself, on the contrary, obliged for the first time to select among the numerous racing records of the reign those which are most typical of progress along the lines of breeding and of organisation. To take the first instance that occurs. Extensive and elaborate



Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

preparations were made by Archbishop Parker to receive the Queen in his palace at Croydon for the May Race-Meeting of 1574. Among the many high officials who accompanied Her Majesty were Lady Warwick, the Earl of Leicester, Master of the Horse, who had an Italian riding-master named Claudio in his stables, the Lord High Admiral and Lady Howard, Lord Hunsdon, Mr. Secretary Walsingham, Lady

Stafford, Mrs. Drewrey, and many more. Black Rod had a busy time fitting them all in. She attended the same races next year, and a grand stand was built on the course for her convenience. It should not be forgotten that she was as fine a horse-woman as her great successor the late Empress-Queen Victoria. When Elizabeth was 69 she rode 10 miles to the meet and hunted on the same day.

About the same time Her Majesty also attended the races on Salisbury Plain, at which it is related in the records of the corporation that "the golden bell valued at £50 and better" was won by George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland. The career of this extraordinary man reads very much like the fascinating extravagances of the late eighteenth century. Enormous estates in the vicinity of Rotherham and Malton were insufficient to supply the reckless expenses of his shipping adventures and his Turf career combined. His wife had left him, almost broken-hearted, two years before he died, at the age of 47, in the Savoy. He had inherited from his father a stud at Skipton Castle which contained at least one name that is imperishable in the annals of the Turf—*Bay Middleton*. In the other stalls stood *Young Mark Antony*, *Grey Clifford*, *White Dacre*, *Sorrel Tempest*, *White Tempest*, and *Bay Tempest*.

Among the men who stood by the Queen on Salisbury Plain and watched Lord Cumberland's victory was Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex, then past twenty years of age. Already making his preparations for the great national levy of cavalry, so splendid a horseman was worthy to be the leader of England's mounted soldiers against the possible invasion of her foes. Within three months of this race the beacon-fires had flashed the news of Armada from the Lizard to Holy Isle. He won many important offices and dignities after the camp at Tilbury had been broken up, and he married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, who had secured the services of two Italian experts in riding, Prospero and Romano. The story of his execution and of the unavailing sorrow of the Queen need not be recalled in this place to dim the pleasant merriment of that meeting on the sward outside the old Cathedral City. He was as gallant a soldier as he was a zealous racing man; and the combination of good qualities did not die with him.

Standing near Essex was that fine old country gentleman, Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley Castle. For four years he had owned a bay horse and a greyhound which he was prepared to ride and course against any other man's in England for a hundred pounds a-piece. He kept his money. In the two pictures of him which I have reproduced, his horse, his greyhound, and his hawk may still be seen.

Descendants of his family, which was ruined by the extravagance of a later member, still survive in Ireland, and I believe that the priceless manuscript collection of its memoirs is still in existence—in New York. It was in Ireland that another spectator of Lord Cumberland's victory left many of his descendants. For Sir William Courtenay, a zealous supporter of the Elizabethan Turf, had been sent across St. George's Channel some three years before this race, to settle the country and improve its agriculture. He took the opportunity to found immense estates there, of which his family enjoyed the revenue for at least two centuries. I may as well



Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley Castle, with his hound and his "great horse."

add here some other names of gentlemen of this reign, whose knowledge of horse-breeding was sufficiently well-known for them to be selected as Royal Commissioners, with power to visit various stables. They were Lord Burghley, Lord Lincoln, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Warwick, the Earl of Bedford, Charles Lord Howard, Lord Hunsdon, Sir Henry Sidney, and Sir Christopher Hatton.

The more extended use of carriages about the time of this Commission had helped to develop the "running horse" by drawing a much sharper line between the animal used for pleasure and the beast of burden. In any case, a more constant care had considerably improved the breed, and had very probably been of the greatest assistance in bringing it to that point at which an infusion of new blood was the one thing most beneficial; for it is not a faded and worn out stock that gets the most advantage from the cross of a vigorous and novel strain.

But it was not only in Croydon or in Salisbury that Racing prospered under Good Queen Bess. Both Doncaster Moor and Wheatley Moor are mentioned at the end of the sixteenth century; and an interesting Diary of 1602 has preserved the fact that in a race at Sapley, promoted by the gentlemen of Huntingdon, the silver

bell was won by Sir Oliver Cromwell, who had been knighted by Elizabeth four years before and was the uncle of the Protector. A meadow near the Ouse, on which Huntingdon Races were usually held, was actually at one time in the possession of the great Puritan leader, whose attitude towards the Turf has probably suffered from some misrepresentation; and till the beginning of the nineteenth century it kept the name of Cromwell's Acres. It was over this land that Lord Haddington and Lord Sheffield settled a wager they had made at Newmarket by riding a sporting match across country, which looks more like being an earlier ancestor of the Grand National than has yet been discovered. The Sir Oliver who won at Sapley ended his career as staunch a Royalist as he was when he began it, for racing men are not as a rule turncoats. He had entertained both Charles I. and James I., to whom his present of jewellery, horses, and hounds yet remains on record. He was not going to fight against his old guest because his nephew happened to be stirring up the country against established institutions; and he remained of that opinion till his death at the ripe old age of ninety-three.

Though at Richmond the new-fangled fashion of running for a cup had been started as long ago as 1576, the good burghers of Carlisle continued to give the traditional silver bells. One of these actual prizes still survives in the Town Hall with the name of the Governor's wife on it as follows:—

"The sweetest hors this bell to tak
For mi Ladi Daker's sake."

Even if we had not so much documentary evidence of organised racing, the allusions to the sport in contemporary writers would be quite sufficient to establish the fact that the Turf was rapidly progressing under the last of the Tudors towards that turning point in its history which was reached in the reigns of the later Stuarts. Indeed it would be strange if an era of such unlimited expansion in almost every other direction were not to show a growth in what was rapidly to become the distinctive national pastime. In the works of one Gervase Markham, from whom I shall have occasion to quote more fully later on, we read of a "bell course," which is easily intelligible in view of the interesting relic I have described at Carlisle, of "long and short courses," and of a "wager"; and the term "running horse" has evidently crystallised into the equivalent for our thoroughbred racer. The same author's long discourse on "training" would in itself have provided testimony enough had more been wanting. And as there is nothing for which you may

search in vain in that epitome of the past and future which is Shakespeare, he has something to say of racing, too, in "Cymbeline" :—

". . . . I have heard of riding wagers
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands."

But when a sport has reached the stage at which it can be satirised and caricatured, there is some certainty that it has got a fairly deep hold upon its advocates. Bishop Hall, for example, who was sixteen when the sixteenth century died, writes as follows about the turfites of his day :—

"Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou
prize
Thy brute beasts' worth by their dam's
qualities?
Sayest thou this Colt shall prove a swift-pac'd
steed
Only because a jennet did him breed?
Or sayest thou this same horse shall win the
prize
Because his dame was swiftest *Trunchevice*,
Or *Runcevall* his syre, himself a Galloway?"

I must confess that "Trunchevice" beats me, but the learned prelate may have had Roncesvalles in his mind when he wrote the second name, though the mention of that place is more suggestive of the Barb than of that Irish stock which is

usually signified by Galloway. Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, is another writer who seems to object to Racing at this time, and he goes even farther than the Duke of Newcastle in the next century. After expressing some toleration for the stately, if unproductive, joys of the manège, Lord Herbert writes :—
"I do not approve of riding of running horses, there being much cheating in that kind of exercises; neither do I see why a brave man shou'd delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away. I do not much like hunting horses" He further condemns unsparingly "dicing



Sir Walter Hungerford and his Hawk.

and carding, especially if you play for any great sum of money, or spend or use to come to meetings or dicing houses, where cheaters meet and cozen young gentlemen of all their money." If this were all we knew of this eccentric nobleman, we might well imagine that he only took his nose out of his books to poke it into one of the heavy travelling carriages which had not long ago been made fashionable by Fitzalan, a descendant of that famous Earl of Arundel whose match with the Prince of Wales I described in speaking of the fourteenth century.

As is well known, Elizabeth used a vast number of vehicles in her numerous and costly Royal Progresses, and the demand thus created among all the upper classes may have been one reason for that short supply of horses for her cavalry which has been already noticed; another may well have been that, as was reported in 1584 by Lord Huntingdon, one of the Queen's visiting Commissioners on Horse-breeding, very few men were ready either to produce for inspection or to enrol in a muster-book, the full number of horses which they kept for their own use. So that the apparent lack in the levies may not have implied so great an actual dearth in days when a man who sent away his horse had no other means of locomotion. It is very possible also that among the many paradoxical results to warfare which had followed from the more general employment of gunpowder, that of a lighter breed of horses was one that was realised the last. "Villanous saltpetre" had long ago stripped the knight of that carapace of iron, which was powerless against a cannon-ball, and cumbersome in the extreme for speedy evolutions. The art of Fence was one corollary, for it was easier to search out the vitals of a man when he was less like an armadillo, and the sword is a cleaner weapon than a coalhammer. Another corollary was the horse, which would give its rider all the benefit he deserved from carrying so much less dead weight in the saddle. The Tournament died hard, and while its last remains were lingering, the mistake of the "large horse," so dear to King Henry VIII., was perpetuated. That hasty monarch seems to have forgotten that his subjects were not all built upon lines so generous as those of his own Royal bulk. For some time after his death, his legislation put a severe check upon the small and handy breeds. Though hackney carriages were indeed almost invented by the end of Elizabeth's reign—and highly disgusted the Thames watermen must have been to see them—it was still the usual thing to do all long journeys in the saddle, and every Englishman in comfortable circumstances did his best to keep a horse, if not for military purposes, then for travelling. It was from these home-bred

animals, big-boned and full-bodied, that the cavalry of the Ironsides was recruited, which rode down even the fiery squadrons of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor and Naseby. Ploughing and heavy draught were nearly always done by oxen. Ponies from Wales and Dartmoor, or Galloways from Ireland, were usually employed as



Queen Elizabeth.

By Zuccaro.

packhorses. Even the Royal importations from Italy were of the larger breed, more serviceable in pageantry than in contests of speed, and better looking in the canvases of Van Dyck than on the course at Newmarket. Shakespeare describes (in "Venus and Adonis") the nobleman's horse of his time with what must have been the

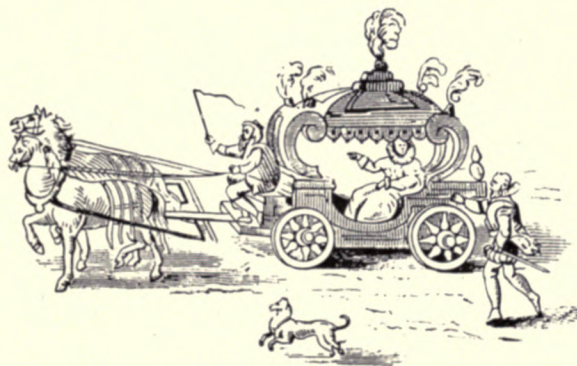
accuracy that has been so often proved of all that he wrote down from observation :—

“Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide ;
 Look what a horse should have he did not lack
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.”

I believe that from this quotation a very just estimate of the progress of breeding at the time it was written may be obtained. The best horse Shakespeare saw at the beginning of the seventeenth century had many good points which might be attributed to Arab ancestry, but there was still far too much left in him of the old heavy domestic stock for which Henry VIII. had largely been responsible. Indeed I cannot believe that the poet was describing any animal from “the Barbary Horse Stables” which the Queen carefully kept up at Greenwich. Some of these she gave away, as *Grey Bingham* to Sir Philip Sidney, *Pide Markham* to the French Ambassador, *Gray Dosby* to Archibald Douglas, *Bay Harrington* to Doctor Baylie, *Grey Stanhope* to Sir Roger Williams, *Bay Rosebery* to the son of the Prince of Orange. She had others, to the number of forty “coursers” in all, with two jockeys, named respectively Andrew Alley and Romano Marchafdinge. One of the most skilful riders in her employ was John Selwyn, who had special charge of the Oaklands stables. He lies buried under a monument which commemorates his fine horsemanship in the church of Walton-on-Thames. Besides him there were attached to the Royal stud a “surveyor of the races,” at £22 a year, two “keepers of the course,” at sixpence a day, two “yeomen of the Races,” at £22 3s. 4d. a year, by name Thomas Bascavild and Thomas Alsop. She had also regular stables at Waltham, St. Albans, Eaton, Hampton Court, Richmond, Windsor and Charing Cross.

But it is clear from many other things, besides a single quotation from Shakespeare, that the real value of the Arab had not even yet been so recognised as to produce a definite breed for a definite purpose. I have said that Arabs are known in England from the days of the Roman occupation up to the Wars of the Roses, and that when further importations were again made in the reign of Henry VIII., the horses he chiefly admired were evident descendants from those which the Court of Ferrara had previously procured from England. The point I wish to make now is that, as many contemporary drawings show, and as was obvious in the breed which

the Duke of Newcastle admired and Van Dyck drew, the Italians of that court loved a particular kind of big-built showy animal which was certainly suitable for the manège and for pageantry, and also fell in exactly with King Henry's tastes, but was not the best kind for crossing with the English breed. Arab blood, even unscientifically employed, had no doubt done much for our horses for a long time, but what it was to do in the future had not yet been dreamt of. An epoch-making event in the History of the Turf began when on December 20th, 1616, a payment of £154 was made out of the Royal Exchequer to Master Markham, for an Arabian horse for His Majesty's own use, together with £11 to the man who brought and groomed him. That small bay stallion, of which the Duke of Newcastle thought so little, was the first ancestor of the modern thoroughbred. Others of his kind came over afterwards, and begat a more illustrious progeny, but the pride of place in the English stud book can never be taken from the *Markham Arabian*.



Queen Elizabeth's Coach.

By Haufnagel.

CHAPTER III.

THE TURF UNDER JAMES I.—“THE MARKHAM ARABIAN.”

“*Equus emissarius, sic et amicus subsannator, sub omni supra sedente hinnit.*”

THE Markham Arabian was probably bought by King James I. with the deliberate object of improving the breed. Many circumstances, which it is unnecessary here to detail, combine to make this opinion as certain as anything can be which is no longer capable of direct methods of proof; and until an equal certainty is shown to exist in the contrary direction I must remain convinced that by the spring of 1617 English owners of racehorses had begun to appreciate the importance of breeding with a view to pace combined with staying powers, even though an opinionated Master of the Horse may have set the fashion of scepticism by objecting to Mr. Markham's importation. That it took them some time longer to realise the skilful persistence necessary before perfection could be attained is the reason why I must still postpone any more accurate researches into imported Arab stock until a later chapter. Unfortunately *The Markham Arabian* remains a somewhat solitary instance for a good many years. It is not until *The Byerly Turk* of 1687 was followed by *The Darley Arabian*, and the studbook was still further adorned and strengthened by the somewhat fortuitous lovemaking of *The Godolphin Barb* that the three great lines of descent, through *Herod*, *Matchem* and *Eclipse* became definitely recognised as possessing the qualities which, for want of a better word, have gradually become known as “thoroughbred.”

It is not with any feelings of regret that I postpone the consideration of Arab influence a little longer, for it is pleasant to be able still to wander for a little in an Arcadian age where the arguments of the scientific breeder were as unknown as the complicated labours of the handicapper or the astute financial calculations of the modern betting man. It will at any rate be clear, from what has gone before, that

London, H. W. & C. L.

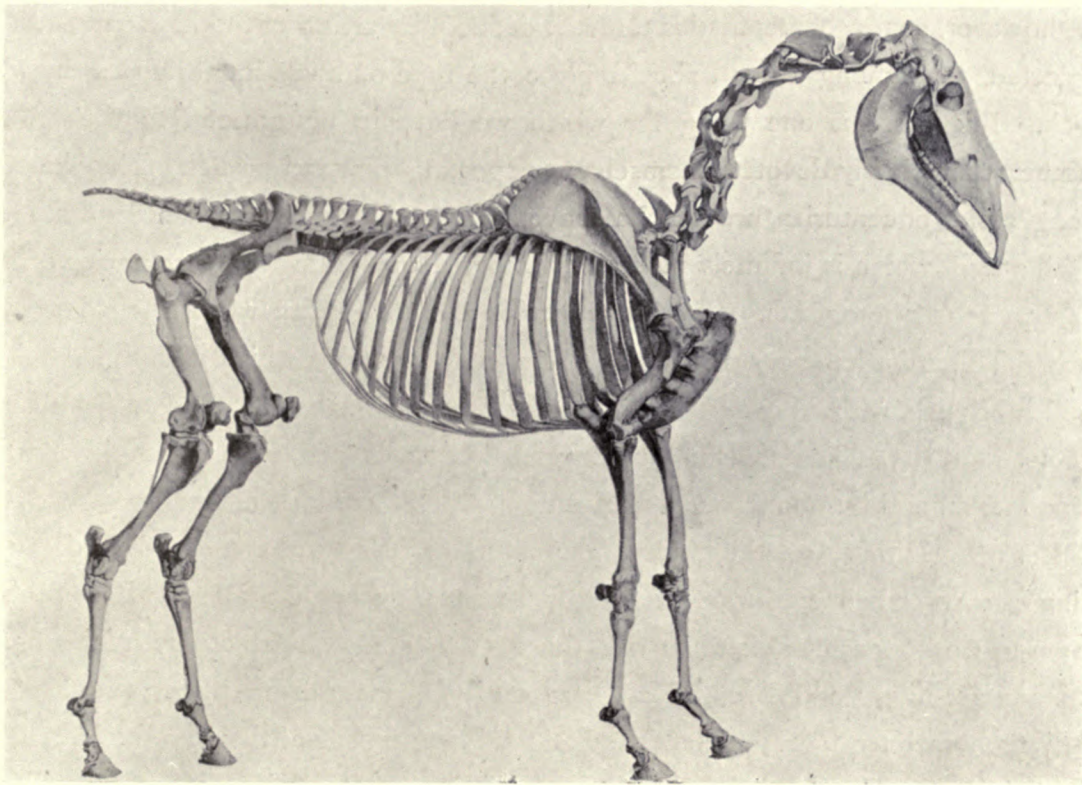


From the Painting by J. N. Bartolus

The Darley Arabian
By permission of Sir Miles Gellie



of the two strains in which we are most interested, the English, so far, is the result of a vast number of accidents more or less historical, and rather less than more deliberate. Of the imported stock, on the other hand, it is almost equally difficult to speak in anything that approaches precise terminology, for the obvious reason that, until the real value of breeding from an Arab was discovered, the purity of his ancestry was not a matter of very absorbing interest, provided he was described as "of Eastern descent," a slightly mystical phrase which might mean, and was no



The Skeleton of a Horse.
By G. Stubbs.

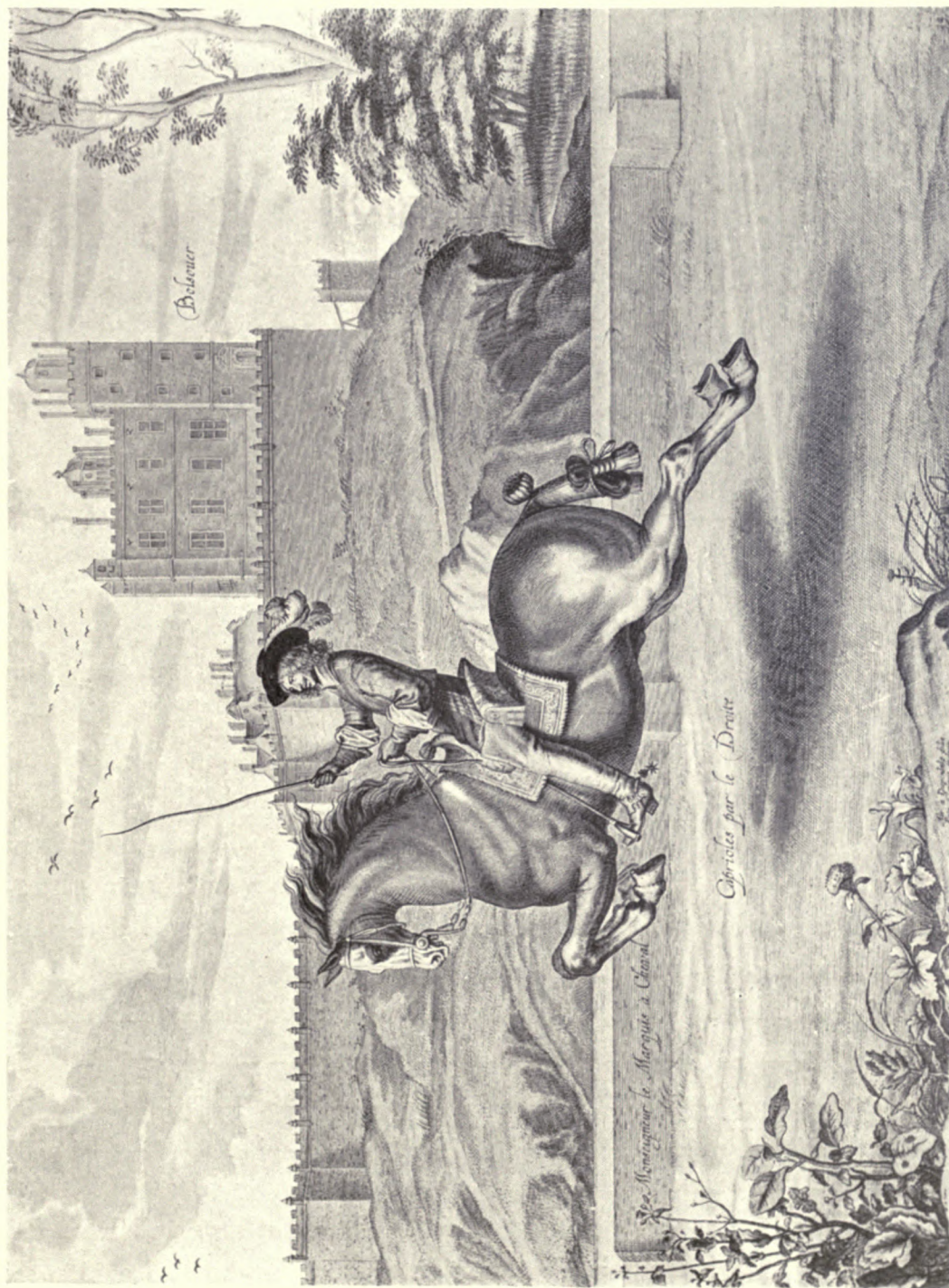
doubt frequently intended to mean, anything or nothing. What real purity in Arab descent involves I shall be better able to indicate in another chapter. Yet so many written records are in existence, of which a few have been selected in the previous chapter, that no doubt can any longer exist as to the certain arrival of the Eastern breed in this country many centuries before 1617, and as to the equally certain benefits he (or occasionally she) conferred upon the native breed.

When I am asked to give ocular demonstration of these facts I am confronted with a difficulty which does not entirely pass away till the advent of such an artist as,

for example, Stubbs. This is the one occasion on which I am tempted to desire that photography had been invented, say, a couple of centuries before Daguerre ; for it is a strange fact that even when a really capable artist, who has demonstrated his skill in many other ways, has drawn a horse before the eighteenth century, he has somehow omitted the points for which a breeder will eagerly scrutinise his canvas, and has, with a higher feeling for the general impression of his work which is easily excusable, given the idea of the horse as a whole, as he saw it, without any consideration for what some of us might look for in his painting later on. There are, however, some characteristics too well defined, by artists of too high a rank, to be neglected, and among them I should place the type of horse immortalised by Van Dyck. But there is one thing for which we have to be grateful to the artists, whether they chiefly devoted themselves to sporting pictures or not. They have in a long series of centuries produced a convention for the galloping action of a horse at full speed which is infinitely more satisfactory than the ungainly accuracies of the instantaneous photograph. Several examples of what I mean will be found in this book. The artist has very rightly emphasised those actions which give the beholder an idea of pace, without caring whether a horse ever stretches his forefeet far beyond his nose or not. The machine unfortunately reveals postures too rapid for the human sight, and by no means so agreeable to the human intelligence.

Let me add that something more like naturalness and accuracy in depicting the animal, even when stationary, was only reached by horse-painters when Stubbs began to work, because this artist was the first to study the anatomy of the horse with any accuracy ; and I reproduce here one of his exquisite plates, to which so many authors have been indebted, and so few have expressed their gratitude. It is the dividing line between the old schools and the new, and it will not be without its value at this period of my story, as something in the nature of an explanatory framework for the boneless impossibilities of the early racing artists. It has been too often forgotten that Rubens and Van Dyck knew as much about a horse as they did about their paint-brushes ; and those who follow me to the last pages of my fifth chapter will realise a little better what is involved by the necessity for relying upon more specialised but far less skilful artists.

Much more simple and engaging is the task of recalling from the various great galleries of the world the features of the men who owned these queer-looking quadrupeds with which apparently they raced so happily. Here it is no longer necessary to look eagerly for "a fine muzzle, a straight back, high quarters, or long



*The Duke of Newcastle on horseback at Bolsover.
By Dieffenbeke.*

shoulders." It matters nothing if the gentleman is deep in the back ribs or plain and coarse, with most suspicious hocks. His portrait is authenticated by a higher court, and we are very little concerned in questions of his breeding.

It is fortunately just about the same time as the *Markham Arabian* was brought over that a really intelligent and intelligible description was written of the breed of horses on which Englishmen had chiefly to depend up to the middle of the seventeenth century. Both Mr. Gervase Markham and Mr. Michael Barrett, the authorities to which I refer, seem perfectly contented with the home stock, and as determined as their successors have usually been to resist new-fangled theories.

"For swiftmess," writes Markham, "what nation hath brought forth that horse which hath exceeded the English? When the best Barbaries that ever were in their prime, I saw them overrunne by a black hobbie at Salisbury; yet that hobbie was more overrunne by a horse called *Valentine*, which *Valentine*, neither in hunting or running was ever equalled, yet was a plainbred English horse, both by syre and dame. Again for infinite labour and long endurance, which is to be desired in our hunting matches, I have not seen any horse to compare with the English. He is of tolerable shape, strong, valiant, and durable."

It is worth noting that the phrase "hunting matches" here used is common about this time, and evidently refers to those races across country which implied jumping-power and endurance as well as speed, and were therefore the prototypes of the steeplechase. Sir George Chaworth, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury in 1607, reports that "Lord Haddington, and all his favorytes, followers, and paraketts goe shortly to Huntingdon, to a match of hunting that he hath there against my lord of Sheffefeld's horse. And well maye he afforde to lose such a match; yea better then so poore a man as I to be at cost to trayne and dyet my horse to win one." It has been said, with what truth I do not yet know, that "wildgoose chases" had the same meaning in the passage from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy":—"Riding of great horses . . . horse races and wildgoose chases, which are disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop themselves out of their fortunes."

The "black hobbie" so highly commended by Markham may well have been descended from the famous stud bred by Barnaby FitzPatrick, who died as Baron of Upper Ossory in 1581, and achieved a place in more solemn chronicles by slaying Rory O'More. The actual horse here mentioned was possibly "The Hobbie of Mister Thomas Carlenton's," recorded in 1617, "and at this houre the most

famous *Puppy* against whom men may talke, but they cannot conquer.” The “*Valentine*,” who is given by the same writer as the best English horse he knew, was the property of the Earl of Northumberland, who owned “*Grey Dallavell: Grey Valentine*, which dyed a horse never conquered.” Other names of horses famous at the time are given by Ben Jonson, who says that wagers were laid about the afore-mentioned *Puppy*, with *Peppercorn*, *Whitefoot* (an ancestor, no doubt, of the *Flatfoot* whom Evelyn saw at Newmarket in 1671), and *Franklin*. Other names more famous in the North are recorded, in a ballad of a race on Gatherley Moor near Richmond, as *Bay Corbet*, *Grey Ellerton* (who won), and *Grey Appleton*. Grey was a favourite colour in those days. In 1605 the Earl of Cumberland bequeathed his bald (*i.e.*, whitefaced) gelding *Grey Lambert* to Sir William Ingleby, a Yorkshireman out of whose stud at Ripley a certain “baie barbarie horse” was in turn bequeathed to Sir Peter Middleton.

Markham's opinion of the Arab is that of the Duke of Newcastle, who so much objected to the famous importation of 1617. “He was a bay,” writes the Duke of the Arabian which was probably brought over by our author's father, a keeper in Sherwood Forest, “but a little horse and no Rarity for shape! for I have seen many English horses far finer . . . being trained up for a course, when he came to run every horse beat him”; an opinion which must, of course, be taken for what it is worth, as the value of the *Godolphin Barb*, for instance, would not be very high if it depended upon any performances recorded in his racing career. As I shall have occasion to point out, breeding is by no means a safe investment if judged by the victories of the sire alone; and it is also worth noting that if His Grace's ideas of “shape” are to be judged from the illustrations of his famous book, the only sort of horse he cared about was of the massive Flemish build of Van Dyck's chargers. What Markham himself implied by the “true” breed of English horse, he explains in another passage:—“him I mean that is bred under a good clime, on firm ground, in a pure temperature, is of tall stature and large proportions; his head, though not so fine as either the Barbarie's or the Turke's, yet is lean, long, and well-fashioned; his crest is hie, only subject to thickness if he be stoned, but if he be gelded then it is firm and strong; his chyne is straight and broad; and all his limbs large, leane, flat, and excellently pointed. For their endurance I have seen them suffer and execute as much and more than ever I noted of any foraine creation.”

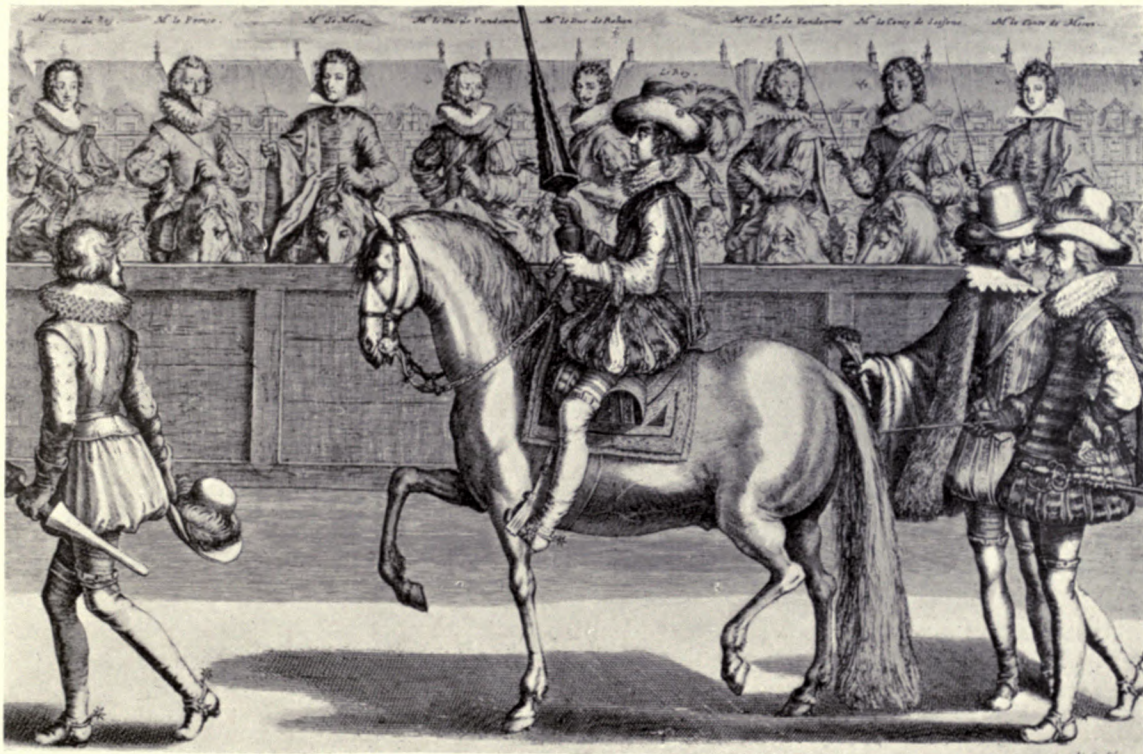
Before quoting another writer, Michael Barrett, whose work appeared very soon after Markham's, it is perhaps only just to the Duke of Newcastle to lessen the

impression concerning his lack of judgment which may have been created by my last mention of his name. His celebrated work was not published till 1658, but it was the result of observation and experience long previous to the protracted exile which compelled him to produce his first edition at Antwerp in French. A famous master of the high school of manège, he was instructor to Charles II. when Prince of Wales, and his unsympathetic attitude is easily explained by his preference for the "haute école" over any form of racing. That he knew better when he cared to show it is clear from his published recommendation, that barb stallions should be put to good English mares; and from the acuteness with which he remarks that "I have taken the bone of the leg of a barb, and found it to be almost solid, having a hollow scarcely large enough for a straw; while in the same bone of a Flanders horse, you may almost insert your finger." The best barbs he knew were Andalusian, and came from the Royal stud at Cordova. But he dilates with much satisfaction on the "Spanish" horses, a different breed of which he had owned several. "They are extremely beautiful, and the most eligible of any, to form subjects for the artist, when surrounded by the pomp and dignity of majesty, he would show himself to his people." Poms and vanities were dearer to the Duke, it may be fairly surmised, than the winning of a bell at Newmarket or Chester, and he was evidently influenced by such works as those of Antoine Pluvinel, or René de Menon, which were written for countries where the passion for the Turf was never at any time to reach the height it soon attained in England.

Michael Barrett dedicated the third volume of his "Vineyard of Horsemanship" to Sir Francis Fayer. "For the shape of a running-horse," he writes, "there is not much difference betwixt the shape of him and the hunter, as there is in their ends of training. . . . Have as near a proportion as the former, only he may have a longer chine, so that his side be longer he will take a larger stroke, especially on light earths; and if his limmes be more slender, and his joints more loose and not so short at the pastern, he may be very excellent and swift for a course." Mr. Barrett's idea of judging whether an animal has a good stride does not seem to me very sound; but as he refers his reader back to his own description of the hunter, I will quote it here. The hunter, he says, must be "some sixteene hand of height, his head of a mean bignesse, his chank thin and wide, his eare not too little, and if he be somewhat wide-eared it is a sign of toughness, so they be sharp; his forehead broad, having a bunch standing out in the midst like a hare; his eye full and large, his nostrill wide, with a deep mouth; all his head leane, a long straight neck; a firm

thin crest well reared; a wide throstle, a broad breast, deepchested; his body large, his ribbes round and close, shut up to his hucklebone, a good-filled long buttocke, not very broad, well let down in the gaskins; his limmes clean, flat, straight, but not very bigge; his joints short, especially between the pasterne and the hoofe having little haire on his fetlocke, a straight foot, black hollow hoof, not over big."

That Barrett had the root of the matter in him may be judged from his observations on breeding and the selection of a mare. "Although the Spanish



French Manège Horse of the Seventeenth Century.

By De Passe.

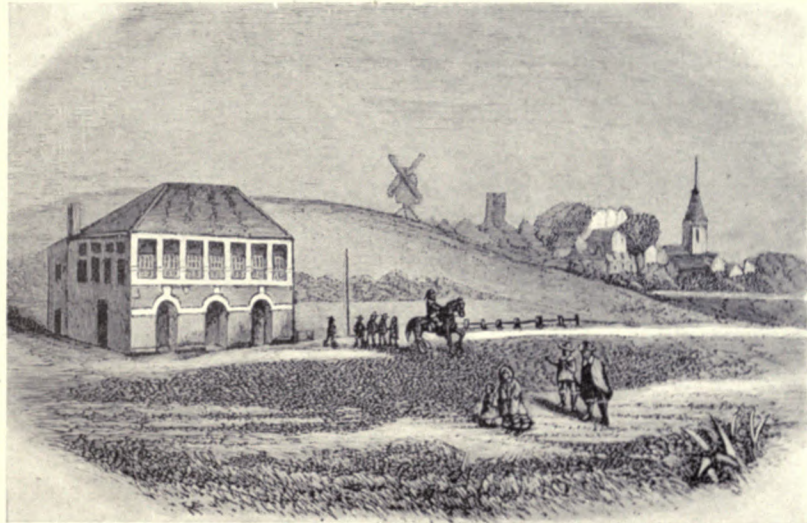
genet, the Irish hobby and the Arabian courser are held both by Master Blundeville and Master Markham to be the chief for pacing and neat action, there is the bastard stallion begotten by them on our English mares, which doth exceed either of them in toughness. The English mares to be of good stature, somewhat large but not very high, a small head, full eye, wide nostril, a pricke ear but somewhat long, a firm thin crest, with a long straight necke, well compact on the cragge at the setting-on of the head, a broad breast, deepchested, a round backe, being barrell-ribbed, and the short ribs shot up somewhat close to the hucklebone, the buttocks

somewhat long, so as to be proportionable, a flat legge and straight foote, and hollow hoofe."

For such a mare as this King James I., who was a constant sportsman, had an excellent eye. The records of his reign are full of visits to Newmarket, for hunting, hawking, and other forms of the chase prevalent throughout his reign. Lord Dillon still possesses the original brass plates set under the heads of deer killed by James I. and Henry, Prince of Wales, when hunting at Ditchley long ago. This King's improvements at the Royal Palace at Newmarket amounted to no less than £4,660 11s. 9½d. in one year, and to £2,606 13s. 2d. In the next, and besides brewhouses, kennels and tennis-courts they included "a greate new stable." It was amid these congenial surroundings that he wrote the instructions on the "faith and duty" of the Prince of Wales, which are known as "Religio Regis." After giving a very catholic catalogue of recreations he goes on:—"But the honnourablest and most commendable games that a King can use are on horseback, for it becomes a Prince above all men to be a good horseman. . . ." But his interest is by no means limited to the "manège." His stud at Cole Park, in Wiltshire, seems to have had a race-track, and was surrounded by a seven-foot wall, costing near £400 of that money. At Eltham, in 1620, the Middle Park Paddock was enclosed with palings brought from Waltham Abbey and Theobalds at a cost of £70. Other Royal stables were at Tutbury and Malmesbury; and in the year of his accession the Earl of Worcester, his Master of the Horse, was paying four Royal jockeys sixpence a day boardwages and about £59 a year for their expenses. The names of two Royal jockeys in 1622 are given as Thomas Freman and John Prichard, who had one "horse livery" each. Sir William Powell and Sir George Marshall, "Surveyors of the Races," had £22 a year and "two hackney liveries."

The importation of more foreign horses was provided for, within a few months after the *Markham Arabian* had arrived, by sending the Equerry George Digby to Italy with "fyve hundred and fiftie poundes of lawfull monie of England to be imployed and disbursed by him for provision of horses for us for the Race," together with a handsome allowance for all possible expenses. Italy seems to have been especially favoured in this respect ever since the Ferrara Stud had first made its reputation in the fifteenth century. Quite early in the reign twenty-seven "coursers of Naples" had been presented to the Greenwich stud by the Archduke, eleven of them being stallions, and a dozen mares in foal. Almost before Digby had left

England “half a dozen Barb'ry horses” had reached Newmarket under the care of Sir Thomas Edmonds, and this success is significantly followed by his elevation to the Treasurership of the Household within two months, a reward which had been thoroughly earned by the services rendered to the Royal stud by the experience in breeding and knowledge of various strains gained during a long official experience of the Continent. Gifts of the same blood are continually recorded throughout this period. One such present (though the exact breed is not mentioned) was brought over from Henri Quatre to the King in charge of the Lieut. de St. Antoine, who afterwards became rider to the Prince of Wales and equerry to Charles I. He was painted by Van Dyck, holding the King's helmet, in the famous picture, and was a friend of Bassompierre, who says, by the way, that the name given in France to horses imported thither from England was “*Quinterots*, from the name of the person who had brought them into France the year before.” The name became a courtly slang phrase for the counters



The First Grand Stand at Newmarket.

which passed round with such rapidity at the royal gaming-tables of Fontainebleau ; but I have been unable to trace it to its English origin. The kind of horse sent over to this country in exchange is shown in Antoine Pluvinel's exquisite series of engravings of his famous manège, and I have reproduced one of the drawings made for him by De Passe. The Spanish horse of the same period has been carefully drawn by Stradanus.

One reason for a greater interchange of animals may be found in the more convenient facilities offered by ships. Thirty-five horses, for instance, were proposed by Buckingham to be sent over from St. Sebastian to the Prince of Wales in one vessel. But it is also clear that the desire to breed with some approach to science had already begun to take firm hold, even if, as we have noticed, the persistence and

care requisite to success were not recognised till some time afterwards. As early as 1605, for instance, the Gentleman of the Horse in a great nobleman's house is ordered to keep notes of every mare covered, and of her foal; and at one of the most famous studs kept by country gentlemen, that of Sir George Reresby, at Ickles, in Yorkshire, a very large acreage is known to have been entirely devoted to pasture for horses and racing-ground. One of the most famous owners of the day was George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, who made his first steps to fortune with one foot on the Turf and the other on the Stage; for he began his conquest over the King's heart either at a race at Linton or in some Theatricals at Cambridge. Within a few years he rose to be a Duke, a Knight of the Garter, Lord High Admiral of England, and Master of the Horse. He married the richest girl in England, and owned the best racing stud in the country. Among his many betting transactions the loss of £100 over a race at Newcastle, to William, second Earl of Salisbury, is recorded. He was but six and thirty when he was murdered by Felton, after a short but sumptuous career, which apparently left very little benefit behind it to anything except the breed of English horses.

It needed a great deal to interfere with Royal racing fixtures at Newmarket, if one may judge from the fact that the King was there eighteen days after the Queen's death in 1619, and had so pleasant a time that he was obliged to break the journey home at Wickfordbridge and Royston. The street of the King's Gate through which he rode so often to his favourite country seat is now being demolished by the new scheme for connecting Holborn with the Strand and Theobald's Road by means of a broad avenue. But if the associations at one end of that Royal trip are being lessened, Time's whirligig has brought in its revenges at the other, and Newmarket is far greater than it ever was under the early Stuarts, as may be seen from the picture I have given of their Grand Stand.

The passion which James I. displayed for its attractions is largely explained by that love of gambling throughout his Kingdom which goes parallel with the development of the Turf from the beginning of its history. Though the King limited his English legislation in this direction to repealing the statute of Richard II. already mentioned, he was more severe in Scotland, where it was made illegal to gamble on cards or dice at any inn, and even in any private house where the host took a hand himself; and, forasmuch as no godly subject of the Crown could expect to flourish on gains so ill-gotten, it was further arranged that any sum over a hundred marks won by betting at a horse-race should be given to the

poor of the parish. These enactments came with particular appropriateness from a capital where the Lord Mayor, Lee, was known to have made his fortune out of wine, women, and dice; and from a Court where, as Dudley Carleton reports, one Twelfth Night in 1608, no gamester was allowed admittance who had less than three hundred pounds in ready money; with the result that the King won £150, the Queen lost £400, the Prince, £300, Lord Salisbury, £300, Lord Buckhurst, £500; while the only other winner recorded was Sir Francis Wolley, of Pinford, in Surrey, who took over £650. On the same festive occasion, ten years afterwards, the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earl of Dorset came off winners of some £500 a-piece. Considering the relative value of money these sums do not compare so very badly with Crockford's at its best in the next century, and when such high wagers as the £2,000, lost in a night by Lord Pembroke, are taken into account, it will be recognised that betting was a serious matter. Nor was the fantastic element in wagering, so common later on, absent in these earlier days. Ben Jonson laughs over a courtier who offers odds on the performance of a journey to Constantinople, by himself, his dog, and his cat. Games of all sorts, of course, gave their special opportunity. A noted young gambler named Foster won £1,500 with a coach and horses in 1619 from Lord Scrope over a game of bowls, and Lord Walden dropped £1,500 in one day at the same game, and £900 the day before, in May 1623.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Gervase Markham must have been fairly sure of a large circulation for his book, which was the first valuable treatise on the Horse since Denham and John Astley, and the only considered presentation of a real theory of training in those times. His recipe for "horsebread" is worth repeating as a curiosity, for he recommends its use till within two weeks of the race. "Take a strike of beans, two pecks of wheat, and one peck of rye; grind these together, sift them, and knead them with water and bran, and so bake them thoroughly in great loaves, as a peck in a loaf; and after they are a day old at the least your horse may feed on them." Much more complicated and precise become his directions as the fateful date draws near. "As touching the day in which your Horse must runne for your wager, thus shall you use him. First the night before you shall give him but a verie little supper, so that hee may be passing empty in the morning, on which morrowe have him, and ayre him an houre or two before day, taking care that hee empty himselfe thorowly while hee is abroad, then bring him in, and after you have well rubd all his foure legges, and annoynted them thoroulie either with neattsfoote oyle, treane oyle, sheepesfoote oyle, or linceede oyle, all which be the





*The First Duke of Buckingham.
After a Sketch by Rubens.*

most excellent oyles that maybe for a Horse, especially the two last : then give him this foode, take a good bigge penny white loaf and cut the same all out into toast, and toast them against the fire, then steepe them in Muscadine and lay them between hot cloathes and being layde before the fire dry them again, and so give them to your Horse. These be so pleasant and comfortable that your Horses emptiess (as he must be wonderfull empty when he goeth to his course) shall little agreeve him. If you have not this ready to give him, if then you give him half a pecke of fine oatmeal well dried, it shall be as good, for though it be not so pleasant, yet being so light a food as it is, it will both comfort his stomacke and be soone digested. When he hath eaten this put on his Mussell, give him great store of litter, and unloose his sursingle, that his cloathes may hang loose about him, and so let him stand to take his rest, till the houre in which he must be led forth to runne his wager, not suffering any man to come within your stable, for fear of disquieting your Horse. When the houre is come in which you must leade him out, gyrd on his cloathes handsomely, bridle him up, and then take your mouth ful of strong vinegar, and spirt it into your Horse's nostrils, whereof it will search and open his pypes, making them apt for the receite of winde. This done leade him to the race, and when you come at the end therefore where you must uncloath him, having the vinegar carried after you, doe the like there, and so bequeath him and yourself to God and good Fortune."

Both, no doubt, would be sorely needed ; for the preceding instructions are the close of a course of preliminary dieting and exercise which I refrain from quoting more largely for fear of giving a fit of apoplexy to any modern trainer who may observe these pages. It may be noted that this writer was by no means ignorant of the value of an Arab stallion, for he owned one himself, and gives a glowing description of its beauties. He was also fond of hunting, for it was when Sir Gervase Clifton had asked him to Blith to meet Lord D'Arcy of the North that the incident in the hunting-field took place which led to the famous quarrel between the sporting author and the nobleman. Markham was sentenced to pay a fine of £500 by the Star Chamber Court, and one of the judges present, with Lord Ellesmere, was Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was as fond of racing as the rest of his family (of whom I have much to say later), though his name does not often occur in the few Turf Records of his time. Sir Philip Mainwaring was one of the correspondents who kept him informed of such Newmarket occurrences as the birthday feast of the Prince of Wales. Restored to his dignities as Earl of Surrey and Norfolk by

James I., he was created Earl Marshal in 1621, married Alithea, the heiress of the Shrewsburys, and laid the foundation of the fortune which his descendants spent so wisely, and so freely, on the Turf. He was of material assistance to his Sovereign when affairs of State intruded upon the pleasures of a royal visit to Newmarket, as at the reception of M. de Boiscot, and he was the arbiter of several disputes which arose on the same spot. But to return to Markham; his notions of age read queerly nowadays, when a two-year-old scurry is one of the commonest occurrences on the



*Spanish Horse of the early Seventeenth Century.
By Stradanus.*

Turf. Horses, he writes, "are fit for the saddle at four years of age, for the wars at six, for the race at eight, and for hunting or extreme matches at ten or eleven." The tradition of not working them too young lasted till almost the end of the eighteenth century; and was indeed an almost necessary consequence of the heavy weights carried in the old days. The extreme wastefulness in equine life produced by modern methods needs no emphasis. Whether it is essential to good sport I express no opinion. But it is strangely like the policy of a "quick turnover" which used to be associated only with mercantile affairs. That lasting was preferred to pace for some time yet is

clear also from the other author who has been laid under contribution to prove the gradual systematisation of Turf matters in the seventeenth century. Michael Barrett was always in favour of a waiting race, and proves his case against the horse that makes the running by a mathematical disquisition, as thus :—“Take a number, as 20, and divide it into two equal parts, as 10 and 10, and let that be supposed to represent the tough horse running the whole course. Then take the number again, and divide it into unequal parts, as 15 and 5, and let that be imagined to represent the hot horse who makes the running at the start. Now, in the first case, multiply ten by ten, and the product will be 100 ; in the second case multiply fifteen by five and the product will be only 75 ; and this although ten added to ten is twenty, and fifteen added to five is also only twenty.” By this calculation Mr. Barrett tries to prove that if both cover the same ground the waiting stayer travels twice as fast at the finish as his rival who went off so quickly. The figures must have amused the Court mathematicians for at least a week.

But the expansion of the Turf during this period was far from being limited to those places which were within easy distance of Whitehall. The King raced at Croydon and at Enfield Chase, as well as at Newmarket, and whenever opportunity could be made, he also attended those meetings which were more usually patronised by the majority of his subjects. It was at the former place, during the Easter holidays of 1611, that a quarrel arose between an Englishman and a Scotsman, which very nearly set all Croydon by the ears, and Philip Herbert was made an Earl upon the spot to reward the patience which prevented open tumult. The opportunity of conferring so great an honour upon the man whom Walpole can only stigmatise as a “memorable simpleton,” was very agreeable to King James, for Herbert was a sportsman after his own heart, as good at cock-fighting as at Racing. But the rowdiness which was its immediate excuse, had already become far too common a feature on the various country courses. “These fiery Spirits,” writes a gentleman called Richard Brathwait, in 1630, “who have Thersites his tongue, and Antaeus hand, are dangerous to consort with ; for they seldom resort to any meeting, but they either doe hurt or receive it. So as even in those tolerable recreations of Horse Races, Cockings, Bowlings, &c., you shall ever see those throw one bone or other to make differences amongst men of qualitie and ranke, wherein they will be sure to be interested as Seconds, if not as principall Agents.” Some years before this the Corporation of Doncaster, in consequence of the fatal brawls that often arose over a horse, when so many wore swords, were obliged to issue an order putting a stop

for a short time to all racing on the Town Field. At Linton, also, where the King first saw handsome young George Villiers, the races had so disturbed Cambridge-shire that the Privy Council took notice of the matter.

The popular idea of Racing at this period has been preserved in a contemporary picture at Leasowe Castle, near Birkenhead. It appears to represent the King watching a race, which is followed on horseback by his son, while the Queen looks



*Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel.
By Van Dyck.*

out of the window of the Royal carriage, driven by a coachman in scarlet livery. The Leasowe course was well known, and owed its beginning to the Elizabethan Earl of Derby, father of the famous breeder of gamecocks; but there must be some inaccuracy in the artist's drawing of the horses finishing on both sides of the winning-post; though the jockey's colours are quite clear, and the "body-clothing" of the two horses in the distance is interesting. As might have been expected from its earlier developments, the good city of Chester had advanced to a far more organised form of Racing than is suggested by this picture of a private

course at Leasowe, or on Sir Richard Grosvenor's estate at Farndon, for, as is shown by an entry of 1624, the rules on the old Roodee were now carefully formulated, and the prize given outright to the winner. According to this document, one John Creceton (or Brereton?) "caused first St. Geo. Race on Roodey, the 23 Aprell, 1624, to be begone at the poynt beyond new tower, and to Run 5 tymes about the Roodye, and he that wan the last Course, or Trayne to have it for ever: which moneys was collected of cittisens to a some for same purposse, the 3 former bells of Mr. Amoryes being sould, and a 100 li. more gathered the use thereof to find a Cupp. He caused the new tower gate to be enlarged for the sayd horserace, wch before was but a small gate for the rome of 3 horses to run in brest. . . ."

Another of the meetings which owed their existence to private enterprise on the part of such leading sporting families as the Fenwicks, Selbys, or Mostyns, or to the patronage of the nearest great landowner, was Langwathby, in Cumberland, which was almost entirely supported by Lord William Howard, or “Belted Will” as he was called, who carried his love of horses northwards as soon as he left Salisbury for Naworth Castle. The archives of the City of Salisbury for 1617 reveal the regulations to which he had been accustomed in his old home; “Mr. Mayor,” it is written, “hath received the golden horse bell, the golden dog bell, the golden snaffle, and a box” By 1619 these trophies were exchanged for a silver cup gilt with gold,” provided by William, Earl of Pembroke, and others, to be run for on Salisbury Plain for ever. Contrary to Elizabeth’s custom, James I. seems only to have visited Salisbury to see the football.

Doncaster of course has a long and honourable record, and two race-tracks are represented there in a plan of 1595. By 1600 a “stoope” had been formerly set up on the Moor “at the west end of the Horse Race,” probably for the starter; for it was removed in that year. Eleven years later, the Wheatley lands were divided off on “The Common,” and in 1614, Anthony Hogg was paid 1^s 6^d for “making the waye at the horserace.” In 1617 another shilling was disbursed “for making a way for the horserace at the water gapp.” By 1631 the prototype of the present grand stand had been erected; but the course was not railed in, and beyond a starting post, and rough arrangements for the judges at the finish, affairs were still in a somewhat temporary state.

The Northern counties were a great stronghold of sport, then as always, and the municipal register of Richmond shows a race for 1622 which is almost complete in detail, as follows:—“A new maid race upon Rychmond Moore of iiii. myles, sett forth and measured by Mr. James Raine, Alderman, and Mr. John Metcalfe, and many other gentlemen and good fellowes the vi. of May. And further the said James Raine, Alderman, with his brethren, hath maid up a sune of xii. poundes for to buy a free cupp for those Knights, gentlemen, or good fellowes that well disposed to have horses or mares to run for the same. Allwayes provided that the Knights gentlemen, and good fellows that have horses and mares to run, havynge the cupp free to their own desposition, must make upp the value of the said cupp, to runne the same for the next yeare.

“Whereas the names in order as they came this present year 1622 was as followeth, John Waggett onely the starter.

- “ Sir George Bowes his horse, 1.
 Mr. Humphrey Wyvell, his tryer.
 Mr. Thomas Bowes his horse, 2.
 Mr. Christ. Bollmer, his tryer.
 Mr. Francis Broughe his horse, 3.
 Mr. Matt Rymer, his tryer.
 Mr. Wanseforde his mare, 4.
 Mr. Anthony Franckland, his tryer.
 Mr. Loftus his horse, 5.
 Mr. Francis Wickliffe, his tryer.
 Mr. Gilbert Wharton the last, and 6.
 Mr. Thomas Wharton, his tryer.

“So every party putting xl. shillings hath maid upp the stake of xii. pounds for the buying of another cupp for the next year following,” and sure enough the “gilded cuppe of xii. pounds value” is duly run for again. It is of great interest to observe that the winner of this early contest was an ancestor of John Bowes, Esq., of Streatham, who won the Derby four times, with *Mündig* (1835), *Cotherstone* (1843), *Daniel O'Rourke* (1852), and *West Australian* (1853). Not far off from this meeting was Gatherley Moor, a very celebrated course, on which Sir William Webb won the bell in 1613. Its beauties are celebrated in a spirited ballad of the time which I have printed in the Appendix to this volume.

While we are in the poetic vein, it may be noticed that Beaumont and Fletcher mention horseracing as well as Ben Jonson, to whom reference has been made already. The play of “Monsieur Thomas” (date about 1621) has the following lines in the second act:—

“*Sebastian.* Tom, when is the horse-race?
Thomas. I know not Sir.
Seb. Will you be there?
Thos. Not I, Sir.
 I have forgot these journeys
Seb. Spoiled for ever?
 The cocking holds at Derby and there'll be
 Jack Wildoats and Will Purser.
Thos. I am sorry, Sir,
 They should employ their time so slenderly.
 Their understandings will bear better courses.”

The King himself was present at a meeting at Woodham Moor in Durham, in 1617, on the 21st April, when William Salrin had a match with Rowland Madokes of Skermingham for a gold purse. The place had secured a continuity of sport some four years previously, for in 1613, Sir George Selby and Sir Charles Wrenn had left a sum of fifty pounds with Thomas Robson of Bishop Auckland, and John

Bainbrigge of Wheatley Hill, to found a "hunting prize" in the shape of a piece of plate, to be run for on Woodham Moor every year. The King had come up on a regular sporting tour, for he had attended a "great horserace on the Heath for a cup" at Lincoln only eighteen days before, where he had paid the Corporation's expenses in setting up a grand stand, "and withall caused the race a quarter of a mile longe to be raled and corded with rope and hoopes on bothe sides, whereby the people were kept out and the horses that runned were seen faire."

Lancashire rejoiced in the support of such good sportsmen as the Asshetons, Sir Richard Molineux (ancestor of the Earl of Sefton), whose stables were at Walton-le-Dale near Whalley Abbey, and the Towneleys of Carr, whose manuscript collections proved later on of such interest and value. During this century and the next the Towneleys never raced in their own name. The journal of Nicholas Assheton, who spent a short life and a merry one with his friends, records a match of £20 a side, on the 18th of July, near Liverpool, at ten stone each, between his cousin's dun gelding, and Sir Richard Molineux's dun nag, owners up. Other sporting characters at that time were the Throgmortons, descendants no doubt of the famous Elizabethan ambassador. Two members of the family agreed, on the 13th July 1612, "to meete together the Tuesday after Michelmas next at Brackly Cwoorse (in Northamptonshire), and thether to bringe a graye mare and gray shorne mane nadgge, and each of them to ridde the same coursse upon equal wate in their parsones, for X. quarter of oates."

On the whole, it is clear that if the break of the Civil War had not occurred, the point reached by Charles II. would have been attained by his predecessor with far less difficulty. The country was gradually becoming permeated with the love of Racing, with an improved breed of horses, and with increased knowledge in the care of them. By the next reign, which I must postpone to another chapter, the whole details of the sport had become so familiar, that a dramatist could count on a popular reception for his piece by making them the mainspring of his plot and action. Little further evidence would be necessary of the progress of Racing under Charles I; but there are so many interesting occurrences which deserve notice before the outbreak of the struggle, which did so much harm throughout the length and breadth of England, that I must select a few, if only to explain the sudden recrudescence and amazing growth of everything connected with the Turf when the Restoration gave sportsmen a fair chance again, and the ruins of more places than Newmarket were restored.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TURF TO THE RESTORATION.

“Lusty Gorge and gentlemen, hark yet
To winning *Mackerel*, finemouthed *Treake*,
Bay Tarrel that won the cup at Newmarket,
Thundering *Tempest*, black *Dragon* eake.
Precious *Sweetlips* I do not lose
Nor *Toby* with his golden shoes,
But if I be just, all honour must
Be given to well-breath'd *Jilian Thrust*.”

From “Hide Park,”

A Comedy by James Shirley, 1637.

AS has been already suggested, if a playwright included jockeys, riders, gamesters, owners, trainers, and the whole paraphernalia of a racecourse into his play, there is not the least doubt that his audience could understand every allusion. But unfortunately there are none alive now to explain the names which were so many household words when they were first spoken by the Queen's players across the footlights of Drury Lane so long ago. *Mackerel*, *Tempest*, and *Dragon* have galloped across Acheron and Styx these many years, and there is no sound from the pastures where they take their well-earned rest. It is the same with many of the characters in Shirley's play. But they are all typical of the state of things existing at the time, and they serve as an admirable preliminary to the hard facts with which I shall soon follow them.

Several scenes in Shirley's comedy are actually laid in the Hyde Park, which gave its name to the play. Wagers, both on horseback and a-foot, are known to have been decided there both previous to this date and for many years afterwards, and it was of course a favourite resort for duellists, even before Lincoln's Inn Fields became too public. In this case, an Irish footman is the favourite in a race which he wins easily, but it is in Lord Bonville's horse that we are most interested. A bet

of £500 depends upon his victory, and in the fourth act Venture and Rider appear on the stage as the two jockeys. "He must be a Pegasus that beats me," says one, to which the other very properly replies: "Your confidence may deceive you. You will ride against a jockey that has horsemanship." Whereupon Venture ripostes in an even loftier strain:—

"A Jockey, a Jackanapes on horseback rather.
A monkey or a Mastie dogge would show
A Giant to him. An I were Alexander
I'd lay the worlde upon my mare"

A considerable deal of money is risked the moment the bell rings. Twenty to fifteen is taken in sovereigns, and this early betting dialogue proceeds:—

"*Fairest.* Forty pounds to thirty?
Lord Bonville. Done! Done! I'll take all odds.
Try. My word, I hold as much.
Lo. Not so.
Try. Forty pounds to twenty?
Lo. Done! Done!"

The men rush off to see the finish, while the ladies continue to bet in silk stockings in the most sporting manner, till the winning jockey is led in to the triumphant strains of a bagpipe.

But Hyde Park does not owe its Turf associations merely to a dramatist. The earliest sporting journalist I ever heard of describes a much more interesting event there in the third number of the "Morning Post." Giving a little information about Dr. Michael Hudson, who had been arrested in 1647 for his services to the King nine months before, the newspaper reports that this sporting cleric (need I add he was a Yorkshireman?) had bought a "nag," which he proved to be very fast by trying her against a speedy and well-known mare already in his possession; he then came up to Lambeth to see his ecclesiastical acquaintances, with the natural result that they began "talking horse" at once. "A match is made for a horserace in Hide Parke. Master Hudson having not his mare in Towne, the Archbishop's gentlemen are so confident of successe, that they would lay downe all the moneys they have, or what they can borrow of their friends. Master Hudson doth seeme to be as desperate as they. The monyes being layed down the race with great expectations beginnes. And Master Hudson's nagge what with its own swiftnesse and courage, and the art and helpe of his rider, doth make such hast that it doth outrun the other almost halfe in halfe. The Archbishop's Gentlemen are brake, their money is lost, and to helpe the

matter they complaine to the Archbishop. Master Hudson is sent for and examined (that being a Schollar) who made him a Horseracer." He was duly summoned to the Court of High Commission, but the case seems to have been settled out of court, without prejudice to his future career, for in 1638 (only some three years later) he was a Lincolnshire rector, and in 1640 he was presented to the living of St. John's Hospital near Lutterworth, where I have no doubt both his mare and his nag too showed the way to the Leicestershire sportsmen across country. He was not forgetful of this latest proof of his monarch's approval, and he repaid the debt with interest, for it was by his guidance that the unhappy Charles got to Scotland; and it was owing to his continued and heroic devotion to the Royal cause, which he frequently served by his splendid riding, that he was finally killed in a peculiarly brutal manner by the Puritans at Woodcroft House.

Though the "Post" is the only authority for Hudson's clever coup against his brother clerics, there are State Papers to attest a match which was regularly arranged at almost the same date in Hyde Park between John Pretymann and John Haures or Havers, a "grey nag" against a "browne horse or nagg," for a hundred pounds aside, half forfeit, at 8st. 7lbs. The description of the course is worth transcribing in full:—" . . . To begin and start together at the Upper Lodge in Hyde Park and to run the usuall way from thence over the lower bridge unto the ending place at the Park Gate. . . ." from which it will be seen that the direction taken could already be described as usual and customary.

In the unhappy Duke of Suffolk, I have already given one instance of the Englishman's passion for sport surviving in a foreign country under alien conditions. Young Harry Verney is an equally good example in the seventeenth century. "I can right you no nuse," he says in a delightfully natural letter home from Holland, "but of a horsmache as it is to be run yearely at the Hlagge, for a cuppe of 50 pounds, as every officer gives yearly 20 shillings towards the bying of it. I hope to win it afore I die myselfe. I have rod but to (2) makes cense I saw you, and have won them both." Such enthusiasm is easily intelligible when we consider to the extent to which racing had been already carried in the land from which young Verney was unwillingly exiled to learn the trade of what he calls a "soger." Newmarket, for instance, had got its gold cup two years before, and it was awarded at the Spring Meeting of 1634, as is recorded in a despatch of that year, dated from Newmarket on March 14, and preserved among the State Papers. "This day," writes Mr. Secretary Coke, "the races for running horses will bee come ended with

the genral course for the Gilden Cup. His Ma^{tie} (God bee thancked) is in perfect health and at this present is at tennis." It has been suggested that the *Bay Tarrel* mentioned in the verses at the head of this chapter may have been the winner. The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales with all the Court and several Ministers had gone down for the Spring Meeting, which was somewhat disturbed by the burning of two butchers' cottages one night, while the Royal game of tennis must have considerably suffered owing to the fall from his horse which had compelled the King to wear one arm in a sling. Betting had ruled very high, and the Earl of Southampton, unable to meet all his creditors, was obliged to secure hasty leave of absence and escape to France till he could raise the money from his father-in-law, the Baron de Ruvigny. The "boye ryders" in His Majesty's stables about this time, were Anthony Knight, Richard Hester, Rich^e Higges, and Samuell Walton, whose wages were 6d. a day for board, and £6 17s. 6d. a year with "Livery." Sir William Powell and Sir George Marshall were Supervisors of the Races. P. Poys, Esq., was Avenor. There were sixteen Esquires, and two Clerks of the Avory. Thomas Freeman, Thomas Green, and Gregory Julian were Yeomen of the Races. It may be noted that "race" was about this time used for a racing-stable, and for the private course attached to stables, as well as for such public courses as that at Newmarket.

The King had spent a good deal on the Palace there, and when the whole was put up for sale by the Commonwealth, the stables and riding house are very particularly mentioned, and I shall have to refer in greater detail to the list of his horses which was made out on the same melancholy occasion. In spite of the dismal prognostications of Colonel Sir Edward Harewood, both the English Turf and the breed of horses was slowly but surely improving. "The defects," writes the pessimistic Colonel in 1642, in a book which had the laudable object of encouraging soldiers to learn their trade at home, "consist chiefly in want of fit horses and fit men to bee horsemen . . . in ancient times wee were not so. It may be one reason is that now our Nation is more addicted to running and hunting horses than in those elder times . . . if the noblemen and gentlemen would take this to heart, as they have done running of races for bells (which I could wish were converted to shooting at a marke with pistols on horseback for the same bell), they would be sufficient for Cuirassiers." But that the larger breed affected by this military reformer had not died out is amply proved by the cavalry actions of the Civil War. The splendid study by Van Dyck in the Buckingham Palace Collection would alone show the fine stamp of horses in the

Royal stables. As far as I am aware, it is reproduced here for the first time. On the other hand, the Eastern blood so happily increased by the *Markham Arabian* was still further strengthened by the Arabs from the Digby, Villiers, Fenwick, and Newcastle studs, and by the many importations made about the time of the negotiations for the abortive Spanish marriage through the influence of the court of Madrid, and the energy of Buckingham and others. The inventory, signed in 1629, of the contents of the Royal stud at Tutbury which was seized by Parliament in 1643, contains many indirect proofs of this, though the nomenclature of the catalogue is sometimes too indefinite to decide whether a horse is described in his own name or in that of his sire. It is, however, possible to trace the *Markham Arabian* influence; for he was the sire of *Frisell* who got "lot 68. One white colt 3 years old £12," also "lot 72. One browne bay colt, one white foote behind, 3 yeares old £15," also "lot 12. One bright bay with a starre, 12 years old, with a mare foale £18," and "lot 14. One bright bay Mare with a streak, 12 years old, with a horse foale £22." "*Frisell Longlegs*," sire of lot 23, a bright bay mare with a star, also appears to be of the same family. Of the other horses which may be presumed to have had



English Horse of the Time of Charles I.

From the original Sketch by Van Dyck.

Eastern blood we find "lot 5. One black Mare, by Black Morocco, with a horse foale, £22." "lot 9. One brown bay Mare with starre, by Morocco, with a horse foale, £25." "lot 24. One bay Mare, by young Morocco with a horse foale £16." "lot 35. One black Mare, 10 year old, by Black Morocco, £10." "lot 52. One browne bay horse with a little starre, by Morocco, £30." A famous Arab from the Villiers stud was Rupert, whose produce were highly valued, as appears from the following entries:—"lot 53. A bright bay horse with a starr and a snip, 4 white feete, a black liste downe the back, £35." "lot 64. A browne bay without white £35 10s." "lot 66.

London, H. Wilson & Co. 1844



From the Painting by Van Dyck

Horses used by the Cavaliers.
By permission of H. M. King Edward VII and Prince of Wales.



A browne bay with a starr £25." "lot 69. A bright bay horse with a black list and one white foote, £25." Sir John Fenwick's Arabs are represented by *Sorrell Fenwick's* daughter, "lot 25. One Sorrell mare with a blaze, nine yeares old, with a mare foal £18." Finally the Duke of Newcastle's stud is traceable in lots 2, 3, 6, 18, 22, 26, 59, 61, 96, 98, and 99, and the stallions mentioned by name are *Bay*, *Grey*, and *Browne Newcastle*, the others being simply referred to their breeder. In the total hundred lots, there are twenty-three mares with foals at foot, twenty-three horses of 4 year old and upwards, and 139 in all, which were valued at £1,982. The horses in the Royal Stud may be fairly pictured from



Statue modelled from a Horse in Charles I.'s Stables.



Equestrian Statue of Charles I., cast by Hubert Le Socur in 1633, erected at Charing Cross in 1675.

two sources. The first is an original drawing by Van Dyck in the British Museum, which was evidently done from life in the Royal Stables. The second is the equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, which everyone passes and few notice, standing on its pedestal of the finest stone carving in high relief in London. By a direct order to that effect, it was modelled from the horses in His Majesty's stables, and the Domestic State Papers for 1630 have preserved the agreement between the Lord Treasurer and Hubert Le Sœur, who cast the horse in brass. Further details of this interesting work will be found in the List of Illustrations.

To the Duke of Newcastle's book I have already referred. But in view of the influence his stud had upon breeding, in spite of the fact that he did not care for racing himself, it will be interesting to record something further of his opinions. "The Barbes," he writes, "are the gentlemen of the horse kind, and Spanish horses the princes." He owned four of the first and five of the second even during his "poor" exile

at Antwerp; but his greatest prize was "a grey leaping-horse, the most beautiful that ever I saw . . . he was above price." This horse's fame as a hunter was well-known in the Court; and if the Duke was right, the "running-horses" of the period were more indebted to Spanish blood, which was of course Eastern, than to any other, which would be one of the natural consequences of Buckingham's importations to which I have already referred. The names of some of these invincible stock on the English Turf he gives as follows:—*Conqueror*, *Shotten Herring*, *Butler*, and the mare *Peacock*. He infinitely preferred these to the Barb whose wind, he thinks, "serveth to no purpose, when his strength is not able to carry his weight: and thus the Barb will want his little light jockey on him, with a couple of trenchers for a saddle, and a lutestring in his mouth for a bit." He speaks highly of the Scotch galloways, in a somewhat too general panegyric of English horses, which are "as beautiful as can be anywhere, for they are bred out of all the horses of all Nations." His advice as to brood mares for a racing stable only betrays his ignorance of the subject, but in stallions he is more to be believed, for "a barb," he writes, "that is a jade will get a better running horse than the best running-horse in England," valuable advice for that particular period. He was made Lord Warden of Sherwood Forest, and Groom of the Bed-chamber by Charles I., and of his success in teaching Charles II. the art of horsemanship he often speaks. He fought gallantly in the Royal cause, and lost nearly the whole of his large estates by his devotion. As might have been expected, this seventeenth century Angelo was a famous fencer as well, and his accomplishments earned the commendation of Shadwell and of Ben Jonson.

His Grace refers several times to that Sir John Fenwick, whose stud is mentioned in the Tutbury catalogue, and is responsible for the *Fenwick Barb* given in the Stud Book as the sire of *Old Why Not*, whose doings in October, 1682, I have recorded in their right place. This famous Northumberland family was celebrated on each side of the border for their lavish hospitality at Wallington Hall, and the sporting proclivities of the race are immortalised in the North of England nursery rhyme:—

"Fenwick of Bywell's away to Newmarket
And he'll be there before we get started."

With so fine a type of a good sportsman and breeder to encourage them, it is no wonder that the north country traditions already noted were gradually strengthened under each succeeding reign. The Astleys were another family which were well

known in that part of the world. They could boast of Plantagenet blood in their veins, and their sporting characteristics were worthily transmitted to their modern representative, Lord Hastings, of the Jockey Club, who won the Derby and the St. Leger of 1885 with *Melton*. A third racing family which has given conspicuous proof of its vitality within our generation was that of Sir George Bowes, who was racing hard at Newcastle in 1633, as his uncle relates with some misgivings, in a letter dated that year. Besides private matches there were "two silver potts granted by the Common Council," in the year before, to be won by the adventurous Sir George, for the race on Killingworth Moor after Whitsuntide. A fourth great name of the early seventeenth century Turf was that of the unfortunate Sir Richard Gargrave, who at one time owned so much land in Yorkshire that he could ride from Wakefield to Doncaster on his own property. By reckless gambling, in addition to extravagant expenses on his racing stud, he completely ruined himself and died in obscurity in the Temple. Ascombe Moor, Black Hambleton, and Tollerton were popular Yorkshire race meetings in those days, the latter of which is celebrated by "Drunken Barnaby" as follows:—

"Thence to Towlerton where those stagers
Or horsecourers run for wagers.
Near to the highway the course is
Where they ride and run their horses."

By January 16, 1632, the gilt-silver cup and cover provided by the Corporation of Northampton, at the charges of Lord Spencer, was established as a yearly prize on the Thursday in Easter week; and the course may still be traced in Earl Spencer's coverts at Harlestone Firs, now preserved, and therefore not open to public inspection as was the case till comparatively lately. At Salisbury a similar arrangement had been made three years before for the Thursday next after the middle Sunday in Lent, when a silver-gilt cup was established "to be yearly runn for with the race-horses, at the Generall Horse Race then used," with long and careful directions for the future in every detail, as for instance, "that the said Maior and Comynalty shall and will yearly provide and cause to be in readyness at the said race one of the inhabitants of the said city, or some other person who shall attend at the usual starting place of the race to give the word when the horses to run the said race shall begin to start and run the same. And shall and will likewise yearly at the said place provide three men with muskets charged with powder to be discharged as followeth, that is to say: One of the said three men to stand at the first myle's end from the starting place of

the said race, and there discharge his musket as the running horses passe by him : one other of the said three men to do the same at the second myle's end from the said starting place. . . ."

No wonder that with the love of sport thus sanctified, as it were, among the most sacred archives of their City, the good folk of Salisbury were not to be put off their favourite sport by any regulations of a Puritan Parliament after Charles I. had been beheaded. In 1650 they were racing just as hard as usual, and I doubt very much whether the cup which had been established in 1634 at Winchester was discontinued either, for it is written in the municipal records of that ancient capital for the year 1646, "that Ralph Rigges, Esq., Mayor of the said city, shall have security under the city seale to save him harmelesse for being engaged for the Race Cupp, as shall be advised by the Councill of the said Mr. Mayor." The winnings of the Court at this little meeting was sometimes so extensive that in 1631, on an April evening, my Lord Chamberlain, Philip Earl of Pembroke, feasted the King and Queen "at his lodgings at the Cockpit (near Whitehall) after his extraordinary great winnings at the horserace at Winchester." Both His Majesty and his loyal courtiers betted fairly high on most things ; for the King lost £3,000 one day at tennis to the Chevalier de Jarre ; and Lord Campden's son and heir celebrated his marriage by losing £2,500 at the same game to Lord Carnarvon, Lord Rich, and other young sportsmen, in 1633, being within £500 of the portion his bride had brought him. Nor were these the only sports that made the money fly. Stamford, in Lincolnshire, was celebrated, not merely for its "silver and gilt cup with a cover to the value of seaven or eight pounds," which was for the special delectation of "a concourse of Noblemen and Gentlemen meeting together in mirth, peace, and amity for the exercise of their swift-running horses, every Thursday in March." The town also enjoyed an ancient and disreputable notoriety for the bullbaiting, which had been endowed so long ago as the reign of King John, by William, Earl of Warren. Six days before Christmas, a bull, which had been previously shut up in the Alderman's outhouse, was turned out into the streets, after special warning had been given to close all the shops (china-shops especially, no doubt) and houses, and the "strangers," had been given time to retreat to a special "yard," built for their safety. "Which proclamation made," writes a contemporary historian, who was by no means in sympathy with such ruffianly proceedings, "and all the gates shut up, the bull is turned out of the Alderman's house, and then hivie skivie, tag and rag, men, women, and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the towne, promiscuously

running after him with their bull clubs, spattering dirt in each others' faces, that one would think them to be so many Furies started out of Hell for the punishment of Cerberus :—

“ A ragged troupe of boyes and girls
Doe pellow him with stones :
With clubs, with whips, and many nips,
They part his skin from bones.”

Part of the sport consisted in riding the bull home again and the custom lasted until well into the nineteenth century, as I shall have to point out later on. Cock-fighting, of course, went on gaily, and better deserved the much longer life it subsequently enjoyed. Bear-baiting is also among a list of some far more excusable amusements against which the Puritans vehemently objected, for reasons which Macaulay has sufficiently satirised. By 1654 the Council of State had gone so far as to prohibit horseraces, hunting, and hawking matches, and even football playing, under the pretence that these meetings were used by Royalists to plot against the Commonwealth. But no legislation that is not based on public sentiment can ever be enforced, and the Puritans were as powerless to crush the love of sport as they were to prevent the restoration of the Monarch who brought back all its outward forms with a redoubled zest and gaiety. Luckily the Lord Protector himself played at Bowls, at least so it was said without contradiction during a debate in the Commons, so the game which Francis Drake immortalised seems to have been left untouched during the drastic reforms in progress against all other excuses for high gambling. But that all did not go as the Praise God Barebones of Westminster expected is clear from the further enactment of 1657, which decreed that on all winnings from cards, dice, tennis, bowls, cock-fighting, and horses, a fine of double the amount gained should be inflicted, half of which fine was to go to Cromwell.

It would be most unfair to argue from the existence of this possible source of increased revenues that the stern Protector did not discourage a little quiet gaming. But it may certainly be said that “the wily Cromwell,” as he was called by “The Druid” many years before Mr. Morley's biography, knew a good horse when he saw one, even if he did not publicly race, for reasons of State. His private stud was without doubt largely recruited from the Tutbury horses which have been mentioned ; and though not a “racing-stud” in any sense, it certainly contained well-bred animals, which might have raced under less austere conditions, and which were kept, I cannot help thinking, as much for the Protector's own pleasure as for the abstract

good of the realm and its breed of horses. The nephew of that old Sir Oliver of Huntingdon had sporting blood in his veins, and Hinchinbrooke, his birthplace, was not precisely calculated to discourage a love for horses. Although his time, later on, was mainly taken up in arduous political affairs, he might at least have given a little more leisure to the mysteries of a four-in-hand before he tried to take a team through



Sir Thomas, Lord Fairfax, owner of "The Helmsley Turk."
By Faithorne.

Hyde Park. His horses ran away at the accidental explosion of the pistol he always carried about his person. Of hunting and hawking he is certainly known to have been very fond, and to have indulged his humour on fitting occasions. But what is mainly of importance for our purpose is that he did not let the Arab strain die out. His stud-master was Mr. Place, of Dimsdale, and it is to *Place's White Turk* that the oldest pedigrees of our modern bloodstock can be traced. When the Protector's horses, which were significantly reported by a contemporary authority to be "the best in England," were in turn seized by

Charles II., this same Place stole a famous brood mare that had belonged to his master, and from the fact that he concealed her in a vault, she was afterwards known as the *Coffin Mare*. Nor is this all; for the State Papers of the Protectorate period reveal a definite expression of Cromwell's anxiety "to furnish England" with Arabian horses. The Levant Company accordingly procured some through

Sir Thomas Bendish, the English Ambassador at Constantinople in 1657, and one was brought to Cromwell himself by Nicholas Buxter in the "Dartmouth," from Rotterdam to Gravesend, Captain Richard Rooth. A further importation was made through Colonel Lockhart, English Ambassador in Paris, which were a present from Cardinal Mazarin. Three other horses of Eastern blood are known at this time, named respectively *Guise*, the Duke of Rutland's Barb, *Lord Fairfax's Morocco Barb*, and the *Lambert Turk*. It may be finally remarked that not only was "*Place's White Turk*" used for breeding, but that his blood can be traced in racing stock down to the present day. For he was the sire of Mr. Croft's *Commoner*, and of the first *Wormwood*; from him, too, came the greatgrandams of *Windham*, and of Sir William Morgan's (later Mr. Elstob's), *Old Cartouch*. This last-named animal was foaled in 1717 and covered up to 1745. He was by the *Bald Galloway*, and on his mother's side also traced descent to that daughter of *Makeless* which Mr. Crofts presented to Queen Anne, and he had an own brother named *Button*. Out of a natural Barb mare belonging to the famous Mr. Tregonwell, *Place's White Turk* also got a filly, out of whom the *Byerley Turk* got Sir W. Ramsden's mare. This mare was in turn the mother of *Grey Ramsden*, by *Hautboy*, and she also produced stock to *Spanker*, the *Darley Arabian*, and the *Newcastle Turk*. From her are descended in a direct female line such famous progeny as *Goldfinder*, *Whalebone*, *Bay Middleton*, *Lord Lyon*, *Bend Or*, *Robert the Devil*, *The Bard* (by *Petrarch*), *Minting*, and many more. When I have added that to a daughter of *Place's White Turk* is also credited the greatgrandam of *Matchem* (foaled in 1748 and died in 1781), I shall have said more than enough to show that we have already reached a point in Turf History in which modern breeders can feel a keen and direct interest, and before succumbing to any further genealogical temptations, I will hasten on to show the excellent use made of his opportunities by Charles II.

It is evident from what has just been said that the "Merry Monarch," who came to restore a good deal more than monarchy to the English people, had only to give his loyal sportsmen a fair chance, and there was plenty of material for him to work upon. In spite of the several enactments, actual racing had not been completely suppressed, and there was blood stock all ready to be raced as well, as we have seen; for by the time the King had had leisure to count up his possessions, several animals had been foaled who were to be the heads of some of the most illustrious pedigrees in the annals of the thoroughbred. But I shall be speaking with more detail of Arabian sires and mares in another chapter; and I now

desire only to make it clear in general terms that a great change in bloodstock had begun, before I try to describe the equally great change which was to be so brilliantly inaugurated by the attendance at all the best Races of the highest rank and fashion in the land.

Few epochs can have been more fascinating for the reckless, witty, gallant spendthrift than the days when the second Charles was King. Few English princes have been more devoted to the sport than he, with, perhaps, the exceptions of George the Fourth and of Edward the Seventh before they ascended the throne. In his day, and for some time to come, Racing meant Newmarket; for the Court the famous Heath was certainly the headquarters—though not the exclusive quarters—of the Turf. Never has it been more frequented by Royalty than at this beginning of its real fame. Charles would stay in the town itself, and in the great houses within a reasonable distance, Audley End or Euston, for a month at a time. It is true that foot-races were still run on the Heath, and no doubt they had their interest for the fastest walker of his time. But horse racing was the thing, and there is complete evidence that it was followed in a workmanlike spirit. In the matter of his own apartments, Charles apparently could dispense with much of his usual luxury at Newmarket, as may be realised from Evelyn's description :—" Passing thro' Newmarket, we alighted to see His Majesty's house that is now new building; the arches of the cellars beneath are well turn'd by Mr. Samuel the architect, the reste mean enough and hardly fit for a hunting-house. Many of the roomes above had chimnies placed at the angles and corners, a mode now introduc'd by His Majesty which I do at no hand approve of. I predict it will spoil many noble houses and roomes if followed. It does only well in very small and trifling roomes but takes from the state of greater. Besides, this house is placed in a dirty streete, without any court or avenue, like a common one, whereas it might and ought have been built at either end of the towne, upon the very carpet where the sports are celebrated; but it being the purchase of an old wretched house of my Lord Thomond's, His Majesty was persuaded to set it on that foundation, although the most improper imaginable for a house of sport and pleasure. We went to see the stables and fine horses, of which many were here kept at a vast expense, with all the art and tendernes imaginabile . . . we returned over Newmarket Heathe, the way being mostly a sweet turfe and down, like Salisbury Plaine, the jockies breathing their fine barbs and racers, and giving them their heates."

This was in July, and in the October of the next year (1671) we find Evelyn, that decorous but persistent courtier, again going to pay his respects to his King at Newmarket, travelling from London with Mr. Treasurer "in his coach with 6 brave horses, which we changed thrice, first at Bishop's Stortford and last at Chesterford, so as by night we got to Newmarket, where Mr. Henry Germain (nephew to the Earle of St. Alban's) lodged me very civilly. We went immediately to Court, the King and all the English gallants being there at their autumnal sports. Supped at the Lo. Chamberlaine's, and the next day after dinner I was on the heath, where I saw the great match run between *Woodcock* and *Flatfoot*, belonging to the King and to Mr. Eliot of the bedchamber, many thousands being spectators; and a more signal race had not been run for many yeares." Evelyn was not a sportsman, and it did not occur to him to mention which won.

As Hamilton noticed, the scar which Evelyn's host, Lord Arlington, had won on the Royalist side in a skirmish at Andover only seemed to enhance the somewhat mysterious dignity of his countenance, instead of giving it the bloodthirsty expression so often conferred by an old wound. He was the father-in-law of the first Duke of Grafton, the King's son, and it was during this autumn meeting that there took place at Euston, his country seat, certain revels which Evelyn records with very solemn disapproval and just a little unction. Indeed, it is an odd picture of a fast, racing house-party, and the cynical effrontery of the proceedings might shock the least precise even of modern pleasure-lovers. But manners change more than morals, and in reality it is a picture to be easily paralleled in any society where leisure and vigour and luxury are in superabundance. That society cared a little less than most about appearances, and that is all. The King's presence is easily explained by the fact that Colbert the French ambassador was there with "the famous new French Maid of Honor, M^{lle} Querouaille, now coming to be in greate favour." Charles, of course, did not deny himself the pleasures of feminine society while he pursued his favourite sport, and Newmarket has not seen many such gay and beautiful parties as that which would ride with him on the Heath. The faces of his fair favourites have been preserved in many a print and picture, and you may imagine them thronging round the swarthy grave-faced humourist, shaking their ringlets, and flashing their eyes at him, laughing with confident boldness, gay with youth and health. The gallants get in a word when they can and make their bets on coming races. A little in the rear ride Lord Arlington and our friend Evelyn, talking politics and lamenting the levity of the times.

Pepys, who had a never-failing eye for a pretty woman, tells us a little better how they looked when they went racing than might be imagined from the loosely draped canvases of Lely or Kneller. The busy little Secretary had just passed a very anxious day over the conflicting news of the naval fight with the Dutch in



*Lord Arlington.
By Sir Peter Lely.*

the June of 1666, when he was consoled with the sight of "the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets, with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and buttoned their doublets up to the breasts, with periwigs and with hats ; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever : which was an odde sight, and a sight did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus." It all depends, however, on circumstances, whether a woman's dress is agreeable or not. This same costume when seen on horseback in the Park mightily delighted the observer who was shocked with it in Whitehall, and "Mrs. Stewart,

with her hat cocked and a red plume," riding with her celebrated grace among the bevy of mounted Maids of Honour, completely conquered Mr. Pepys.

In the memoirs of the Comte de Grammont this same "Mrs. Wells" is described. She was one of the ladies who had replaced the Portuguese attendants of the Queen, to the joy of the whole Court. "She was a tall girl," writes the critical and cosmopolitan gallant, "born to be made into a picture, well dressed, and with the walk of a goddess. Her face, moulded like those which are most winning, yet pleased but little, because Heaven had spread a veil of uncertainty above it which made her features



Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth.

By Pierre Mignard.

resemble those of a sheep in a dream. This naturally gave a bad impression of her wit, which was unfortunate, for her intelligence was far brighter than anyone expected. However, she was fresh, and new ; and the lovely Frances Stewart had not exhausted the King by any special call upon his brains, so. . . ." to be brief, the aid of the zealous and unwearied Progers was called in, and Miss Wells was soon contributing her share to quenching the Royal thirst for beauty.

Of them all the King loved Frances Stewart the best. He sculled down from Whitehall alone one evening and climbed over the wall of Somerset House to see her after she had been married ; and he would without a doubt have married her if the Queen had not been restored to life after a serious illness, by the kindness which Hamilton cynically attributed rather to the King's politeness than to his real feelings. "Mrs. Stewart," writes the impressionable Pepys, "with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty, I think, I ever saw in my life." I have reproduced Sir Peter Lely's painting of her, before the cruel marks of smallpox had spoilt her expression. His canvas hangs now at Hampton Court ; but her face and figure are stamped in more durable and far more popular material and have been carried about—at one time and another—in the pockets of everyone of my readers, for it was from Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond, that the Britannia was modelled for the penny piece upon the coinage that we still employ. Rotier did his first sketch for it after seeing her on horseback at Newmarket.

Louise de K rouaille, if I may linger still among such fascinating company, put many a pretty nose out of joint when she became Duchess of Portsmouth, and those who believe in Mignard's charming presentment of her in the National Portrait Gallery can easily understand it. She became the mother of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond. One of her rivals had long before been fairly compelled to abdicate, for Barbara Villiers, wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, was beaten by Nell Gwynne's audacious charms even before she was shelved with the title of Duchess of Cleveland. Pretty Nell herself never acknowledged defeat at all. She was, I suspect, always happier within sound of Bow Bells than on any racecourse in the world, even when she had a chance of laughing at Rochester over his losses, or winning a wager from George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, that profligate son of a reckless father, for whom Dryden's lines (written of a better man) would be too flattering :—



Portrait of the Duchess of Richmond

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London. H. Barlow & Co. 1786.



From the Painting by Peter Lely.

Frances Stewart. Duchess of Richmond.



A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong
Was everything by turns and nothing long."

In that glittering company Tom Thynne of Longleat (Poor "Tom of Ten Thousand" who was shot in Pall Mall, later on, by Count Konigsmarck's assassins) might be seen, too, leaning on a window of the grand stand to make a bet with Tom Killigrew, or with his friend the Duke of Monmonth, who was inside it; while the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was trying to get a moment's quiet in a shady corner for talking over Pepys' last report of the Navy with Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury. No doubt the King enjoyed being free from even those slight restraints of etiquette which his easy-going Court was compelled to observe in public at Whitehall; for when the Grand Duke of Tuscany came to meet him one morning on the heath, "he met his Majesty, who returned home in a plain and simple country dress, without any finery, but wearing the badges of the Order of St. George and of the Garter." They spent the rest of the morning in coursing, and after the midday meal the King and Prince Rupert had a game of tennis, which proved almost as good a resource as cock-fighting when the weather did not serve for racing. It must have been on some such "off-day" as this that the conversation, which is reported by Grammont's friend and counsellor St. Evrémond, occurred between Charles II. and a baronet from Worcestershire, who entered the Royal presence bearing a "branch of that blessed oak which preserved your Majesty's blessed life." There was some reference to a rosy-cheeked farmer's wife who had been met "out woodcutting with Farmer Penderell," and the interview was closed in an explosion of kingly laughter on the offer of a loyal present of nine fat oxen from the worthy squire, who left his Sovereign hard at work lecturing his companions on their lack of similar generosity in the respect of burnt offerings of beef for the dining-tables of the Court. They would have done better, perhaps, to spend their money so, than in such astonishing escapades as that with which Rochester and Buckingham scandalised the whole of a generally complacent countryside, by hiring the Green Man Inn at Six Mile Bottom and luring every pretty woman in the district into it. Charles's own letters to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, contain many references to such scenes at Newmarket, and are sometimes written from the town itself. One of these contains a characteristic piece of humour. Late in 1668 Louis the Fourteenth had sent over a secret agent in the person of the Abbé Pregnani, whose ostensible business in life was the study

of astrology. That, of course, was still a respectable art, and the Abbé was a personage of some importance. Charles invited him to Newmarket and put him to prophesying the results of races. The King writes in March, 1669, "I came from Newmarket the day before yesterday, where we had as fine weather as we could wish, which added much both to the horsematches as well as to the hunting. L'Abbé Pregnani was there most part of the time, and I believe will give you some account of it, but not that he lost his money upon confidence that the Starrs could tell which horse would win, for he had the ill-luck to foretell three times wrong together, and James [the Duke of Monmouth] believed him so much as he lost all his money upon the same score." It seems that the unlucky prophet remonstrated with the King for making fun of him, for Charles good-naturedly wrote again to beg his sister not to lose confidence in the worthy man since horseracing was outside the proper sphere of his art. The Duke of Monmouth must have been a fascinating fellow. "Seldom," writes Hamilton, "has Nature moulded a more perfect form. His manly face was full of charm and was neither effeminate nor dull, yet every feature in it had a delicate beauty all its own. To a wonderful skill in every form of sport, he united an engaging manner



*Thomas Thynne, called "Tom of Ten Thousand."
By Sir Peter Lely*

and dignified deportment, but his strength of mind did not quite equal the graces of his body." He could never reconcile himself to the Duke of York's probable accession, and his schemes against that prince's power finally ended in his own execution after Sedgmoor. Ever since the Civil War a certain spice of political intrigue seems to have been added to racing and other forms of sport, whenever the more serious arena of responsible statesmen was in any way troubled by conflicting factions. It lasted for a long time, and the Duke of Wharton, in the middle of the next reign, apparently only raced at all in order to give all the

Tory owners a good beating, which he generally did, for his horses were magnificent. The unceasing efforts of the Tories to set up Winchester as a rival to Newmarket, throughout the reign of Charles II., is a particularly curious instance of political sportsmanship ; and a few have even connected the fire at Newmarket with the over-heated zeal of a few of these racing partisans. This handsome and ill-fated Duke of Monmouth took the same line with a far deeper purpose, and a much more sinister result. It was as a friend of the Whigs, as much as in the character of a racing man, that he appeared at Wallasey Races near Chester, in 1682, and that he even ran a



*Thomas Killigrew,
By Van Dyck.*

foot-race (stripped) against Mr. Cutts of Cambridgeshire, and beat him. He rode his own horse first past the post for the Plate, and all the Tory windows in Chester were broken that night to celebrate the occasion. When his disloyalty became somewhat too open to be tolerated next year, he went over to France, and it was with racing again that he made a bid for popularity at the Court of Louis XIV., for he rode Lord Wharton's horse to victory for the King's Plate, at Echère, near St. Germain, and both he and Bernard Howard had an excellent welcome in consequence at the French Court. Unluckily he was not content with his well-known superiority in the saddle, and his invasion of England was a fatal error.

His horse *Tankard* was left behind at The Hague and became the property of Lord Yarmouth.

Every possible circumstance of time and place combined to make Charles II.'s connection with the Turf a brilliant episode in its history. Everyone was frankly glad to see a king upon the throne again, and was ready to hope everything of a monarchy which had received, and survived, such sanguinary lessons. People were drawing a long breath after the straight-laced tyranny of the men who were always prating about freedom ; so that after solemnly cutting off the whole heritage of the Stuarts for ever, they positively shouted with joy on their return. The King himself

was on the crested wave of an almost similar reaction, for he had come into his kingdom after a period of dull though perilous exile, and he had brought with him the flower of the English nobility, who were rejoicing to be back again at home. Unfortunately the rapidity with which he could get through business that was really pressing, tempted him, too often, to put off all serious affairs till they had become urgent in the extreme. But by what the State lost, the Turf benefited, or as Pope expressed it :

“Then Peers grew proud in horsemanship t’excell,
Newmarket’s glory rose, as Britain’s fell.”

and by no class should the follies—even the faults—of Charles the Second be more readily forgiven than by the modern racing man. The amount of State papers which are dated from Newmarket during this reign would alone show that he was not idle there the whole time ; and the first Lord Godolphin, “who was never in the way, and never out of it,” as his Royal master said, was particularly successful in carrying such business through, wherever the Court might be at the moment. The fact that men were often present so famous in far different fields of action as General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, or Sir Stephen Fox, Lord Treasurer, the ancestor of the famous Charles James Fox who was to appear at Newmarket under such brilliant auspices less than a century afterwards, or the handsome young soldier, who was afterwards to be the famous Duke of Marlborough, is also an indication that a man may be a thorough lover of horse-racing and do his duty elsewhere at the same time. We have seen it in our days in more than one famous soldier and sailor, in more than one representative of the highest legal talent, in more than one Prime Minister. And Newmarket, which had been famous in a previous reign for visits from Rubens, which were as valuable to foreign diplomacy as they were to the world’s art, was to see in the reign of Charles II. more important negotiations even carried through, in the shape of the engagement of William, Prince of Orange, to the Princess Mary of York, presumptive heiress of Great Britain, an occurrence which was to have an effect upon the history of this country and of the world which has not ceased to this day.

Occasionally, of course, Charles II. was very far from decorous in his proceedings. Pepys betrays the fact that he was very drunk one night at Saxham, a country house near Newmarket, and that this was known to be the reason why he could not see Lord Arlington on important business. Sedley and Buckhurst were his evil spirits in such orgies. But it must, on the whole, have been a healthy life that was induced



James, Duke of Monmouth, Son of Charles II.

By William Wissing.

by going down to Newmarket from town so early as three o'clock on a March morning. The observant Diarist relates that on one of these journeys the Royal coach was upset in Holborn, and the Dukes of York and Monmouth and Prince Rupert were rolled with their Sovereign in the London dirt, owing to the torchlight having been insufficiently cared for. However, we may be sure this did not stop his getting there ; very little ever did ; and it may be hoped the ladies going in the same direction fared a little better on what must have been a tedious journey under any circumstances. But it was well worth while. There was Miss Jennings to be admired, and Miss Churchill to be picked up when her horse ran away upon the heath, while Frances Stewart, who had a better seat in the saddle than any woman there, looked on and smiled, in the conscious superiority of a "white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, with her hair dressed à la negligence," quite cutting out the yellow plumes of the disdainful (and somewhat neglected) Lady Castlemaine. There was the latest story to hear of Buckingham and that abandoned Lady Shrewsbury, who stood by in page's dress in the Park, while her lover killed her husband in a duel. Then Francesco's new Italian methods of playing a guitar had to be criticised even at the risk of hearing the efforts of half a dozen courtiers, trying to imitate the incomparable. And after the racing, a hand of cards at the Duchess of Mazarin's would wile away the time till supper, and it was an interesting study to observe how men of various temperaments took their losses or winnings as the night wore on. Evelyn saw the whole thing several times. "I lodged this night at Newmarket," he writes in October, 1671, "where I found the jolly blades racing, dancing, feasting, and revelling, more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Christian Court. The Duke of Buckingham was now in mighty favour, and had with him that impudent woman the Countess of Shrewsbury, with his band of fiddlers." They kept Sunday, however, with great propriety, and Dr. Benjamin Calamy, who often preached before the King at Newmarket, evidently knew how to take advantage of an occasion, for his text one Sunday was "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not," a valuable precept for a racecourse. Sometimes there was a spice of actual physical peril too. The King and the whole Court were suddenly thrown into confusion one March night in 1682, by a fire, which was indeed confined by strenuous exertions to the Royal stables, after doing much damage in the town, but which caused so much inconvenience by smoke and ashes that Charles determined to return to Whitehall sooner than he had intended. In the bustle that ensued, Captain Sarsfield, "the tall Irishman," ran away with Lady Herbert the heiress ; and the other ladies journeyed

home to London as best they could, in what few carriages had not been burnt. You may be sure there were plenty of highwaymen on the road, too, on the look-out for broken-down coaches, and Newmarket guineas to be found behind the cushions. The few newspapers of the time are full of them. The whole thing turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for the conspirators of what is known as the "Rye House Plot," were once more, and apparently finally, prevented from carrying out their nefarious project by these inopportune and unexpected movements of the Court. Life was certainly full of incident in those days. If not on this occasion, it was on



*George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
By Samuel Cooper.*

some similiar sudden return from Newmarket that Nell Gwynne is said to have greeted the King from the first-floor window by holding his baby out at arm's length over the London pavements, and threatening to drop him if he was not made a Duke upon the spot.

In the Newmarket, which the King was leaving in such a hurry that day, and above the very arches of the King's house, which Evelyn admired as being so well turned by Mr. Samuel, the architect, I have myself spent a pleasant hour or two listening for memories and echoes of that vanished Court, in the surroundings of the owner of modern thoroughbreds who lives in the same sporting quarters where the King lived,

and races over the old course where Charles himself so often rode a winner; and I may perhaps add here that very excellent proof is forthcoming that after Charles's death, his friends did not "let Nelly starve," for her Account is still preserved at Child's Bank, and its extraordinarily interesting items and signatures furnish material for quite a new view of her domestic economy. For both these opportunities of romantic interest I can never forget to be grateful for the courtesy which made them respectively possible. In the same old folios, which lay for long in the recesses of Temple Bar itself, there are also not only accounts in the names of their Majesties, the King and Queen, but the signatures of Rochester and the

balances of Lady Castlemaine ; brown, fading characters that are like pathetic shadows of the splendour and catastrophe in which their owners bore a part so long ago. Such material trifles are often more potent in their call upon the mind's imagination than any of the impersonal spells of eloquence. I could almost see the Stuart lace and ringlets, and hear the stamping of the favourite's coach-and-four in modern Fleet Street.

I have occasionally quoted from Hamilton's "*Memoirs of Grammont*," because the opinion of a contemporary who was almost a foreigner may be taken as almost equivalent to the verdict of posterity. It retains the indulgence of the one, without aspiring to the morality of the other. His astonishment at the zest with which Englishmen of all ranks played at bowls is a trifle affected. The name of Boulingrin still lingers on the spot, near the old walls of Rouen, where the soldiers of Henry V.'s army passed away their time with the only sport they could bring with them. But Grammont was soon reconciled when he discovered the large sums that could be lost or won upon the green ; and his education did not stop there. He was taught, by the simple process of losing a bet, that "a horse can do twenty miles an hour on the high road," and that cock-fighting was a very gentlemanly pursuit when properly arranged. His learning in the matter of "rooks," as they were called then, is so deep as to be almost suspicious, and he was one of the few courtiers who got out of their clutches with more money than when he began dicing in their company. There were many other more exciting trials of skill to be seen upon the Heath ; as, for instance, when Lord William Digby "did, upon a wager of £50, undertake to walk (not run or step) 5 miles on Newmarket Common in an hour, but he lost it by half a minute, but he had the honour of Good company, the King and all his nobles to attend to see him do it stark naked and barefoot." Or again, at the October meeting of 1672, all the men of Cheshire lost their money by backing their compatriot in "a foot-match" against the Duke of Buckingham's servant, who proved an unexpected winner. But the best athlete of his day, in this kind of trials, was a Leeds butcher, by the name of Edward Preston, who won £3,000 in one day, over a match on Chapel-town Moor. A contemporary writes in 1694, that he could easily do his twelve miles in less than an hour, and it was again a Cheshire man who suffered defeat on one memorable occasion, by the prowess of this Yorkshire butcher. So ruined were the backers, it appears, that many had to go home on foot. He was brought to London in disguise, and won large sums of money for his enterprising patron, both in Hyde Park and at Newmarket.



*Barbara Palmer, Lady Castlemaine, and Duchess of Cleveland.
By Sir Peter Lely.*

But I must not linger too long upon the society of this period, though it is full of interest for Racing in this respect, that the sport was then an affair of the Court and of dignitaries to a greater extent than it was afterwards for nearly a hundred years. Also, the society that surrounded Charles at Newmarket was one of a quality which has hardly appeared since at the same place. The King was a King still, and statesmen were even more sportsmen and soldiers than they were men of business, and they were still, of necessity, courtiers. Consequently, Newmarket saw the governors of England more comprehensively than even when Junius, the Duke of Grafton, or Charles Fox frequented it, or when, to come nearer to our own time, Lord Derby was the keenest of racing men. But it was by no means an exclusively aristocratic society. Many of the respectable old families held aloof from Charles's Court, and he did not press them to go to it. Social merit of any kind, not respectability or antiquity, was what he chiefly welcomed. A pretty face in a woman; good manners and good humour in a man, these were the passports. It was the most various and cheerful Court in Europe, and an hour or so in the middle of it, watching the races at Newmarket, would be a pleasant experience. But not longer perhaps.

I do not like to give the details of racing in this reign, and the various lists of horses and owners that are necessary, in the same chapter that has portrayed so large a contempt for facts and figures as have these last pages. So I will take my leave here, before proceeding to more technical matters, of that merry and unthinking company whose fate made so deep an impression upon Evelyn. "I can never forget" he writes, in one of the finest passages in his Diary, "the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarin, &c., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greater courtiers and others dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishments. Six days after was all in the dust!"

The King had died of a sudden apoplectic stroke. "A mad world," as Pepys said, "God bless us out of it."

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNINGS OF REAL RACING AND THE FIRST GENEALOGIES OF BLOOD STOCK.

“ I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew Bonnet ride
And hold a thousand pounds of his side, Sir;
Dragon would scower it, but *Dragon* grows old;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
As lately he could:
Age, age does injure the Speed, Sir.”

Tom D'Urfey.

Levioreis pardis equi eius et velocioreis lupis vespertinis et diffundentur equites eius. Equites namque eius de longe venient. Volabunt quasi aquila festinans ad comedendum.

IF Charles II. did nothing else, he certainly succeeded in building up English Racing upon foundations so solid that they have not yet disappeared. The cement that made them hold together at the first I have just described. It remains to put in the bricks.

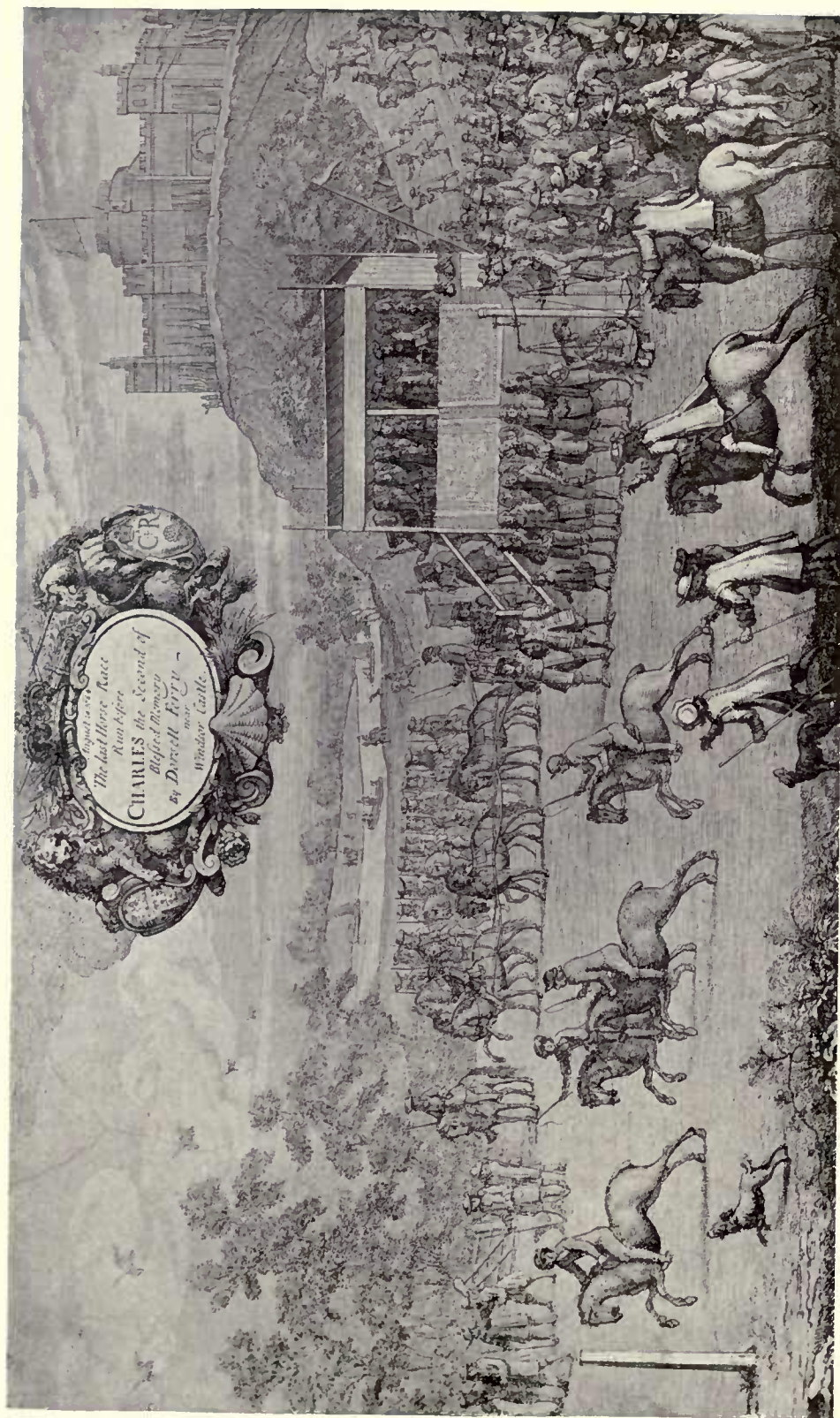
The four “boy riders” of His Majesty in the first years of his reign, were Peter Allibond, George Horniblowe, William Burgany, and John Smith. The usual pay was 6d. a day, with board and livery free, which cost about £20 a year in addition, according to the Wardrobe Accounts in the Exchequer Rolls of the time. To these is sometimes added a certain unknown “Jack of Burford.” But the racing was by no means limited to such “professionals” as these. The King himself did not disdain to ride a match; of the fine horsemanship of his son the Duke of Monmouth I have already spoken; and the race which Evelyn saw was no doubt “owners up,” with “Mr. Eliot of the Bedchamber” steering *Flatfoot*. It is almost as sinister a discovery to find the name of Felton among the gentleman riders as it is later on to find that a sporting owner turns out to be Palmer the Poisoner; but it is most improbable that the racing courtier of Charles II. was in the slightest degree connected with the assassin of the first Duke of Buckingham, a nobleman who,



Charles II.
By John Greenhill.

with all his faults, had done a great deal for the English Turf. The young sportsman whose adventures I noticed at The Hague in the last chapter, was no doubt added to the list of gentleman-riders on his return to within more reasonable distance of Newmarket, where the names of Ashton, Staple, and Geere, are also remembered about this time for their match-riding; and of course the number of gentlemen who took a prominent part in less important meetings must have been very large.

As to the course itself, I cannot do better than quote from the same memoirs of the Grand Duke of Tuscany's travels which I have already mentioned. "The race-course," writes his observant secretary, "is a tract of ground in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, which, extending to the distance of four miles over a spacious and level meadow, covered with very short grass, is marked out by tall wooden posts, painted white. These point out the road that leads directly to the goal, to which they are continued the whole way; they are placed at regular distances from one another, and the last is distinguished by a flag mounted upon it, to designate the termination of the course. The horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop, and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements; and when the time of the races draws near, they feed them with the greatest care, and very sparingly, giving them, for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages composed of soaked bread and fresh eggs. Two horses only started on this occasion, one belonging to Bernard Howard of Norfolk, and the other to Sir — Elliot [*probably the owner of Flatfoot*]. They left Newmarket saddled in a very simple and light manner, after the English fashion, led by the band, and at a slow pace, by the men who were to ride them, dressed in taffeta, of various colours, that of Howard being white, and that of Elliot green. When they reached the place where they were to start, they mounted, and loosening the reins, let the horses go, keeping them at the beginning, that they might not be too eager at first setting off, and their strength fail them in consequence at the more important part of the race; and the farther they advanced in the course the more they urged them, forcing them to continue it at full speed. When they came to the station where the King and the Duke of York with some lords and gentlemen of His Majesty's Court were waiting on horseback till they should pass, the latter set off after them at the utmost speed, which was scarcely inferior to that of the racehorses; for the English horses, being accustomed to run, can keep up with the racers without difficulty; and they are frequently trained for this purpose in another raceground out



*A Race before Charles II.
By Francis Barlow.*

of London, situated on a hill [*Warren Hill is suggested*], which swells from the plain with so gradual and gentle a rise that at a distance it cannot be distinguished from a plain; there is always a numerous concourse of carriages there to see the Races, upon which considerable bets are made. Meanwhile his highness (*of Tuscany*) with his attendants and others of his Court, stopping on horseback at a little distance from the goal, rode along the meadows waiting the arrival of the horses and of His Majesty, who came up close after them with a numerous train of gentlemen and ladies, who stood so thick on horseback, and galloped so freely, that they were no way inferior to those who had been for years accustomed to the manège. As the King passed, his highness bowed and immediately turned and followed His Majesty to the goal, where trumpets and drums, which were in readiness for that purpose, sounded in applause of the conqueror."

The Secretary is more exact than Evelyn, for he adds that Elliot's horse won.

From the original etching of 1687, by Francis Barlow, in the Print Room of the British Museum, which I have reproduced in this volume, it is possible to reconstruct with even greater clearness a scene very similar to what has just been described. The artist is careful to say that he drew "from the place," but in representing the race "by Dorsett Ferry, near Windsor Castle" on August 24, 1684, as "the last Horse Race run before Charles the Second of Blessed Memory," I think he must mean "run in that place"; for though the King died on the 6th of February 1685, in the 26th year of his reign and 54th of his age, there is a paragraph in No. 1970 of the "London Gazette," which says that His Majesty left Whitehall for Newmarket, on October 4th (1684), and he seems to have stayed there nearly three weeks for the October Meeting, for the "Clarendon Correspondence" quotes a letter from him from that place to the Duke of Ormond on the 19th, and the Races which took place during his last visit to Newmarket are described in a letter written thence by the Duke of York to his niece the Countess of Litchfield. "There has been Horse Races," writes the Duke on the 8th, "now three days together; on Monday Griffin's horses beat Barnes; yesterday Lord Godolphin's horse lost all three heats to Mr. Wharton's gray gelding, and after they were over *Stapley* beat *Roe* the long course. This day *Dragon* was beaten by *Whynot*, and *Stapley* won another match: it was of the Duke of Albemarle . . . it has rained every day, so that the King would not hawk neither this day nor yesterday." From all of which it would appear that the Merry Monarch kept it up even longer than the excellent Barlow supposed.

In this etching the King is in the grand stand, a temporary affair of wood, distinguished by his ribbon of the Garter across his breast, and by the wearing of his hat. The two others who are wearing their hats are probably the Duke of York and another Royal relative. The King's coach and six waits behind, and the Beefeaters are well in evidence. The primitive arrangements for weighing are worth notice, and I hope that in the build of the horses there may be traced more of fidelity to their Eastern origin, than of fancy on the part of Master Barlow, who bursts into verse on the margin of his picture as follows :—

“To future times may these illustrious Sports
Be only the divertisements of Courts,
Since the best Man, best Judge, and best of Kings,
Whose President, the best example brings,
When ere his Godlike mind unbent from care,
To all his pleasures this he would prefer”

With much more to the same effect. It is sad to think how soon “Old Rowley,” as his intimates called him after his favourite hack, was to have ridden his last race against Death and lost. While the Rowley Mile remains a portion of the British Constitution, he will not be forgotten, nor did his memory need the reviving touch of the name of the Derby winner of 1845. If he was unfortunately prone to that Royal temptation which Lord Halifax describes as “the thing called sauntering,” he could, at least, walk any sportsman in his kingdom from Whitehall to Hampton Court when he liked ; he was bad to beat when out with the hounds ; at tennis he played a fine game ; and he could shoot, or fish, or fly a hawk with any man. These sporting proclivities he did his best to distribute among the aristocracy of his country by transmitting on his left hand what his right hand so skilfully performed. The ducal houses of Grafton, St. Albans, Richmond, and Buccleuch, were monuments of that endeavour. And he endowed the first Grammar School at Newmarket, a thing too easily forgotten in these highly educational days.

The list of his racehorses in 1674 is given in the State Papers for May to October as twelve, with forty-two coach horses, four “bobble” horses, twenty “coursers,” and managed horses for the great saddle, two stallions, nine sumpter horses, and two chariot horses. These are probably only those kept in London, though the yearly expenses of the Buckingham Palace stables are estimated at over £10,000, including several items for “attendance at Newmarket.” The horses in



Nell Gwynne.
By Sir Peter Lely.

training in the various Royal studs cannot be included here, nor have I yet mentioned some of the most important examples of Eastern blood brought to England during this period, which will be given at the close of this chapter, and which include those invaluable animals, the "Royal Mares."

Unless the improvement in the home-bred animal had gone on steadily from the time when Richard Prince of Wales raced against FitzAlan, until Charles II. saw his last match at Newmarket, there would not have been any chance whatever for the Eastern blood to do what it did. We had gone as far as our breed would let us. The Eastern stock was equally at a standstill in its own home. But the moment the *Godolphin Barb* and all his lusty comrades really got to work, the new strain did wonders, because it came in just at the right time. If I have not shown how the home-bred English horse was gradually developed up to the days of Charles II. these early pages have been written in vain ; but if I have done so, it must be evident that he was as much a product of many different strains as was his master. I think the Norman put the finishing touch of breed to our old English nobles. In the same way the Eastern stock put the finishing touch to the English racer. Let us look at this home-bred product a little more closely while he is still in the transition-period of the last days of the Stuarts ; while the power of the *Markham Arabian* was still unfelt, if it ever existed ; while *Place's White Turk* and the *Helmsley Turk* were initiating an influence upon the English breed that was to be imperishable, but was scarcely yet recognised ; while *Dodsworth's Dam* was bringing her immortal progeny to the King's stud, and the *Royal Mares* were, like Napoleon's family, "their own ancestors." The names of these early racers are here and there preserved in records of the races which they won or lost, and I have done my best to gather together a few that should never be forgotten by the unprejudiced historian, for these, too, are of the stock which contributed to the finished product.

In March, 1666, the indefatigable Mr. Elliot of the Bedchamber received forfeit in a match at Newmarket with Lord Mount Garrett, who ran the same horse against the Duke of Buckingham's *Spavins*, and lost again, but consoled himself by a victory over Mr. May's gelding. At the same meeting the Duke was beaten by Mr. Howard's gelding ; Lord Exeter's *Bopeep*, trained by the Duke of Buckingham, beat Lord Oxford's *Rainbow*, and distanced him ; and a horse named *Herring*, belonging to one of the Lancashire Townleys, beat Lord Suffolk's *Whitefoot*. Here are some

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From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

John Churchill first Duke of Marlborough

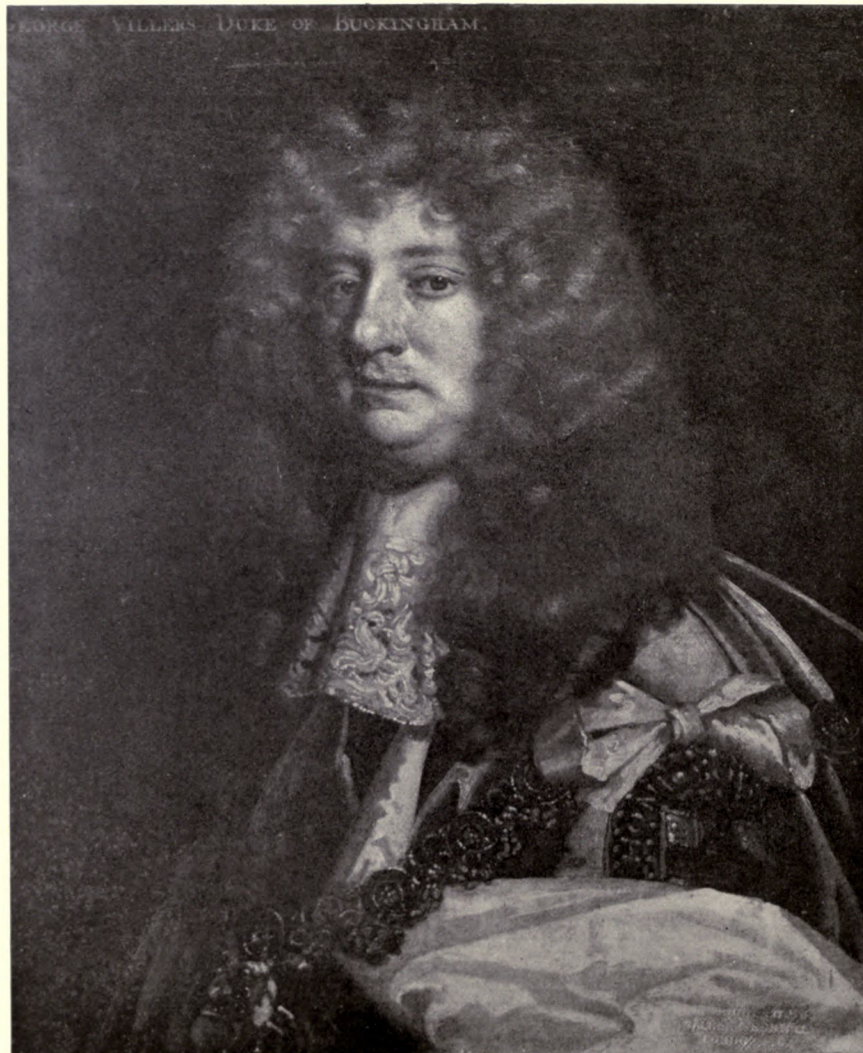


names that are worth pausing over for a moment. The reaction against Puritanism had evidently begun with a vengeance ; as the old song had it :—

“ A hound and hawk no longer
Shall be tokens of disaffection,
A cockfight shall cease
To be a breach of the peace,
And a horserace an insurrection.”

The Earl of Suffolk, who owned *Whitefoot*, remained a consistent supporter of the Turf till his death in 1688. He was as accomplished and faithful a courtier as he was a successful breeder, owner, and rider of his horses. He married thrice, and every time into a sporting family, for his first wife was Lord Holland's daughter ; his second was Barbara Villiers, Lady Wentworth ; and his third, the daughter of Lord Montague. The same interests were worthily transmitted to his descendant, the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Steward of the Jockey Club. James Howard's hospitality was proverbial, both at the famous Audley End, and in his Newmarket house, which was the favourite resort of the ecclesiastics and University dignitaries, when other places became too hot to hold them during a racing meeting. As Lord-Lieutenant of Suffolk he performed a very notable act of patriotism and courage. On July 2, 1667 (only sixteen months after *Herring* had beaten *Whitefoot*), the victorious fleet of De Ruyter, which had just burnt all the shipping up the Thames as far as Gravesend, effected a landing near Fort Landguard, with three or four thousand men, carrying scaling ladders and culverins. But they reckoned without that noble sportsman who was Governor. With a force mainly composed of his own retainers, Lord Suffolk drove out the invaders, saved the Eastern counties from devastation, and so astonished the Dutch that peace was made not long afterwards. “ All the news,” writes Pepys next day, after his visit to the Council Chamber, “ is of the enemy's landing three thousand men near Landguard Fort, and being beat off thence with our great guns, killing some of their men, and they leaving their ladders behind them ; but we had no horse in the way on Suffolk's side, otherwise we might have galled their foot. The Duke of York is gone down thither this day, while the Generall sat sleeping this afternoon at the Council table.” Many other people seem to have “ sat sleeping ” about that time, and it is significant of the little that was let out about this Suffolk raid, that Evelyn and many other writers say not a word about it. But it is none the less most fortunate that the humiliations of that unlucky year were not increased by the horrors of an invasion. That this was not so is due to the pluck and swift resource of a racing man.

Of an allied family to the Earl of Suffolk was the Hon. Bernard Howard, a younger brother of the Duke of Norfolk, who owned a winner at this Spring Meeting in 1666. His love of racing made him a constant attendant at the Court at Newmarket, though he was not always so successful, for in October, 1672, he lost £225



*The Second Duke of Buckingham.
By Sir Peter Lely.*

over a match. In the Spring Meeting of 1680, his name occurs three times in the list of engagements, to be given in a later page, and his reputation had extended so far by 1683, that, during that visit of James, Duke of Monmouth, to Paris to which I have already alluded, Bernard Howard's coach was allowed to enter the Louvre itself, a very rare distinction to one not a Prince of the Blood. He was a trustee

for the Ten-stone and Fifteen-stone Subscription Plates at Winchester, which had been got up by the Mayor and Corporation of that politically ambitious Turf resort, and when a misunderstanding arose between these zealous authorities and James II., it was Bernard Howard who had to arrange matters after their punishment, which he did with so much skill that within a year afterwards the King was adding ten guineas to his subscription to both races. He seems in fact to have well deserved the title, applied to him by a distinguished author, of "the Admiral Rous" of his age.

"The London Gazette" for August 4, 1684, lets slip the little piece of information, that subscriptions for this King's Plate, at Winchester, might be paid to Child's Bank, if convenient. I have before alluded to this ancient City house, which sprang from the canny old goldsmith's businesslike operations. Bernard Howard is one of the most charming figures who comes within our ken at this time, and it is a source of continued regret to me that no authentic portrait of him appears traceable; but it was with the keenest pleasure that I found an entry, most kindly shown to me, in their aged ledgers, recording a payment of £22, made by him on the 16th of August, 1684, to Mr. Fuller, a name that occurs several times in the contemporary chronicles of Newmarket, for "a horse." In the values of those days this may quite possibly represent a well-bred colt. But the £3 paid three weeks later to John Hilton cannot have been for a racer. Among names that are also known upon the Turf, there are those of Henry Hylin (£20), of Lord Brooke (£30), and of Humphrey, Lord Wharton, a matter of seven guineas in 1688. On the second of April, 1684, the payment of £15 10s. for a gold spoon must have been for a prize at the Winchester Races, of which Bernard Howard was steward at the time. If not, I feel sure I shall be pardoned for so pleasant a supposition. I may conclude this imperfect sketch of him by adding that he was also evidently as good at fencing as he was on horseback—the two often go together—for in the famous duel in which the Duke of Buckingham killed Lord Shrewsbury, I am glad to say not only that he was one of Lord Shrewsbury's seconds, with Sir John Talbot, who was badly wounded, but that he killed his man upon the spot.

This duel is an appropriate scene to finish our acquaintance with that rascally libertine, the second George Villiers, who certainly raced as hard as any man at Court, which is all that can be said in his favour. After Lady Shrewsbury had stood ready with a pair of pistols (says St. Evrémonde) to finish off the business if her lover failed, the Duke of Buckingham took her home, and turned out his own wife to make



*A Type of Imported Arab Horse.
From the Engraving by J. Scott, after a picture by B. Marshall.*

room for her. A year or so afterwards he was a member of the notorious Cabal, and actually became Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in 1671. Though he had bitterly offended his sovereign before the King's death, he outlasted Charles II. by three years, and retired in the next reign to the calmer seclusion of a country life, at a distance from his creditors. His discarded wife was Mary, heiress of Lord Fairfax, who brought him most of the wealth he squandered, and, for a short time, he lived an exemplary existence in a part of Windsor Castle, allotted to him by Richard Cromwell, in company with the poet Cowley. But the estates he recovered at the Restoration revealed his true character, and the sudden rain of honours so turned his head, that he tried flat treason, and was only saved from arrest by the horsemanship of Mary Fairfax, who got to her husband with a warning before the King's messenger. When he was eventually lodged in the Tower, Charles II. soon laughed him out of it, and he promptly joined that adventurous freebooter, Colonel Blood, in an attempt on the Duke of Ormond's life, which was only followed by quarrels with Lord Ossory, Lord Dorchester, and finally with the King himself.

His "character" has been written for all time in one of the most tremendous pieces of portraiture I remember in the English language. It was published by Tonson in 1759, in the second volume of the "Remains of Samuel Butler." The second Duke of Buckingham, says this writer, "is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster, he has more of some and less of others than he should have. . . . He has dam'd up all those lights that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. . . . He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same hours with Owls and Antipodes. . . . He does not dwell in his House, but haunts it, like an evil spirit that walks all night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses Time, as men do their ways in the Darke; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some meane Servant, or other that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon which he lives under. . . . Thus with St. Paul, though in a very different sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adore her, like *Indians* that hang jewels in their Lips and Noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience than other men do their Pains."

The names of his horses occur in nearly every important meeting during the reign of Charles II., and much will be forgiven him for appreciating the value of his father-in-law's stud, which contained not only *Fairfax's Morocco Barb*, but also the *Helmsley Turk*, who got *Vixen* (dam of the *Old Child Mare*), out of *Dodsworth's Dam*, just



Philip, Lord Wharton.

By Van Dyck.

after she had been sold (at the age of twenty) by Charles II. to Mr. Child. This same *Helmsley Turk* was the sire of *Old Bustler* (who got *Blunderbuss*, *Old Merlin*, and the *Darcy Woodcock*), of *Diamond* (*Darcy*), and of the *Hutton Royal Colt*, besides doing a great deal of unrecorded good.

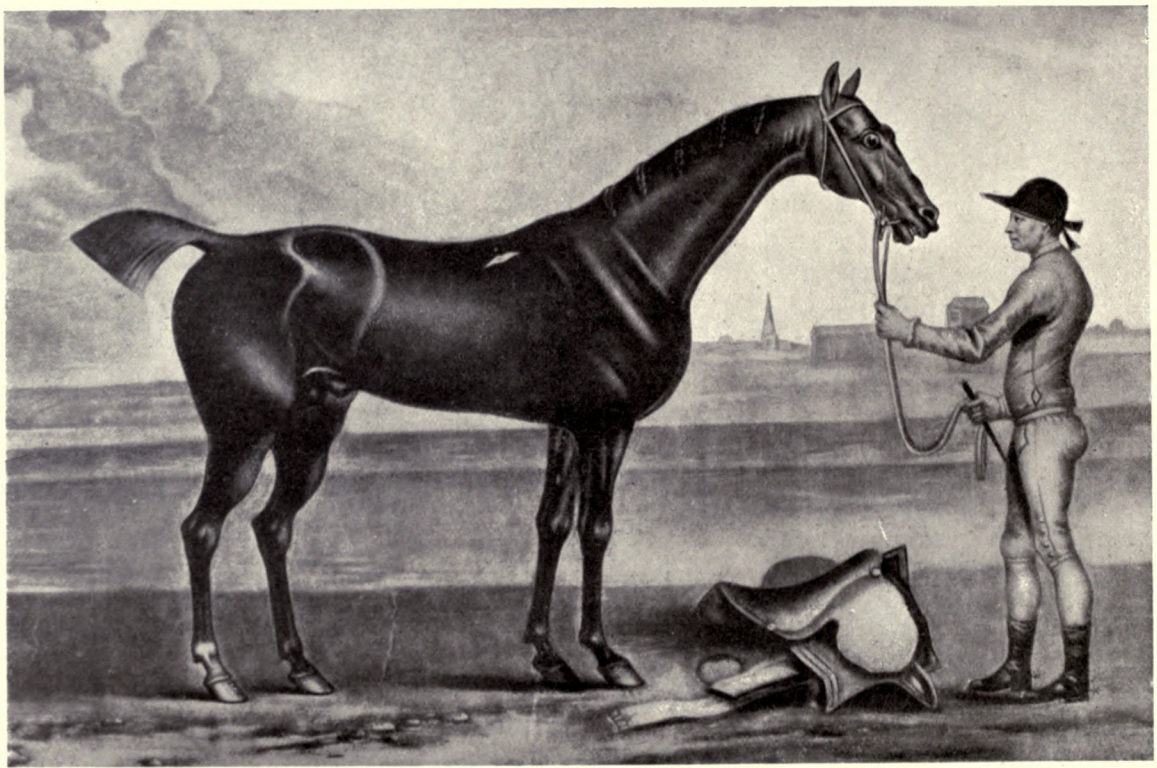
St. Patrick's Day, in the spring meeting of 1675, is the first occasion on which I can find mention of that extraordinary Turfite Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, whose portrait adorns my later pages. Sir William Coventry has left it on record, that a horse named *Lusty*, from the famous stud of Lord Montague of Cowdry, was engaged in a match with *Nutmegge*, "wherein Mr. Frampton, a gentleman of some £120 rent, is engaged £900 deepe . . . I hope the world will see wee have men who dare venture as well as M. de Turenne." Need I add that the courtiers lost their money, and that Frampton laid the foundation of one of the most lengthy and astonishing careers in the history of English racing, with *Nutmeg's* victory? That meeting was particularly brilliant, for one day the King rode three heats and a course, and won the Plate himself, and Lord Arlington was not unnaturally compelled to make excuses to the officials at Whitehall for a delay in affairs of State, which was due to more important business on the Round Course. A nasty accident occurred there, it appears, owing to a fellow of Jesus (Cambridge) having got in the way of a race, and upset Mr. Hilton, whose Scotch horse was just beating Mr. May's *Diamond*. Mr. May was also engaged with a "dark horse" of his called *Thumper* in a match for a thousand guineas, six miles, at twelve stone, against *Blue Cap*, to be run on the Tuesday in the Easter week. But evidently Tregonwell Frampton had pulled off "the best thing," as was his habit. He was born the third son of William Frampton and Catherine Tregonwell of Moreton, Devonshire, in 1641. He died where he had spent most of his life, at Newmarket, at the ripe old age of eighty-eight, and forms the most interesting link possible between the old days of the Turf, and the dawn of modern Racing, as will be seen in the next chapter, where the numerous details connected with his name are brought together.



Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.
By R. White.

The Spring Meeting of 1680 was another notable occasion that deserves some-

what careful analysis. In those days John Nelson kept a register at the Groom-Porter's office in Newmarket, of matches on foot, on horseback, and at cocking, charging half-a-crown for each transcript of this early Racing Calendar. Sport began with *Shuffler's* victory over Mr. Griffin's *Ball*, by "forty paces" over the four mile course for £100. His Majesty himself watched Mr. Osley's match with Mr. Izinson for £50. On the eighteenth, Mr. Osley, riding his own gelding, beat the Duke of Albemarle's *Tinker* over the six mile course for £100, also under the

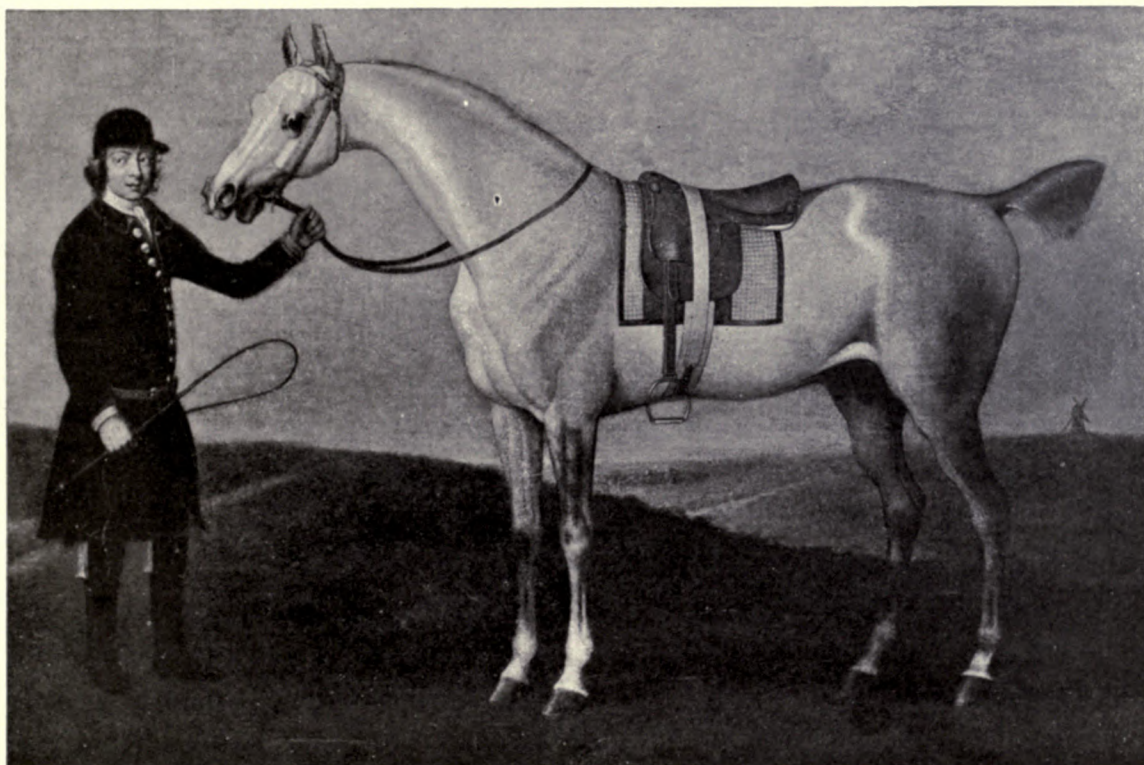


"Bay Bolton," by "Grey Hautboy" out of Sir M. Pierson's "Makeless" mare.

approving smiles of Royalty. The Town Plate for geldings and mares over the three mile course was won by Mr. Griffine against five other entries. For the "Six Year Old Horse Plate," over the three mile course, the King's *Tankot*, Mr. May's *Dragon*, the Duke of Monmouth's *Spot*, and *Red Rose*, called "the topping horse of Newmarket," were among the entries. Matches decided about the same time were between Mr. Bernard Howard's "Ball'd white Leg'd Gelding," and Mr. Millward's *Second Mourning* for a hundred guineas, 8st., Beacon course. The same sporting owner's *Sweetlips* was matched at 7st., over the same course, against Mr. Bellingham's

Scotch Galloway for £500. Other horses engaged were *Leadenheels*, *Post Boy*, *Darcy*, and Sir Robert Howard's *Crop*, who was matched against Mr. May's *Dragon*. Mr. Frampton and Mr. Ashton also matched their mares for three hundred guineas.

In 1682 there was very heavy betting. Sir Robert Carr lost five or six thousand pounds in a few matches. In one of them the betting was 6 to 4 on his horse *Post boy*, who was beaten by His Majesty's *Mouse*, which must in some measure have consoled the King for the defeat of his other entry, *Cork*, by Mr. Rider's French horse. This



Mr. T. Panton's "Lamprey," own brother to "Bay Bolton."
From the original painting in the possession of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

was in the March meeting. In October, Colonel Aston's *Guard Horse* was beaten by Sir Robert Geere's *Teague*, and the crowding at the winning-post caused this latter rider a very nasty accident, as the ground was like iron beneath and slippery above. Mr. Hevingham sold his stud about this time, and retired, to be Mayor of Thetford, attracted by the splendours of the scarlet gown which had just been accorded that official. The most interesting event in this year's racing was the match between *Why Not* and *Dragon*, which I have discussed in describing the career of Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, in Chapter VI.; and in that place my reasons are stated for

discrediting the well-known story of barbarity which has been too often attributed to the famous trainer. The mistake probably arose, as will be seen there, from a confusion between Mr. May's *Dragon* (or *Old Dragon*), which I noticed in last year's card, and the King's (or Mr. Frampton's) *Dragon*, which was a younger horse. The matter is complicated by the appearance of yet another *Dragon*, trained by Mr. Frampton at a later date, who must have belonged of course to yet another King.

The list of the matches at Newmarket, in 1681, reproduced in the "Current Intelligence," for September, is worth noting for the sake of its names. There are six matches at four miles, eight at six miles, and one at seven. The weights vary from eight to seventeen stone: the bets from one hundred to a thousand and two guineas, generally with half-forfeits. The only owners mentioned are Sir Robert Gaer and Mr. Rowe. Besides the horses I have already quoted the following are given:—*Shuffler* v. *Looby*, *Pet Lamb* v. *Tinker*, *Mackerel* v. *Ringtail*, *Robin* v. *White Buttocks* and *Kick Up*, *Bob* v. *Traveller*, *Bull* v. *Woodcock*, and *Gage* v. *Parker*; there are also *Tapster*, *Leadenheels*, *Chopper*, *Madcap*, and *Doubtful*. It may be possible to trace Eastern pedigree in the names of *Zhatour*, *Barb*, and *Morgan's Mare*. Among other owners who did much to improve English stock at this time, I have mentioned a few by name who deserve more detailed notice. Philip Lord Wharton, for instance, came of a great racing family who were famous on the Turf for a century. Their political proclivities in the matter of horses have been already characterised, and the violent Puritanism which had distinguished them during the days of the Civil War and the Protectorate only increased their zeal to beat the Tories on the Race Course later on. In their stud was *Othello* (1712) by *Greyhound* who was by *Chillaby* out of *Slugey*, and therefore a pure barb, also *Rake* by the same sire. In a different way Tom Killigrew contributed a good deal to the racing of the Restoration, though rather as a mighty drinker and a Master of the Revels in general than as a breeder of blood-stock. But what he could not do himself he encouraged heartily in others, in poor Tom Thynne, for instance, near whose white marble tomb (commemorating the dastardly murder that robbed the Turf of a hearty supporter) Tom Killigrew lies buried in Westminster Abbey. Of more direct value was the interest taken in racing by Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury. Belonging to Monmouth's party, though with considerable caution, he was committed to the Tower for contempt in 1676 in the excellent company of the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wharton, and Lord Salisbury. He surveyed Audley End for the King, but the purchase-money never



*The Duke of York, afterwards James II.
By Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

made its appearance. In 1681 he was in the Tower again, and then made a list of his stud for sale, in case of never getting out again alive. Among his horses are *Bay Darcy*, which he valued at £40 with her colt. "The old bay Spanish mare and her colt I will not take under £20 for. *Bondick* and her mare colt I will take £12 for. All these are horsed with my Arabian and so much the more valuable." He is represented in the stud-book by the *Shaftesbury Turk*, the sire of *Lonsdale Counsellor*. The same sire got a fine colt out of Tregonwell's *Snorting Bess*, which was offered to Lord Hatton in 1684. One other name, which I shall mention in 1682, must be given in this connection here. Lord Conway owned no less than four Eastern sires, namely *Abutt*, *Tangier*, *Buckingham*, and *Gray Stroud*.

Before mentioning a few other horses and owners famous outside Newmarket, it will be appropriate here to say that the original articles for the Twelve Stone Plate instituted by King Charles II. in 1665, will be found in the Appendix to my First Volume.

This legislation from headquarters would of course serve as a pattern for the numerous meetings which were then taking place in all parts of England. Traces of these gatherings may be found at Lincoln, Kenilworth, Newport Pagnel, Burford, Blencarn, Quainton, Woodstock, and elsewhere, in addition to the courses at which I have already indicated the beginnings of recorded sport in previous reigns. Yorkshiremen were, of course, well to the fore, as they have always been, and already ventured (as they have done since) to try their steeds against the local cracks of Newmarket, even against the King himself, and not without success. They looked on, too, with the same keen spirit then, as now, when one of the hated Newmarket favourites was sent to try for Northern laurels.

. . . "With the same look in every face,
The same keen feeling, they retrace
The legends of each ancient race." . . .

And when they won in the Stuart days, there was the same clamorous delight as we have heard every Leger day for so long:—

. . . "Like the crash of hillpent lakes
Outbursting from their deepest fountains,
Among the rent and reeling mountains,
At once from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar
And the name of their northern winner floats
A league from the course and more."

If this generation already needs a reminder that these spirited lines are by Sir Francis Doyle, there is none who will dispute the fidelity with which they reflect the spirit that has animated Yorkshiremen in one of the oldest centres of racing in this country. "A blood horse has always been their idol"; and few can tell you more



Lady Margaret Cecil, Countess of Ranelagh.

By Sir Godfrey Kneller.

about his pedigree. Even within the memory of those now living this feeling was acute enough to produce unpleasant results; the northern jockey loved to "win, tie, or wrangle," and south country men, with horses trained in Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Surrey, or Sussex, had scant mercy when they met men from

the stables of great northern trainers like John Scott and Thomas Dawson, or raced against the pick of Black Hambleton, Langton Wold, Richmond-on-the-Swale, or Middleham. Even as late as 1825 Sir Matthew White Ridley's *Fleur de Lis* was deliberately knocked down when she was beating *Memnon* for the Leger in a canter. But this was only the rough expression of heartfelt zeal in men who, like John Scott himself, would "rather be hanged in Yorkshire than die in luxury at Newmarket." The feeling remains, and Racing is the better for it. But other times have fortunately brought us other manners, and I imagine there are few people now who, like Sidney Smith, would "have the effrontery to declaim against Racing" (to use his own words) "from the pulpit in the church at Malton, the metropolis of the Turf." Of Black Hambleton's glorious past I have already spoken. Doncaster was as lively as might be expected during the reign of Charles II. In July, 1684, there was a Maiden Plate of four miles, and another plate, at 8st., in three heats, followed by a horse fair. Three years later the corporation were adding money to the stakes. Nor was York behindhand. By 1709 the first race recorded in Orton's Turf Annals was run over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, when Mr. Metcalfe's six-year old b. h. *Wart*, 12st., won the £50 Gold Cup. In 1710 we come to such famous names on the same course as Sir Matthew Pierson's *Bay Bolton* (by *Grey Hautboy*, dam by *Makeless*) who won the Gold Cup in August, against Mr. Curwen's *Fanny*, by his Bay Barb, and other competitors, who were six-year-olds, according to the conditions, while the winner gave them all a year. The next day Mr. Hutton's *Miss* was beaten, and the day after Sir William Ramsden's *Grey Ramsden* (by *Grey Hautboy*, dam by *Byerley Turk*) beat Mr. Curwen's *Flat face*, Lord Carlisle's chestnut horse *Pepper*, and another. But I have gone too far already ; and I must hark back again to the years before these famous animals were bred. In 1695 the Justices of Durham Sessions were so determined to encourage sport that they desired their chairman to inform the bishop that "henceforth their wages goe and be employed for and towards the procuring of a plate or plates to be run for on Durham Moor." Whether ecclesiastical sportsmanship was equally enthusiastic in its liberality is not recorded, but it would be difficult to find a more striking instance of the Northern love of racing than this. The names of William Bowes and Robert Jennison occur among these generous Justices.

Northampton had already traditions to keep up. The course at Rothwell, hard by, was the scene of some capital racing in September, 1672, which is breezily described in "Isham's Journal." The riders were Colonel Lisle, Lord Cullen (a name to be

famous in the next century as the breeder of *Camillus*, by Mr. Moscoe's *Arabian*), Mr. Washburn, and the Earl of Westmorland, who won on Lord Sherard's horse. Charles Cokayne, Viscount Cullen, rode his own horse. He had married the daughter of Lord Thomond, whose house at Newmarket had been bought by Charles II., and his son married the witty, beautiful heiress Elizabeth Trentham, whose name was to be as famous in the lineage of the English thoroughbred as that of her husband. The prize won on this festive occasion by Lord Westmorland was a pair of silver candlesticks. Colonel Lisle, who was riding Lord Exeter's horse, fell near the finish of the last heat, just as he was well ahead, and the Lord-Lieutenant thus lost all



The Duke of Somerset's "Windham," foaled in 1705.

From the engraving in the possession of Mr. Tattersall.

chance of victory. This official would have done well to have put a stop in that year to the grotesque bull-racing, which went on for at least half a century longer in Northampton. The miserable brutes were ridden by jockeys booted and spurred, and armed with goads, from the gates of Squire Thursby's park to the Pump on Cornmarket Hill. As the winning animal was sold for £20, there was, perhaps, not so much actual cruelty as we noticed at Stamford on a somewhat similar occasion; but the good burgesses of Northampton would have been far better employed in encouraging the real thing on Rothwell Racecourse.

Burford began, in 1681, the reputation which, under the name of Bibury, it maintained till well into the days of George IV. Its popularity was started by the



accident of Parliament being called to meet that year in what was hoped would be the calmer atmosphere of Oxford, as it had refused to vote supplies at Westminster ; but the feeling ran rather high at the time, even in a place so far removed from London, on the burning question of "No Popery" ; so the King endeavoured to divert popular attention to the races, and even got his friends to enter their horses at Burford for the spring meeting, instead of at Newmarket, where, as has been seen, the autumn meeting was brilliant enough to compensate for this enforced absence during the earlier months. Both Burford and Oxford filled to overflowing : every stall and every bedroom was crammed ; and racing soon asserted its superiority so decisively over politics that the Parliament, still recalcitrant, was once more dissolved. Those who objected, some two hundred years later, to the House adjourning for the Derby day, had certainly some natural prejudice against the precedents, for Parliament never sat again in the reign of Charles II., who was very pleased to omit all reference to their behaviour in his conversations with Lord Clarendon (the son of the great Chancellor) at Cornbury, where he stayed, just as George IV., when he was Prince of Wales, stayed a century later for the same meeting with Lord Sherburne. Racing, however, was all the more successful ; and among the owners who supported it were Sir Ralph Dutton, Mr. Norton, that pair of keen sportsmen, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Griffin (whose roan horse won a plate here during his absence), with many others. According to Baskervill (who has forgotten the date) one of the plates was won by *Black Sloven*.

"Next for the glory of this place," writes this poetic traveller,

"Here has been rode many a race.
Such apparitions here apeer
As are not seen everywhere.
King Charles the 2^d I saw here
But I've forgotten in what yeer.
The Duke of Monmouth here also
Made his horse to swet and blow
Lovelace, Pembroke and other gallants,
And Nicholas Bainton on *Black Sloven*
Got silver plate. By labour and drudging
Sutlers bring ale, tobacco, wine
And, this present, haue a fair time.
So at last a golden shower
Into Burford town dos power."

The excellence of the Burford saddlers is praised by Richard Blome. In 1673 and 1679 the *London Gazette* contains a reminder that subscriptions for the Plate

there are due, so that the meeting of 1681 was far from being the first of its kind upon that course.

Another town which began racing at this time, and not only preserved its popularity longer than Bibury, but became the scene of the most famous struggle in the world, was Epsom. Mr. Secretary Pepys knew and loved the town well, especially Lord Berkeley's place, the Durdans, "where I have been very merry when I was a little boy." In May, 1663, he regrets his inability to attend a "great thronging at Banstead Downs, upon a great horserace and footrace." In July he could only just

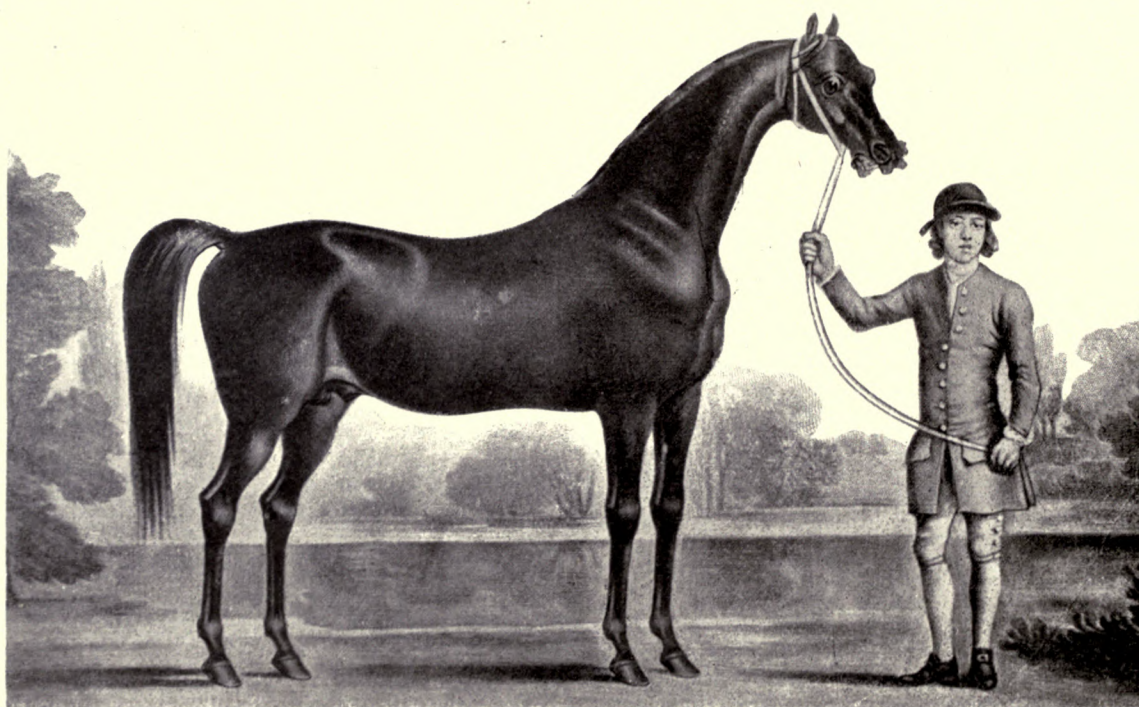


Captain Appleyard's "Bald Charlotte," foaled in Black Hambleton about 1720.

get a small room for himself and his companion to sleep in, as "Epsom" was crowded with people. But the twenty coaches which filled the Ring were not come for the races that day. His next sentence reveals the medicinal secrets of their presence. "Up & to the Wells, where great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, tho' there were some others of better quality. I met many that I knew, and we drank each of us two pots . . . and so rode through Epsom the whole town over seeing the various companys that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there without knowing almost what to do, but only in the

morning to drink waters." The next morning, after meeting some melodious drinkers who were passing the time in harmony, he continues, "We drank each of us three cupps, and so, after riding up to *the horsemen upon the hill, where they were making of matches to run*, we went away and to Yowell" This interesting passage was omitted in Lord Braybrooke's edition. I quote, of course, from Mr. Wheatley's unabridged pages. By 1667 it is clear that combination of the "horsemen" and the already fashionable "waters," had had its effect.

In July of that year the same candid observer went there again with his wife.



Mr. Pullcine's "Chestnut Arabian."

By Spencer

"The country very fine, only the way very dusty," as is not uncommon now. They lodged at the King's Head, "and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them." Though they found nothing on the Downs but an old shepherd reading the Bible to his son, it is clear, from the company next door, that racing was in the air, and it is not likely that the opportunity of those splendid Downs, within easy reach of Nonsuch, would be neglected by the sportsmen of the Court, in a reign when there were no longer edicts against the gathering of men on horseback in such open places for fear of political

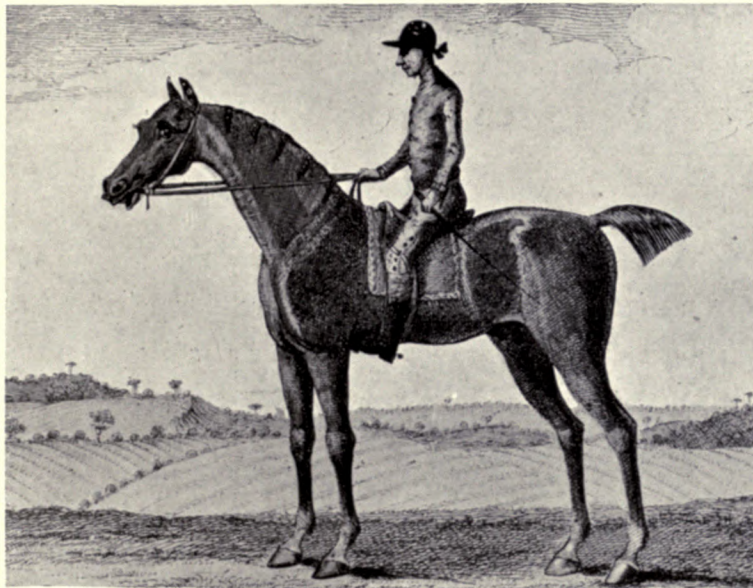
conspiracies. It is clear that the popularity which was to result in the Derby did not begin until the fashionable world had entirely neglected the Wells, but even in these early days there was sport to be had. Indeed, the first Meeting on record after the Restoration was attended by Charles II., appropriately enough, on Banstead Downs, on the 7th of March, 1661. There was, of course, hawking and other kinds of sport. Two years afterwards the King and the Duke of York lost their bets on a tyler in a footrace there, who was beaten by the Duke of Richmond's footman. By 1665 one of the oldest coaches established for suburban traffic had begun to run between the Red Lion at Lambeth, and Mr. Billet the barber's shop at Epsom. When the Duke of York became James II., a £20 plate had been established, at 10st. 4lb., in three heats. "The horses to be at Cashalton or Barrows-Hedges a fortnight before the day of running" (in November and May). The entry was three guineas, to be paid a week before the race to the Clerk of the Course. This continued throughout the reign of William III., and in 1698 we find Lord Winchilsea winning a stake of higher value than any yet given. The last notice in this century is contained in the *Gazette* for May, 1699, which runs as follows:—
 "On Whitson Monday a Plate of £5 value will be Run for on Branstead Downs 3 Heats; each Horse to carry 10 stone and pay 10/. No horse to run that ever run for above £10, and the winning horse to be thrown for at £10 price by the Gentlemen who put in their horses. The horses are to be shown the morning before the run at Mr. John Watson's at Barrows'-Hedges, when will be good Entertainment."

I have spoken of Tom Thynne in describing the Court of Charles II., and of his unhappy end, which was carved as a warning upon his tomb in the Abbey. His "widow," Lady Ogle, was married by the Duke of Somerset, Chancellor of Cambridge University. The years of James II. add scarcely anything to the chronicles of the English Turf, so that I can pass on at once to William III. by way of the Chancellor's invitation to the Dutch monarch, to come over to Cambridge, and be made "a true Englishman," as Lord Coote says, writing from Newmarket in 1689. Nine years afterwards the visit was returned with all the state of which the University dignitaries were capable. The occasion was memorable, for the splendours of an unusually magnificent Spring Meeting were enhanced by the extravagant displays made by the French Ambassador, who was brought down to see the races. My Lord Duke of Somerset made a match with one of his own horses, for the honour of his University, against the King for two thousand guineas, as a

preliminary to introducing the Vice Chancellor and heads of Colleges. The Duke of Somerset's stud will always be famous, for in it was bred *Cinnamon* in 1722 by *Windham*—the *Ryegate Mare*, by the *Toulouse Barb*—Sir John Parson's *Cream Cheeks*, by *Spanker*—*Hautboy*; *Cinnamon* got the *Ancaster Creeper*, *Brisk*, and *Dismal*. Another famous animal from the same breeder was *Greylegs* (1725), by *Windham*, out of a Barb mare. The Duke's son, Algernon, inherited his father's tastes for the Turf with the title, and went a-racing harder than ever. On the first day of the races, in this April 1698, a match between Mr. Frampton's *Turk* and Mr. Bowcher's *Yorkshire Mare* was by consent drawn, and a brilliant company arrived, comprising, among others, the Dukes of Grafton, Richmond, and St. Albans, the Earls of Essex, Scarborough, Marlborough, Macclesfield, Burlington, Kingston, Albemarle, Jersey, Argyle, Orkney, Oxford, with Lords Godolphin, Ross, and Lucas, and enough fashionable gentry besides to crowd out the exiguous columns of the "Post Man." The ladies did not desert the Turf when Charles II. died, and the Court of William and Mary had its beauties too. I may choose as typical that "frisky and juvenile, curly and gay" Lady Margaret Cecil, who became Countess of Ranelagh and was the joy of the whole Court. The painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which I reproduce from the Hampton Court Gallery, seems to have given Fielding his ideal of Sophy Western, and the Lord Lansdowne of her own day was equally impressed with the fascinations of the fair original.

There was hawking and cocking galore as well—and Mr. Frampton appears in them all—but the racing was "the thing." Lord Wharton's *Snail* was stopped by the spectators in finishing for a heat of the Plate, which was won by Sir John Parsons, and Mr. Rowe's *Quainton* in a match at 8st., for three heats of four miles, 200 guineas a-side, beat Mr. Harvey's *Hautboy*, who was bred by the Darcy family, by the *White Darcy Turk*, out of a Royal Mare. As is recorded in the stud-book this horse got *Grey Hautboy* (sire of *Bay Bolton*), *Windham*, the dam of *Snake*, and the dam of *Almanzar*, *Terror*, and *Champion*. At the same meeting Lord Wharton's *Careless* ran Mr. Frampton's (that is, the King's) *Stiff Dick*, five miles, a feather to 9st., for £500, and was beaten, though the odds against *Stiff Dick* were 7 to 4. Another favourite was beaten when Mr. Maynard's *Creeper* (four miles, 8st., £400 a side) came in second to Lord Sherwood's *Primrose*, who was hard-held all the way. Of these horses *Careless* was from the stud of the famous Mr. Leedes, whose Arabians were so important to English thoroughbred stock, and was by *Spanker*, out of a Barb

mare. This *Creeper* is, of course, not the Duke of Ancaster's colt, of the same name, by *Cinnamon* out of *Golden Locks* (who was by a son of the *Byerly Turk*, her dam of the *Hautboy* stock); nor was he Lord Hamilton's colt by *Tandem* out of *Harriet* (by *Matchem*); nor was he Lord Godolphin's colt by his Barb out of *Blossom*, sister to Mr. Panton's *Crab* mare. It is, in fact, extremely difficult to identify these horses in a time when nomenclature had not reached the pitch of importance it did soon afterwards, and when such additions as "Old," or "Young," are necessarily posthumous and somewhat uncertain. But with the guidance of the First Volume of



*The Duke of Devonshire's "Old Scar,"
bred by Mr. Crofts, by "Makeless," foaled in 1705.
From an engraving in the possession of Mr. Tattersall.*

the General Stud-book, and other assistance, it is to some extent possible to detect those important beginnings of blood-stock which we are looking for, just before the dawn of the eighteenth century. There are, for instance, no less than fourteen horses named *Spot* in the index of the invaluable publication I have named. But it seems most probable that the Duke of Newcastle's *Spot* who was beaten by the King's *Turk*, giving him five pounds in four miles for £500, was the horse originally belonging to Mr. Curwen, by the *Selaby Turk*, who was the property of King William's studmaster, Mr. Marshall. He has been known as the *Curwen Old Spot*, *Marshall's Spot*, and the *Pelham Spot*, and he was a brother to the dam of *Windham*, that capital grey colt, bred by *Hautboy*, in the Duke of Somerset's stud just mentioned,

Windham's dam, it may be added, was out of a *Bustler* mare, and could trace back to *Place's White Turk* and *Dodsworth*. It is a curious coincidence that the accounts of the Master of the Horse reveal that in the same year, 1698, a grey horse was bought for King William's stables from Lord Carlisle for £165; but the grey named *Spott* who changed hands at the same time, in the same way, for £100, was bought from a Mr. Burnett. I quote this as an example merely of the difficulties that present themselves during the period, and I am inclined to add that, as Sir John Parsons won the Plate at this meeting, I should not be surprised if the Duke of Newcastle's horse were the *Spot* by a son of the *Curwen Bay Barb* who was out of this Sir J. Parsons' *Old Wen Mare*, sister to *Clumsy*.

Among other horses mentioned are Lord Wharton's *Colchester*, who was beaten by Lord Ross's *Darius*; Lord Bristol's *Hog* (of the *Hautboy* sort); and the Duke of Devonshire's *Looby*, an old horse who fell lame in the last half-mile, and after whom was named, I have no doubt, the Duke of Bolton's brown colt by *Bay Bolton*, out of *Golden Locks*, foaled in 1728. Another of the same name and colour was got about the same time by the *Pigot Turk* out of a *Terror* mare, her dam a *Curwen Barb* mare. A third *Looby* was a grey colt by *Partner* out of *Grey Brocklesby* (by *Bloody Buttocks*), and there are still others of a more modern date, one of whom was painted "at full stretch" by Sartorius. In the spring meeting of next year, the King's horse *Cupid* (with which he beat Mr. Harvey) was from the famous Somerset stud, and the name was preserved in the brown colt foaled in 1736 by the Somerset Arabian out of *Bald Charlotte* (late *Lady Legs*), a mare who was bred by Captain Appleyard of *Brimmer* stock. Lord Wharton's *Careless* was now more fortunate than he had been before, and showed the value of the *Spanker* blood by winning a match of six miles for £1,900 a side, in which the Duke of Devonshire was a loser. On April 16th (still in 1699) *Honeycomb Punch* (by the *Taffolet* or *Morocco Barb*) ran Sir George Warburton's horse four miles for £300, and beat the favourite. He did not belong to Sir George, as the stud-book says (p. 381, vol. i.), for the "Post Man" (No. 602) distinctly reports that though "the odds ran 2 to 1 of Sir George Warbleton's side, *Honycumpunch* won the match," the sense of which seems clearer than the spelling. Sir Roger Mostyn, whose *Figg*, by the *Byerly Turk*, was the sire of *Old Partner*, *Shock*, and *Saucebox*, was hard at it in the October meeting of this year, and began with a sporting match of three heats with the Duke of Devonshire at £1,000 a heat. But the *Dimple* or *Dumplin* belonging to this nobleman was not the horse whose name appears first in the records for the Whip.

The accounts of the Master of the Horse provide a most interesting list of the best breeders at the end of the seventeenth century. It may be well to give a list of the names that occur between 1693 and 1699 with the totals paid to each man for his stock. They are as follows :—Mr. Pulleine was by far the largest seller to the Royal stud ; he disposed of a stallion and fifteen other horses at a total of £1,703 5s. or an average of over £106 each, during the seven years. His stud is chiefly famous for the *Chesnut Arabian*, called after him, a name sometimes given also to his *Rockwell*, out of the *Lonsdale Tregonwell Barb Mare*. Next comes Tregonwell Frampton with nine horses at a total of £640 10s., or an average of over £71 ; again



*The Duke of Rutland's "Coneyskins," foaled in 1712.
From an engraving in the possession of Mr. Tattersall.*

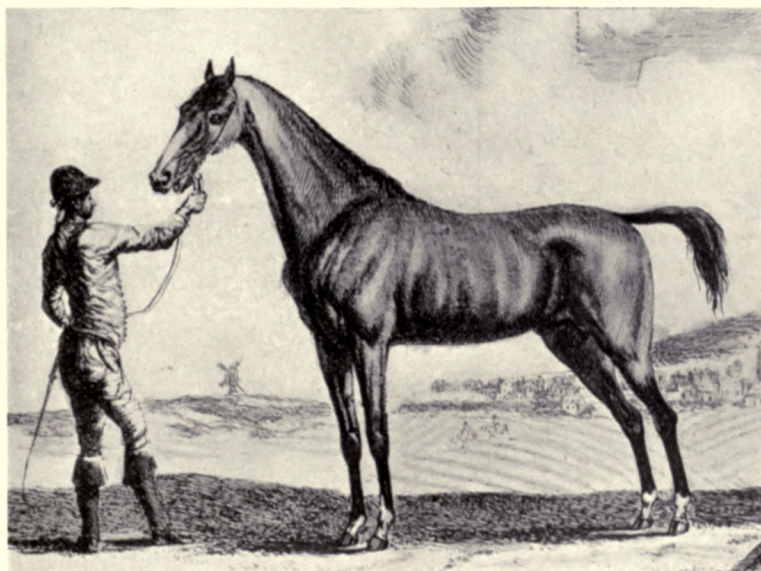
a good price when the contemporary values are compared. Apparently the highest price for one animal was £187 10s. to Lord Cholmondeley. Seven stallions are specially mentioned, Mr. Pulleine's, Mr. Taylor's, Mr. Holland's, Sir Francis Molyneux's, Colonel Hume's and "Mr." Pierson's, by whom is probably meant Sir Matthew Pierson, of the famous *Makeless* mare. No mares are specifically so returned, the purchases being probably made with a view to serving the Royal mares already in stock. Six horses are named, viz. :—Mr. Ireton's *Spanke*, Mr. Frampton's *Cricket*, *Bruce* and *Mackerel*, Mr. Ireton's *Careless* (sold for £150), and Mr. Burnett's *Spot*. Besides those mentioned, the owners from whom more than one purchase was made, are Sir John Lowther (two at £107 10s. each), whose stud is famous for the *Long*

legged Lowther Barb; Mr. Dormer (two at £110 each); Sir John Parsons, whose horses I have mentioned (three for a total of £200); Lord Cholmondeley (two for £295 in all); Lord Godolphin (two for £173 10s. in all); Sir Henry Johnson (two for £162 10s. in all); Mr. Ryder (two for £230 in all); Colonel Webb (three for a total of £264 10s.) Single purchases were also made from Mr. Felton, Mr. Graham, Lord Cavendish, Lord Stamford, Mr. Paul Foley, Mr. Overbury, Sir Richard Franklyn, Mr. Popham, Lord Wharton, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Carlisle, Lord Raby, Sir Scroop How, and Mr. Marshall the studmaster (to be differentiated both from Mr. Frampton the Royal trainer, and from Henry, Duke of Nassau, the Royal Master of the Horse), whose name is immortalised by the *Marshall* or *Selaby Turk*, the sire of *Curwen Old Spot*, the dam of *Windham*, the dam of the *Derby Tickle-pitcher*, and greatdam of the *Bolton Sloven* and *Fearnought*.

All this shows that racing and breeding were by now established not in the vicinity of the Royal studs alone, but all over England. Sir Walter Scott has put on record, for instance, the articles of a £5 Plate to be run for in the Isle of Man, in 1688. Equally careful regulations still exist for the Ten Stone Plate started at Lilly Hoo, in Hertfordshire, in 1693. Country meetings were also in full swing about the same time at Farringdon, Hampton, Lincoln, Windsor, Newcastle, Quainton, Richmond, Ripon, Abingdon, Burford, Durham, Newport Pagnel, Ormskirk, Woburn, Market Rowell, Woodstock, Manchester, Swaffham and Northampton. At these meetings and at Newmarket were running such horses as Lord Darcy's *Brimmer*, by the *Darcy Yellow Turk*, out of a Royal mare; Mr. Croft's *Commoner*, by *Place's White Turk*; Wood's *Counsellor*, by Lord Darcy's *Counsellor*; Lord Darcy's *Diamond*, by the *Helmshley Turk*, who was also the sire of Mr. Dalton's *Royal Colt*; Lord Darcy's *Luggs* by the *Darcy White Turk*; *Old Smithson*, by *Cole's Barb*; *Spark* by *Honeycomb Punch*, out of Wilkes' *Old Hautboy Mare*; the Duke of Buckingham's *Spanker*, by the *Darcy Yellow Turk*, out of that *Old Morocco Mare* (or *Old Peg*), who was bred at Lord Fairfax's stud by his *Morocco Barb*, out of *Old Bald Peg*; Miss Betty Darcy's *Pet Mare* (out of a *Sedbury Royal Mare*) who was the mother of *Clumsey*, Mr. Robinson's *Grey Wilkes*, and of Sir J. Parsons' *Old Wen Mare*; *Grey Layton*, by Darcy's *Counsellor* out of a *Place's White Turk Mare*; the Royal mare who produced a filly to King William's *Barb without a tongue*, and to Lord Oxford's *Dun Arabian*, and from whom descended *Oroonoko*, *Cotherstone*, *West Australian*, *Wild Dayrell*, *Wisdom* and others; *Charming Jenny*, who was by the *Leedes Arabian*, out of Lord Darcy's *Spanker Mare*; and Mr. Curwen's *Vintner Mare*, who produced a filly to

the *White Legged Lowther Barb*, and to *Pulleine's Arabian*, and from whom descended *Partner*, *Crab*, *Snip*, *Mercury*, *Muley Moloch*, *Nutwith*, *Warlock*, *Bendigo*, *Tertius* and others.

All this was the result of the spread of racing, and of the continued importation of Eastern blood. John Evelyn gives a pretty description of the arrival of some of those horses that were doing so much towards the formation of the English thoroughbred just now. In December 1684 he saw three "Turkish or Asian" horses, taken from a bashaw at the siege of Vienna, displayed in St. James's Park before the King, the Duke of York, Prince of Denmark, Monsieur Faubert (Provost Master of the Academy), and other connoisseurs. "I never beheld," writes Evelyn, "so delicate a



*The Duke of Devonshire's "Flying Childers,"
by the "Darley Arabian," out of "Betty Leedes," foaled 1715.*

From an engraving in the possession of Mr. Tattersall.

creature as one of them was, of somewhat a bright bay, two white feet, a blaze; such a head, eyes, eares, neck, breast, belly, haunches, legs, pasterns, and teeth, in all regards beautiful and proportioned to admiration; spirited, proud, nimble They trotted as if they did not feel the ground. Five hundred guineas were demanded for the first; three hundred for the second, and two hundred for the third, which was browne."

It was another siege that was the occasion of the Duke of Berwick's bringing home the *Stradling* or *Lister Turk* from Buda, an episode which redeems the reign of James II. from obscurity, for he was the sire of *Brocklesby's* dam, and *Solon* and

Barcaldine are, among others, descended from him. He also got *Lister Snake*, the Duke of Kingston's *Brisk*, *Piping Peg*, *Coneyskins*, and the granddam of the *Bolton Sweepstakes*.

War is associated also with the most famous importations of William III.'s reign ; for the *Byerly Turk*, one of the three great sires to whom all pedigrees are traced, was Captain Byerly's charger in King William's Irish wars of about 1689. He was the sire of *Jigg*, of the Duke of Kingston's *Sprite*, of the Duke of Rutland's *Black Hearty* and *Archer*, of the Duke of Devonshire's *Basto* (the famous stallion who died at Chatsworth in 1723 at the age of twenty-one), of Lord Bristol's *Grasshopper*, of Lord Godolphin's *Byerly Gelding*, and of *Knightley's Mare*. Besides these famous Arabians, *Dodsworth* had by this time been foaled ; he was a natural Barb, and was the sire of *Dicky Pierson*. The *Oglethorpe Arabian* (by the *Darcy Yellow Turk*, sire of *Spanker*, *Brimmer* and the great-great-grandson of *Cartouch*) was the sire of *Makless*. *Chillaby*, King William's white Barb, was the sire of *Greyhound*, out of *Slugey*, a natural Barb mare ; and *Greyhound* got the Duke of Wharton's *Rake* and *Othello*, Mr. Panton's *Whitefoot*, and Lord Halifax's *Sampson*, *Goliah*, and *Favourite*. There were also the *Ely Turk* ; the *Brownlow Turk* ; Williamson's *Bay Arabian* ; Curwen's *Bay Barb* who got *Mixbury* and *Tantivy*, (a pair of splendid Galloways), *Long Meg*, *Brocklesby Betty* and *Creeping Molly* all high formed mares, and was the great-grand sire of *Crab* ; Sir J. Parson's *Toulouse Barb*, the sire of Mr. Panton's *Molly*, and of *Blacklegs* ; Sir J. Williamson's Turk, known as the *Honywood Arabian*, who got the two *True Blues*, a splendid pair of colts ; *Hutton's Grey Barb* ; the *Stanyan Arabian* ; and many more who, like the *Darley Arabian* overlap into the next century.

To this I shall proceed by the convenient link of Mr. Tregonwell Frampton, to whose training and constant sportsmanship it was largely due that the importations did so much good in the next fifty years.

END OF PART I., VOL. I.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. TREGONWELL FRAMPTON AND HIS HORSES.

Velociores aquilis equi illius. Vae nobis ! quoniam vastati sumus.

THE sun of undoubted success in Racing has cast a broad shadow from the name of Tregonwell Frampton upon three generations of the early history of the Turf. But when you try to get closer to the substance of the man, you find that very little of authentic record can be discovered. That little is, however, worth collecting, for it is typical not so much of an individual sportsman as of the sport itself, during a very critical period of its development. From the time that he was thirty-four, Frampton had become a man to be reckoned with by every owner of bloodstock ; for it was on St. Patrick's Day in 1675, as my readers will remember, that Mr. Secretary Coventry writes to Whitehall of his big betting transactions, and even compares his bold proceedings to those of Monsieur de Turenne. Our hero won heavily that day owing to the defeat of *Lusty*, a mare from the well-known stud of Lord Montague of Cowdray, who was not afraid to challenge the King to race every horse in the royal stables against every horse in his own. In the next year, as the Verney Papers record, Frampton ran a match for £1,000 against a horse belonging to Sir Robert Howard's son, and another for an equal amount at Salisbury within the week. Even the Duke of Devonshire, one of the greatest plungers of that day, rarely did as much as that. In April, 1680, he matched his *Race Mare* for three hundred guineas a side, half forfeit, against Mr. Ashton's mare at Newmarket. There are some other records of his entries ; but before giving them I must at once disprove the baseless scandal about his horse "*Dragon*," which must have originated in the matches at Newmarket, in 1682 and 1684. *Dragon's* portrait has been drawn by Wootton beneath the keen old face of his master, in the picture I reproduce with these pages.

On October 7th, 1682, Lord Conway wrote from Newmarket, in a state paper to Mr. Secretary Jenkins, that "His Majesty's horse *Dragon* which carried seven stone was beaten yesterday by a little horse called *Postboy*, carrying four stone and the Masters of that Art conclude this Top Horse of England is spoyled for ever."



Tregonwell Frampton as a young man.

By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosbery.

By R. Pyle.

These last words, it has been suggested, gave rise to one of the most gratuitous inventions of which any reckless advocate was ever guilty. The story told by Dr. Hawkesworth, in March, 1753, is that Mr. Frampton's stallion *Dragon* had beaten a mare in a match for £1,000, some time after he had been sent to the stud with an unbeaten record; and that the mare's disappointed owner then offered to race her for £2,000 against any other mare or gelding; whereupon

the barbarous Frampton qualified *Dragon* for the second match and won it at the cost of his gallant horse's life, which was sacrificed owing to the effects of the race following so quickly on the operation. Even in this story as it stands there is a good deal of improbability which I need not further emphasise. But when the *Dragon* referred to by Dr. Hawkesworth is considered to be this horse belonging to the King (because Frampton may have trained him), and when Lord Conway's phrase about his being "spoyled for ever" is taken as referring

to the alleged iniquitous proceeding of Frampton, then indeed improbabilities crowd one upon another.

For Dr. Hawkesworth says *Dragon* won; the eye-witness reports he lost. Dr. Hawkesworth also dilates upon his cruel death "the next day." But in Dalrymple's Memoirs it is stated that in 1684, the Duke of York writing news of that year's Spring Meeting to the Prince of Orange, says in March that "on Wednesday the two famous horses *Dragon* and *Why Not* are to run"; and again, during the King's last visit to Newmarket in that same year, the Duke of York sends news of the October Meeting to his niece the Countess of Lichfield, in a letter preserved among

Lord Dillon's manuscripts at Ditchley, in which he says (October 8th, 1684), "this day *Dragon* was beaten by *Why Not*." So that the murdered and mutilated animal survived his master's butchery for two years at least. It may further be pointed out that Frampton was not made keeper of the Royal Horses until

William III. came to the throne, that is to say in 1689 at the earliest, when he would be forty-eight years of age, and at the right time of life for a position of so much responsibility.

But if there is no excuse for the invention of this barbarous fable, there are certainly some grounds for confusion in the names of the horses about this time. In 1680 we find from Banks's "Current Intelligence" that there was a horse called *Dragon*, belonging to Mr. May, who was entered for the King's Plate at Newmarket on March 17th, against His Majesty's *Tankot*, the Duke of Monmouth's *Spot*, and *Red Rose*, "the topping horse of Newmarket"; and a further record shows, in Smith's "Current Intelligence," No. 18, that a match was made between "Sir Rob.



Mr. W. Osbaldeston's "Old Traveller."

By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Howard's horse, *Crop*, and Mr. Maies *Dragon* on the 28 instant (April) for £200 piece ; *Crop* rides 9 stone and the other 9 stone and 2 l., the Beacon Course." In 1681 the list of matches for October, published in Number 45 of the same authority contains the following items :—

<i>Post Boy</i> ag. <i>Draggon</i>	st. lb.			
	8 6	}		
and <i>Draggon the</i>				
first rides	9 1		<i>wagers</i>	<i>forfeit</i>
			1,000 gs.	500
				<i>miles</i>
				6
<i>Draggon</i> against <i>Clubb</i>		}		
on the 1st of December	9 0			
			500 gs.	200
				6

In the first of these matches the words "and *Draggon the* first rides" can hardly mean that the race was on October the first, for it is the last entry on the card before the match fixed for the horse of the same name in December. But no horse's name is thus repeated, and it may possibly be a misprint for "*Dragon the First*," that is, *Old Dragon*, or Mr. May's horse, who was a six-year-old in 1680, when he was entered for the King's Plate. This is the more probable because he is giving nine pounds to his opponent, Sir Robert Carr's *Postboy*, who started a hot favourite against the King's *Mouse* in the Spring Meeting of 1682 : and though *Postboy* was beaten then, yet he had his revenge in the match against "His Majesty's horse *Dragon*" in the October Meeting of the same year, of which Lord Conway wrote. The King's horse was evidently *Dragon the Second*, or *Young Dragon* ; and this is not the only instance when a distinction is necessary ; for in 1682 *Dragon*, who is evidently Mr. May's, was matched against *Why Not*, a horse who is probably the *Old Why Not* mentioned in the Stud Book as got by the Fenwick Barb, and who had a match against *Pearl* in 1681, at 10 stone for 6 miles, with a forfeit of 200 guineas. In 1684, on the other hand, the *Dragon*, beaten by *Why Not*, as recorded by the Duke of York, must have been the younger horse belonging to the King, who had previously been unable to give weight to *Postboy*. It may be added that this *Old Why Not* was the sire of *Grey Why Not*, from whose dam descended five St. Leger winners before 1825, and three Derby winners, of whom *Harvester* (1884) is the latest.

At a still later date, yet another *Dragon* (described as Mr. Frampton's) was beaten in a 6-mile match, at 8 stone 4 lbs., by the Duke of Devonshire's *Old Scar*, in October, 1713 ; and among the many victories credited to the famous *Bay Bolton*

about this time are his triumphs over the Duke of Somerset's *Wyndham*, Sir M. Pierson's *Merlin*, and Mr. Frampton's *Dragon*. On April 22, 1713, *Dragon* had been matched against *Wyndham* for three hundred guineas, and was most probably beaten, for Frampton bars this horse by name in an amusing challenge, made that September, which has come down to us as follows: "Mr. Frampton that keeps the Queen's Running-Horses, has made a sporting proposal to three Dukes, allowing them to joyn their stables, and Name to him any 6 horses or Mares (the horse called *Wyndham* excepted) against six of his now in his stables, and they are to run for £100 each horse." The match against *Old Scar* just mentioned may well have been one of the wagers resulting from this "sporting proposal." In October, 1712, *Dragon* had been matched for three hundred guineas against Lord Dorchester's *Wanton*, a picture of whom, by Wootton (showing a dark brown horse without a white hair) is in the collection at the Durdans, though it is also possible that this painting may represent Lord March's colt of the same name by *Cade* out of a *Lonsdale Bay Arabian* mare who was by *Bay Bolton*. Mr. Wildman's colt, also of the same name (by *Matchem*), was grey. On the whole it seems perfectly evident that Mr. Frampton's *Dragon* grew respectably aged, as is hinted in the lines placed at the head of the last chapter . . . "*Dragon* would scow'r it, but *Dragon* grows old" . . . and he grew old without any very startling successes either in the seventeenth century or in later years; either as *Old Dragon* or as the younger horse; so I fear I must conclude that Dr. Hawkesworth, writing so many years after the event, was



The Duke of Somerset.

somewhat misled by his zeal for discovering a "remarkable instance of cruelty to brutes." Humanitarianism, even in our own day, is often guilty of such faults in detail. I prefer to believe that Frampton, sharp as he undoubtedly proved himself to be, was too good a sportsman even to contemplate an action that would have been not only brutal but essentially unbusinesslike. If there had been a Derby in his day I do not even think he would have countenanced the entry of a gelding. That remained for our own enlightened times.

With one more fragmentary piece of evidence, the early part of Frampton's career may be concluded. In 1684 Lord Hatton is informed by Mr. William Gale that "he has a colt by one of the finest Turkish mares in England, who was got by Lord Shaftesbury's *Turk* out of Tregonwell's famous mare *Snorting Bess*." This Tregonwell must have been of the same family as that of Frampton's mother, from Moreton in Devonshire, and was very possibly his cousin. The connection would be interesting, could it be as certain as it is probable; for the *Natural Barb Mare* of Mr. Tregonwell was the great granddam of the first *Byerly Turk Mare* (Sir W. Ramsden's) mentioned in the Stud Book; and from her are descended *Julia* by *Blank*, *Prunella* by *Highflyer*, *Penelope* by *Trumpator*, *Prairie Bird* by *Touchstone*, and *Minting* by *Lord Lyon*. Among the Derby winners who inherited her staunch qualities are *Pope*, *Whalebone*, *Whisker*, *Bay Middleton*, *Bend Or*, and *Ladas*; while the St. Leger has been credited to her family by *Hambletonian*, *Mango*, *Hawthornden*, *Robert the Devil*, and others. The excellence of the strain is still further demonstrated by the careful calculation of Mr. W. Allison which shows that if the results of the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, Leger, Ascot Cup, Goodwood Cup, and Doncaster Cup are examined according to the pedigree of their winners, this same mare can be credited with no less than ninety-eight, or seventeen more than any other family; and if the results of the French Derby, the French Oaks, and the Grand Prix are also added, she still remains fourteen ahead of every other blood-mare in the Stud Book.

It was in 1689 that Frampton took up his abode at Heath House, an address which many modern turfites will connect with the successes of Huggins and Lord William Beresford. But the names of Lord Falmouth, Matthew Dawson, and Fred Archer are perhaps even more suggestive of the romantic history that this part of Newmarket contains; nor will it be forgotten that while "Matt's" nephew, George Dawson, resided there, he won a vast amount of money in stakes for the Duke of Portland, besides the Derby on two occasions, with *Ayrshire* and

Donovan. In any case, if the shade of Frampton ever revisits his old haunts, he will admit that a progress has been made which must be astonishing even to himself. But he began there well; and we may be sure he left no stone unturned in furthering his Royal patrons' interests—and his own. As "supervisor of the Race-Horses at Newmarket" he was paid £1,000 a year (of that money, remember), "for the maintenance of ten boys, their lodgings, &c., and for provisions of hay, oats, bread, and all other necessities for ten race horses." He evidently began as a trainer only, for the stud farm was at Hampton Court, and Thomas Pullen who had managed it for James II. was succeeded in the reign of William III. by Richard Marshall, who was appointed master to the "private stud," in July, 1700, and very greatly increased its value by bringing over nine Barbary horses and five mares from Tripoli. At Welbeck Abbey is preserved a miniature of Louis XIV., set in diamonds, presented to the ancestor of the present Duke of Portland, who took nine "English race horses" from this stud as a present to the French King; and the compliment was returned with interest by the gift from the "Roi Soleil," of a barb from

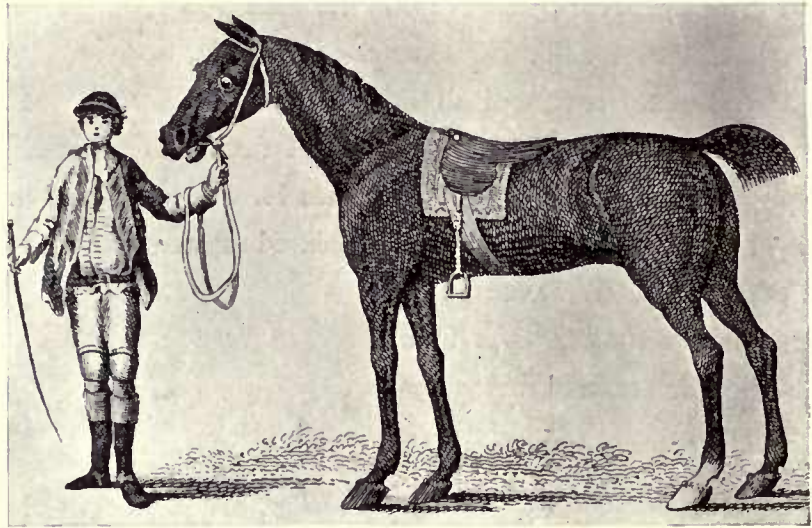


Sir William Morgan's "Old Cartouch."
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Algiers, which Lord Portland describes as "handsome, tall, young, one of the strongest I ever had, and excellent for breeding."

It was the pick of the Hampton Court stud, no doubt, which was sent to Newmarket to be trained in Frampton's racing stables, and to be run eventually against the horses of such excellent sportsmen as Tom Wharton, Sidney Godolphin, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cutts, Lord Ross, Sir J. Lowther, Lord Lovelace, or Sir John Parsons, who was twice Lord Mayor of London, so that his *Toulouse Barb* and the still more famous *Ryegate Mare* are really links between the Mansion House and the English Turf, of which both have every reason to be proud. The Duke was occasionally too much even for the wily west countryman; for in

1698, and again in 1699, His Grace was given a verdict in the Court of Common Pleas by the jury against Mr. Frampton's claims "in the matter of a horse-race." But in the long run it was the noble plungers who lost. In 1695 Mr. Frampton with the King's horse won the Town Plate (at New-market) against the Earl of Scarsdale. In 1698 No. 446 of the "Post Man" records that "the great match that was to be run this day between the famous *Yorkshire Mare*,



Mr. Panton's "Molly."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

backed by Mr. Bowcher, and *Frampton's Turk*, 10 stone, 4 miles, for £500 each, is drawn by consent." At the Spring Meeting of that year Lord Ross's *Peacock* (being lame) had to pay forfeit to Mr. Frampton's *Cricket*, who was also matched against Mr. Lister's *Gray Horse* at 9 stone, for £100, at 6 miles. *Stiff Dick*, a horse alternately described as the King's and Mr. Frampton's, beat Lord Wharton's *Careless* at the same Meeting, 5 miles, a feather to 9 stone, for £500; and Lord Ruthen received forfeit from Mr. Frampton's *Ball*, as the trainer had "made two better matches to be run next meeting." In 1699 Captain Tankard's mare beat a horse of Mr. Frampton's called *Infant* in April; and a week afterwards the gallant Captain again won, with the same mare, against Mr. Frampton's *Stiff Dick*, a feather to 9 stone, 4 miles. In 1708 Mr. Frampton's *Monkey* (by the *Lonsdale Bay Arabian*) was matched against Mr. Cotton's *Snap* and Sir Cecil Bishop's *Quaker*. Mr. Frampton's *Trumpeter* also met Mr. Minchall's *Cork*. In 1709 Mr. Frampton's *White Neck* had a match for two hundred guineas against Mr. Pullen's *Slouch*, and for the same sum his *Teller* ran a colt of Lord Dorchester's at the October Meeting.

Among other matches of his with famous horses that are recorded at about this period is the defeat inflicted on *Miss Worksop* in the race with Mr. Lister's *Fox* for

two hundred guineas. *Fox* seems to have been fond of running two races on the same day, as the feat is twice recorded of him; he came from the stud of Sir Ralph Ashton, and was by Sir George Warburton's *Clumsy* out of Mr. Leeds' *Bay Peg*, her dam *Young Bald Peg*, the daughter of *Old Bald Peg*, as General Fairfax's *Old Morocco Mare* was called. *Clumsy*, bred by Mr. Wilks, was got by *Old Hautboy*, who was by the *D'Arcy White Turk* out of a royal mare.

This same *Miss Worksop* was beaten in 1722 in a match for 150 guineas by Mr. Thomas Panton's *Molly*, who was bred by Mr. Thurland of Surrey, by Sir John Parson's Toulouse Barb. *Molly* must have annoyed Frampton not a little, for in 1720 she beat his *Potato* for 200 guineas, and in 1721 she received 150 guineas forfeit from his *Dun*. As is well known, she fell in running a match against the Duke of Bolton's *Terror*, and "died in great agony."

A very famous racer belonging to this same Duke was *Bay Bolton*, foaled in 1705. He beat Mr. Frampton's *Dragon* twice, and was no less useful at the stud than on the racecourse, for he was the sire of *Sloven*, *Fearnought*, *Starling*, *Camilla*, and *Gipsy*, all high-formed animals of merit. He was first called *Brown Lusty*,

and was bred by Sir Matthew Pierson out of a *Makeless* mare by *Grey Hautboy*, son of Mr. Wilks's *Old Hautboy*. *Bay Bolton* died at the Duke of Bolton's stud, aged thirty-one, in 1736, and was buried with his shoes on at the top of the avenue opposite the Hall, at Bolton, between the large stone pillars, on Middleham High Moor. His grandsire, *Makeless*, was by the *Oglethorpe*



The Duke of Bolton's "Terror."
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Arabian, his granddam by *Brimmer*, and his great-granddam was a full sister to the dam of *Old Merlin*.

With this last name is connected what "Nimrod" very justly calls "the trial of

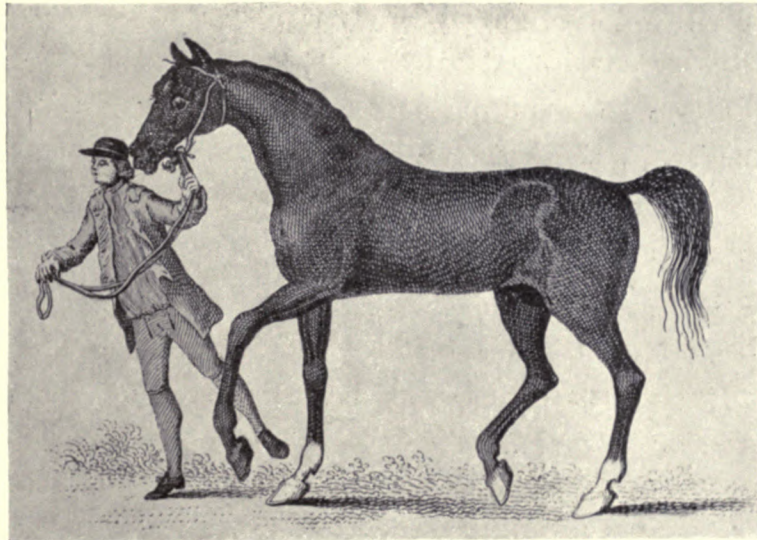
trials," which is perhaps the most famous episode in Tregonwell Frampton's long and varied career, and left its traces on the statute-book of England. It was just at the beginning of the eighteenth century that the celebrated Yorkshire horse *Merlin* was matched at Newmarket against Frampton's "favourite horse" (unnamed) who may have possibly been either *Spider* or *Pontz*, both "famous Newmarket Horses" of his, by the *Woodstock Arabian*. *Merlin* was bred by Sir Matthew Pierson, and afterwards sold to Mr. Acklem. He was by Mr. Place's *Bustler*, who was a son of the *Helmsley Turk*, and the sire also of *Blunderbuss* and the *D'Arcy Woodcock*. "Nimrod" is probably incorrect in saying that this match came off in the reign of George I., for on Tuesday, August 7th, 1711, a Plate of £20 for horses, &c., 4-mile heats was won, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, by Sir William Strickland's gr. h. *Castaway* by *Woodcock*, and among the starters were Mr. Sunderland's *Hawker*, Lord Molineux's *Mixbury*, Sir William Blackett's *Blacklegs*, Mr. Lisle's *Pedlar*, Mr. Wood's *Slug*, Mr. Curwen's *Fanny*, and Mr. Bethell's b. h. *Castaway* by *Old Merlin*. The date of *Castaway*'s birth may well be 1704, as given in the General Stud Book. He was own brother to the same owner's b. c. *Woodcock*, got in 1715, when *Merlin* had for some time been at the Duke of Bolton's stud, and from his dam descend in direct female line, *Wanton*, *Fazzoletto*, *Cape Flyaway*, *Ruler*, *The Speaker* (by *Filbert*), and *Wallace*. It is, of course, no proof that a horse was not racing, at this period, if he paid occasional visits to the Stud Farm; but in so important a case as the one before us I am inclined to argue, from the age of his colt *Castaway*, that *Merlin*'s great match with the southern champion took place, at any rate, earlier than 1704.

Merlin's chief backer was the Sir William Strickland just mentioned as a winner in 1711, who also owned a chestnut mare *Button*, beaten by Mr. Carr's *Black Nanny*, in 1712; a bay horse, *Chanter*, by the *Ancaster Turk*, beaten by Mr. Honeywood's good grey, *True Blue*, by Sir John Turner's *White Turk*, in 1716; a chestnut mare who ran fourth for the Gold Cup to the Duke of Portland's *Bonny Black* in 1720, and many other high formed animals. *Merlin* was sent down to Newmarket, strongly supported by all the Yorkshire sportsmen, in charge of William Hesletine, a jockey who rode Mr. Childers' ch. m. *Whitenose*, who beat Sir William Strickland's gr. h. *Castaway* by *Woodcock* (Henry Robinson up) for a plate of £40, four mile heats, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, on Wednesday, September 14th, 1709. I cannot do better than continue the story in the words of Mr. T. Hornby Morland, whose "Genealogy of the English Racehorse" was published in 1810.

"Frampton's groom accidentally meeting Hesletine, proposed to run the horses

a private trial, at the weights and distance stated in the match ; for by ascertaining which could win, they would have an opportunity of enriching themselves and their particular friends. Hesletine refused, but in a manner which gave the other hopes he might yet be induced to accede to the proposal. Hesletine immediately communicated the affair to Sir William Strickland, in Yorkshire, who was principally interested in *Merlin's* match. Sir William returned for answer that he might agree to the proposal ; and directed him to carry 7 lbs. more than the weight specified in the match, but unknown to Frampton's jockey. Soon after the receipt of this letter Frampton's jockey met Hesletine and renewed the subject, using the most persuasive arguments to gain Hesletine over to his purpose. Hesletine in the end consented, but with

assuming reluctance. Now Frampton had given similar orders to his groom to carry 7 lbs. extra weight. The two horses were prepared, and privately ran the distance agreed upon in the match, each carrying 7 lbs. more than the weight specified ; in which particular the jockeys believed they had completely deceived

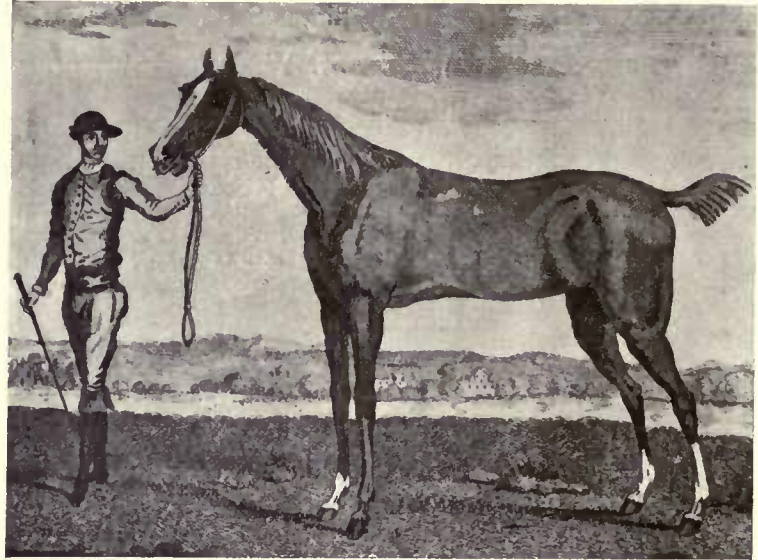


The Duke of Rutland's "Fox"
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

each other. The race was sharply contested and won by *Merlin* by something more than a length. The grooms respectively communicated the result of this trial to their employers, who were equally confident of winning ; and in consequence of proposals made to each other, they agreed to run the match for a much greater sum than was originally intended.

"*Merlin's* friends (who were in the secret) arguing, that as he beat his antagonist with 7 lbs. extra, he must win easily at equal weights. On the other side Frampton says, as my horse ran *Merlin* so near with 7 lbs. extra, I have no doubt he will beat him at equal weights. The sportsmen of the North backed *Merlin* to an incredible amount ; and it was generally believed that more money was depending upon this

match, than was ever known on any similar occasion. At length the important hour arrived, when an event so interesting to hundreds was to be determined, and each party was flushed with confident hopes of success. The horses started, the race was run, and won by *Merlin* by nearly the same distance as in the secret trial. Hundreds who had betted their all were ruined. Some little time after the artifice intended to be practised by Frampton became notorious, to his eternal disgrace. Several persons having been reduced to beggary by the immense sums they had lost on this race, the Legislature, in order to put a stop to such ruinous proceedings, enacted a law to prevent the recovery of any sum exceeding ten pounds betted upon a horse race."



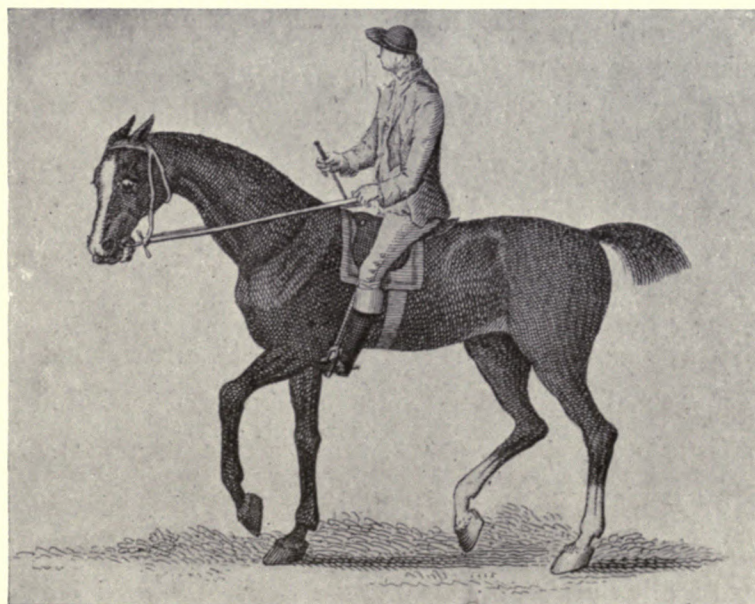
Lord Godolphin's "Silverlocks."
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Evidently sportsmen were not very anxious to see this prohibitive enactment passed, for the statute in which it appears is 9 Anne, c. 14.

Mr. J. C. Whyte reproduces the above account in his "History of the British Turf," adding that the South country gentlemen declared to their northern rivals that "they would bet them gold whilst gold they had, and then they would sell their land." Mr. Whyte adds that *Merlin* was ridden by Jerome Hare, of Cold Kirby, near Hambleton, a jockey whose name I cannot find in Orton's Turf Annals with those of Hesletine, Robinson, Match'em Timms and others, in York and Doncaster racing before the death of Queen Anne. The news of Her Majesty's decease reached Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings on Monday, August 2nd, just after Mr. Stapleton's *Chance* (late *Hazard*) had won the Gold Cup value £60 for six year olds, 11 stone, four mile heats. Only on the Friday previously, July 30th, Her Majesty's bay horse *Star* (afterwards called *Jacob*, who was sire of the dam of *Slut* by the *Derby Looby*), had beaten the Lord Chamberlain's chestnut horse *Merlin* (one of the

many of that famous name), who was lame before starting and yet ran four excellent heats in the £14 Plate for aged horses at 11 stone.

I have no concern to whitewash Mr. Frampton, and I express no opinion on his proceedings in this notorious match against Sir William Strickland. But he was evidently not "warned off" in consequence by the public opinion of his contemporaries, for, if it be too early to quote 1705, the date when Mr. Frampton's *Thiller* was beaten at Newmarket by the Prince Consort's (that is, Prince George of Denmark's) *Grey Barb*, the year 1719 is certainly "after the event"; and in that November Frampton's *Nutmeg* was beaten in an eight mile match at 8 stone 9 by the Duke of Devonshire's bay mare by *Basto*; and by 1721 we find him racing in the heart of the enemy's country, when he must have been close upon eighty years of age. On Monday, July 31st, 1721, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, his grey gelding was favourite (with the Duke of Rutland's *Proserpine*) for His Majesty's 100 guineas in specie for 6-year olds, 12 stone, 4 mile heats. Large sums were depending between these two, but when they had run about a mile they both unfortunately fell, and their jockeys were both so bruised that they had to be carried off in a carriage at once to Clifton, where Jackson died in a few weeks, and Peirson scarcely survived. The race was won by Mr. Raikes Fulthorpe's b. h. *Woodcock*, brother to Mr. Bethell's *Castaway*, by *Merlin*, ridden by Match'em Timms. I suspect this accident was caused in very much the same manner as that with which Robert



The Earl of Carlisle's "Buckhunter."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Hesletine, *Merlin's* trainer in the famous match, was connected in 1714. In July of that year he was riding Mr. Childers' b. m. *Duchess* in the race for Her Majesty's Gold Cup of 100 guineas for 6-year olds, 12 stone, 4 mile heats.

The third heat was most severely disputed between him and Stephen Jefferson, who was on Mr. Peirson's b. h. *Foxhunter*, for each had been victorious in one of the previous races. Hesletine ran Jefferson so near the cords that *Foxhunter's* jockey could not use his whip properly, and "the tryers" (says Mr. John Orton, clerk of the course) gave the race to *Foxhunter*, "but as both riders had shown foul play, and afterwards fought on horseback, many disputes arose among the sportsmen, and it was agreed that the heat should be run over again by *Duchess* and *Foxhunter*, which the former won by a clear length. In consequence of Mr. Childers and Mr. Peirson both claiming the prize, a lawsuit ensued, and all bets were agreed to be withdrawn." The four horses entered who had not been distanced, one of whom was Mr. Moore's b. h. *Dragon* (a popular name!), were then given equal shares in the Cup, and these being bought by the Duke of Rutland (2), the Earl of Carlisle, and Sir William Lowther, the Cup was run for over again in 1719. It was then won, on a 10th of August, by the Earl of Carlisle's ch. g. *Buckhunter*, by the *Bald Galloway*, ridden by Match'em Timms. *Buckhunter* was a very high-formed gelding, who won many Plates and Stakes at Newmarket, and was used as a trial horse till he was fourteen. He was then sold, and afterwards won no less than eighteen Plates, probably all 4 mile heats. At last he broke his leg, running for a Plate on Salterley Common, after winning the first heat, and he was buried near the scene of the accident, in 1731, close by Stilton churchyard.

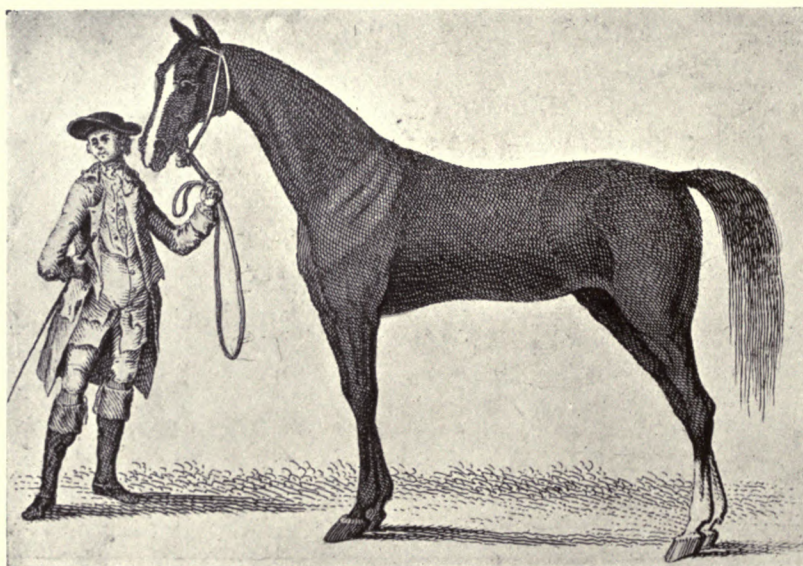
But Frampton was not going to give up racing in Yorkshire because one of his horses had fallen. At the same meeting, on the Wednesday, he entered a dark chestnut for the £40 Plate for 6-year olds, 10 stone, 4 mile heats, and got the stakes of 10 guineas for winning the first heat, and being second and third respectively in the two next. Even as late as 1722 he entered his bay horse *Hip*, by the *Curwen Bay Barb*, for His Majesty's 100 guineas, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, for 6-year olds, 12 stone, 4 mile heats; but he was unsuccessful. *Hip* was a purchase from Mr. Pelham, and was bred out of a sister to the *Hobby Mare* (who was by *Lister's Turk* out of the Duke of Kingston's *Piping Peg*) in 1716. A sister to *Piping Peg* had a filly by *Hip*, which was the dam of Sir A. Hazlerigg's *Ringtail Galloway* by the *Curwen Bay Barb*, which was dam in 1737 of Mr. E. O'Brien's *Miss Patch* by Lord Halifax's *Justice*. From this *Hobby Mare* descend *Octavius*, *Solon*, *Barcaldine*, and *Lowland Chief*, in the female line, for she was the dam of *Brocklesby Betty* by the *Curwen Bay Barb*.

The *Woodcock* who won the Royal Plate at York in 1721, was a constant



A Match at Newmarket in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century.
By P. Tillemans.

opponent of Frampton's horses, and his movements about the country before the days of vans or railways are an interesting comment on the rivalry between North and South. In the same year he proved the soundness of his running at York by again beating the same two opponents at Lincoln. When he went to Newmarket in October, however, Mr. Frampton won. So at the Spring Meeting of 1772, *Woodcock* arrived at Newmarket again with a bevy of strong supporters from Yorkshire, all thirsting for vengeance; and the bay—ridden by Match'em Timms—was backed for very large sums of money against Mr. Frampton's grey gelding. Once more the Yorkshiremen proved successful, and one of their number

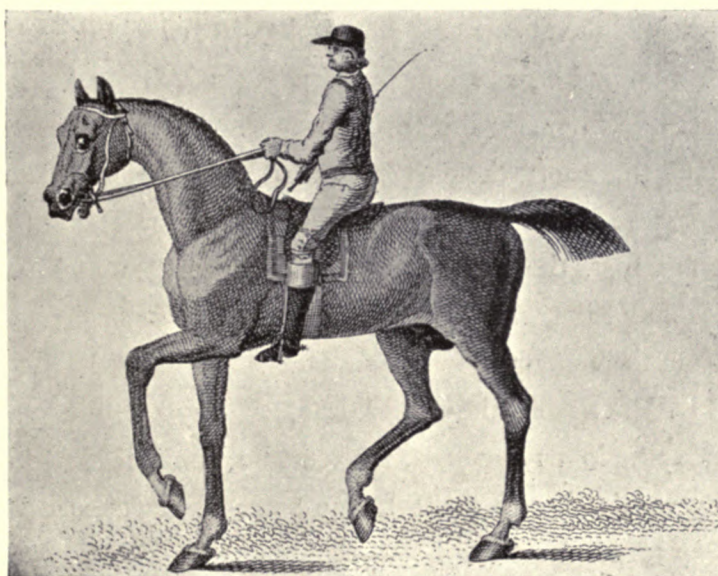


Mr. Pelham's "Old Partner."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

who must have been as poetical as he was sportsmanlike is said to have remarked that "though *Woodcock* had drooped like the leaves in October, yet he was as sweet as violets in the spring."

Frampton's portrait, drawn the year before he died, by Wootton, is before me as I write, and though a jockey's whip is in his right hand, a game cock struts upon the table near his heart, and a greyhound rests its head upon his knee. He was in fact as much of an all round sportsman as his times permitted, and it would be impossible to omit from the shortest appreciation of his career those few details of his activities beyond the Race Course which have come down to us. No. 447 of the "Postman" records for instance, that on April 7th, 1698, there were "twenty-five cock matches

between my Lord Ross and Mr. Frampton at 5 guineas a match, and for £500 the odd one ; his Majesty this afternoon saw 6 matches or battles, being the first of them, the rest to be fought daily till over ; of these the Lord Ross won 3 and Frampton 3." The same authority, continuing, reports that on April 8 were fought "7 battles more between by my Lord Ross's cocks and Mr. Frampton, the latter won the odd match." And again :—"The great match of cock fighting is over between my Ld. Ross and Mr. Frampton, the latter winning 16 battles in 25 and thereby £540. . . . This afternoon (April 12, 1698) was fought 6 battles of a cock match between Mr. Frampton and Mr. Row for £5 a battle, there being 11 battles more of the match, the odd one for



The Duke of Bolton's "Starling."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

£40." Two days afterwards Count Tallard, the French ambassador arrived at Newmarket, and no doubt the Tsar Peter was down there too, for His Russian Majesty was not entirely confined to John Evelyn's house at Deptford during his visit to the English dockyards. On this particular occasion the King himself took Count Tallard "to the cockpit and saw some Battles of Cockfighting between Mr. Frampton and Mr. Row ; the former won 6 in 7 battles. . . . The Fleethounds were abroad, but the day being far spent, his Majesty returned after the second running to dine," and I suspect that Mr. Frampton had gone on to the coursing too, for his horse *Ball* paid forfeit in a match that day, sufficient having been probably achieved

when Frampton had brought his cocking to a triumphant conclusion by winning "13 of the 17 battles of the match between him and Mr. Row."

There really seems to be no possibility of outdoor or indoor wagering that Frampton did not try. From 1713 to 1726 there are traces of his matches with mules on Newmarket Heath, a grotesque fashion revived by Lady Lade's husband, but unworthy of any further record.

It will, perhaps, help to complete what must necessarily be an imperfect portrait, if I quote the impressions of a visitor to Newmarket in the reign of Queen Anne, especially as it is possible to detect in one of his phrases, what may well be a beginning of those fabrications which Dr. Hawkesworth published in No. 37 of the "Adventurer," some forty years afterwards.

"Being there in October," says our descriptive traveller, "I had the opportunity to see the horse races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharpening part of the sport, their wagers, their bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible, and that with so much eagerness as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

"There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as they say, the cunningest jockey in England; one day he lost 1,000 gns., the next he won 2,000, and so alternately."

These are the words that suggest to me some slight excuse for the Hawkesworth legend. But to continue—

"He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1,000 at a time as other men do of their pocket money, and was perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned when he had lost a thousand pounds as when he won it.

"On the other side, there was Sir F. Ragg, of Sussex, of whom fame says he has the most in him and the least to show for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried off the prize. His horses they say were all cheats, how honest soever their master was, for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy and as dirty and as much like a cart horse as all the cunning of his master and the grooms could make him; and just in this manner, he hit some of the greatest gamesters in the field."

London, H. Valuer & Co. Ltd



*Tregonwell Frampton.
From a Print, in the British Museum*



"Sir F. Ragg," as the name is here spelt, is very possibly a pleasant permutation of the letters in the name of Sir R. Fagg, an enthusiastic Royalist from Rye. His *Baxter* was beaten by Mr. Pelham's *Old Partner*, in 1723, and his *Fanny* by Captain Appleyard's *Bald Charlotte (Lady Legs)*, in 1727. So his alleged wiliness did not invariably succeed. He also lost a bet to Lord Hartington in 1731, that the noble Marquis would not ride the twenty-one miles from Hyde Park Corner to the Lodge in Windsor Forest on the same horse in sixty-five minutes. With Mr. Pelham, Colonel Pitt, and others, Sir Robert was very fond of "pacing matches" over a distance of twelve miles at Newmarket, and it is curious that the interest in this form of sport should so soon afterwards have crossed the Atlantic and become a recognised characteristic of American racing men. *Mambrino*, one of the first natural trotters, greatly helped to establish in the United States a breed of horses peculiarly suited for such efforts "against the clock." *Cresceus*, who trotted the mile at Cleveland, Ohio (in July, 1901), in just over two minutes two seconds, was by *Robert McGregor—Mabel* by *Mambrino Howard*.

From what seems a fairly impartial, though certainly inaccurate, account of Newmarket affairs at this time, it is at least clear that in such company a ready wit and a ruthless determination were as essential as a long pocket or a love for sport. On the whole, I cannot think that Frampton comes so badly out of it as many of his successors seem to imagine. A man who had so great a success with horses must have loved them, as he did his hounds and his gamecocks; and the man who loves animals and knows how to get the best out of them is never a ruffian at bottom. Wootton's original painting, from which the well-known engraving I reproduce was taken, shows *Dragon's* picture in the background, instead of in a separate medallion beneath. Beside it, in Lord Rosebery's collection at the Durdans, is a most interesting portrait of Frampton in youth, which I have never seen elsewhere, painted by R. Pyle, with the flattering inscription beneath it:—"Founder of Newmarket Racecourse." Allowing for difference in age, you recognise the features as identical. The clean-shaved face, with its firm lines about the mouth and chin, its strongly-marked aquiline nose, its eyebrows that seem fixed in that gentle upward curve of politely tolerant amusement which is common to the sportsman and the diplomatist, the eyes beneath them which see everything, yet do not seem to watch—all this is not the countenance of roguery or of barbarity. The Keeper of the Horses to so many monarchs would have paid the penalty of either, long before his first Royal Master died. Yet, as

we have seen, he was issuing challenges to "three Dukes" in 1713, and raced with everybody worth knowing on the Turf, both in Yorkshire and at Newmarket, to within a few months of his death.

Tregonwell Frampton was buried in All Saints' Church, Newmarket, at the age of eighty-eight, and it is not without reason that he has been called the Father of the English Turf.



CHAPTER VII.

ARABIAN, TURK, AND BARB.

"England of yore was full of men
Made strong to run a glorious course,
Of lion port and eagle ken,
Fit riders for the Arab horse.

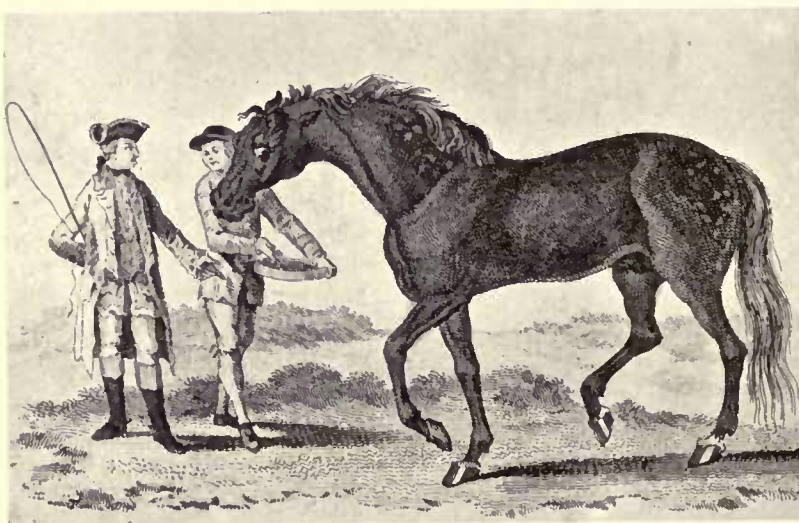
His high heart, then, like mingling flame,
Into their brightness would have flowed :
And in his generous veins the same
Free spirit would have lived and glowed."

THE horses for which Tregonwell Frampton was more or less personally responsible during the reigns of William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II., would alone form a most interesting list of the ancestors of the modern thoroughbred. Among the animals bred or imported by the first-named monarch were *Cricket*, *Cupid*, and *Stiff Dick*, with *Turk*, the *White Barb*, *Chillaby*, the *Black Barb* without a tongue, and Hutton's *Gray Barb*. For Queen Anne, Frampton no doubt had a hand in the training of *Pepper*, *Mustard*, and *Star*, while her *Moonah Barb Mare* was an invaluable addition to the Royal Stud. George I. seems to have been more interested in his own court-circle from Herrenhausen, than in the race-horses of the country which had summoned him to govern it; and Frampton took advantage of the interval to do a good deal of racing on his own account, as we have seen. But with the days of George II., the English turf looked up again, and we begin to see a little more justification for the enthusiasm of Mr. Thomas Doggett—"a famous comedian, deceased,"—who celebrated the advent of the House of Hanover by starting the oldest sporting fixture on the Thames, the yearly sculling-match between six watermen for his Coat and Badge, which has preserved the name of Congreve's friend and Colley Cibber's partner from oblivion. It was in the reign of George II.

that Tregonwell Frampton's duties were taken over by his successor, Mr. Thomas Panton, owner of *Molly*, and father of that "polite Tommy Panton," who was to win the Derby of 1786 with *Noble*. R. Marshall and T. Smith were his stud grooms.

But Frampton's long career, connected as it is with the valuable importations of Pullen and of Marshall, covers a period which is especially fruitful in traces of that somewhat misty dynastic history in which the dawn of the modern turf first takes its rise. In the early years of the eighteenth century, the names which every turfite knew were *Bustler*, *Spanker*, *Old Cartouch*, *Basto*, *Bay Bolton*, *Makeless*, *Brocklesby Betty*, *Old Fox*, *Flying* (or Devonshire) *Childers*, and his own brother, *Bartlett's Childers*, the *Bald Galloway*, *Bonny Black*, *Old Scar*, *Lampric*, *Buckhunter*, *Molly*, *Squirrel*, *Miss Neesham*, *Bald Charlotte* (or *Lady Legs*), and *Crab*. After the beginning of that century's third decade we find *Hobgoblin*, *Bay Childers*, *Fearnought*, *Starling*, *Young Cartouche*, *Partner*, *Miss Layton*, *Lath*, *Spanking Roger*, *Second*, *Volunteer*, *Torrismond*, *Moorcock*, *Babraham*, *Little Driver*, *Silverleg*, *Othello*, and *Sampson*, who was foaled in 1745.

Such a list of high-formed animals as this is more than sufficient to prove the good use which had been made of the Eastern blood by English breeders. Some of the most famous of these importations have been already mentioned, and others will be named as I discuss various old pedigrees with greater detail. But three stand out pre-eminent. Of the arrival and the influence of the *Byerly Turk*, and the *Darley Arabian*, I have spoken shortly already; by 1731 the *Godolphin Arabian* had come as well, and these are the three great sires through whom the many importations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries still survive. As we shall see, two, even out of these few, are less important in their effects upon bloodstock to-day than is the third; for if we take the lines of *Herod*, *Matchem*, and *Eclipse* as the chief channels by which



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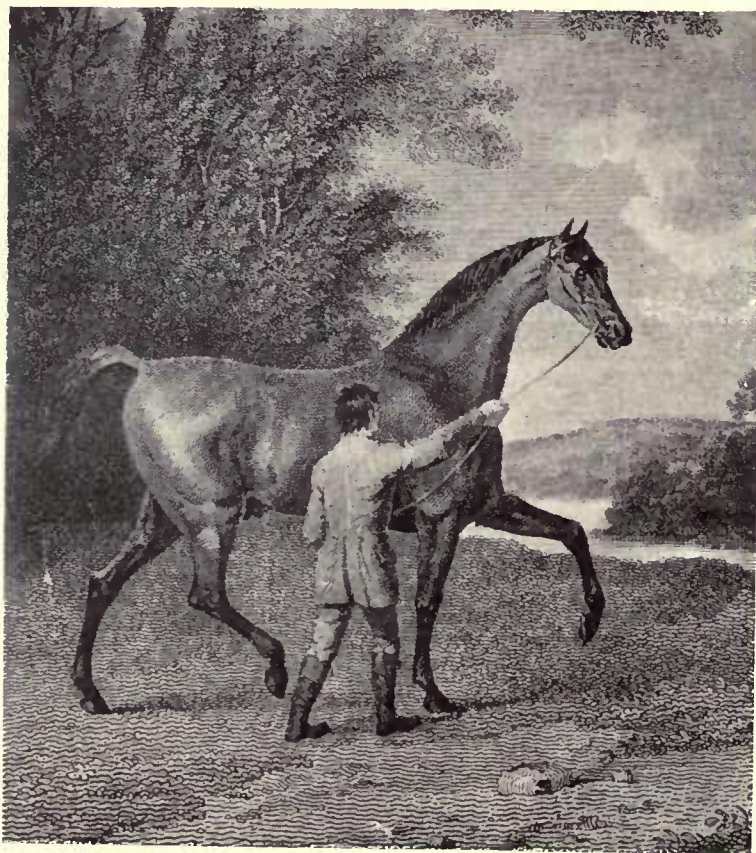
The "Godolphin Arabian."
By Roberts.



By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery.

*The "Byerly Turk."
From an original contemporary painting.*

these Eastern sires have transmitted their influence to the twentieth century, we shall find that the dominance of *Eclipse* is almost the only theory in horsebreeding which admits of proof. But the researches of Bruce-Lowe and of William Allison have established another no less valuable theory, and this is that a very large majority of good horses are descended in direct female succession from one or other of a comparatively small group of mares ; some of these descendants are famous on the



King Herod.
By Sartorius.

racecourse, others at the stud ; but in each case a demonstrable proof can be adduced of the probability of their performances being traceable to the influence of certain mares alive about the time with which this chapter deals. I am concerned neither to support nor to oppose what is known as the "Figure System" ; for this volume is a modest attempt at history, and not the personal expression of favourite prejudices. But as material for the historian I can conceive few more valuable manipulations of the ancient stud-

books than those which have been placed before the public by the gentlemen I have named. They have done so with a definite purpose. I respectfully discard that purpose as foreign to my present plan, and joyfully avail myself of all the proved facts they have so industriously collected concerning the origin of the modern racehorse ; for it is time that I should say something about breeding before the early days slip past us, in order to appreciate the importance of many events and names prior to 1748 (the birth of *Matchem*), which might otherwise be passed over without due attention.

It is my business rather to look at facts as they are than to praise one tendency or condemn another. Nothing is so dull as strict impartiality, and I have no doubt that my personal predilections will be obvious to those who disagree with them; still, I would point out that they are merely accidental to my narrative, and not in any degree to be taken as influencing my choice of material or authorities. It is perfectly possible, for instance, to point out that racing men to-day are faced with entirely different problems, and approach them with entirely different resources, from those which our forefathers had. But this does not imply the superiority



By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

"Matchem."

By W. Webb.

either of the eighteenth or of the twentieth century in these matters. There is a law of progress here, as in all living forms of sport, or at any rate a law of growth; and one of the most remarkable things about the whole history of the English Turf is the rapidity with which that growth began. Compare the experiences of any other country. For centuries the breed of Eastern animals we imported with so much difficulty was at the easy disposal of European owners, and they probably made still greater efforts to obtain it after its success had been so conclusively proved in the British Islands. But they never succeeded, and they have not succeeded yet. Every winner on an English racecourse which was

not bred in this country was bred outside it from English blood stock, not from Eastern stock, remember, but from that blend which so soon proved itself superior for racing purposes to every "thoroughbred" elsewhere, and which so well deserves the better title of the "English thoroughbred."

This points to the fact that the enthusiastic writers I quoted at the end of the sixteenth century were not far wrong in their claims for the superiority of the home-bred British horse. This native animal was, at his best, without doubt the result of other than merely aboriginal strains. Since the days of the Romans there was Arab blood in Britain to a greater or less extent; but it only leavened the home product in a somewhat fortuitous manner. Yet immediately the pick of that home product was regularly put to Arab blood, a process well known to modern breeders at once took place, the old strain was immeasurably strengthened, and a real racer was both born and made. It is difficult—if not impossible—to describe what in fact took place, and what were the actual factors contributed by each parent to the common progeny. But something approaching to a fair estimate may perhaps be got from consideration of the well known fact that the best breeds of Eastern horse are still, and always have been, in their own country, the purest-blooded animals in the world. In the beautiful creatures imported by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to-day we probably see a very close approximation to the importations of seventeenth and eighteenth century breeders. In such races as that of Admiral Tryon's *Asil* against *Iambic* at the Second Spring Meeting of 1885, we probably see pretty much the same pace over the flat as that shown by the *Markham Arabian* two hundred and fifty years before. *Iambic* was at least four stone behind his stable companion of the same age, *St. Simon*, and *Asil* was a fair example of his breed, yet even with an advantage of seven pounds more than that amount of weight, the Arab could not touch the English racer. To any one familiar with Indian handicaps exactly the same kind of experience has constantly occurred.

The racing records of the *Byerly Turk*, the *Darley Arabian*, and the *Godolphin Arabian* are very much to seek. It is as stallions that their reputation is imperishable; and I cannot agree with the opinion so cleverly advocated by Captain Upton that ever since the days of *Flying Childers* we have simply retrograded in the art of breeding. In the opening chapters of his interesting "Newmarket and Arabia" Captain Upton makes two assertions for which I can only ask for further proof. The first is that *Basto*, *Blossom*, *Careless*, *Lcedes*, sister to *Leedes*, *Charming Jenny*, *Lonsdale's Counsellor*, *Dyer's Dimple*, the two *Childers*, and Lord Lonsdale's

Darley Arabian mare, were "altogether of Eastern extraction without any admixture of common blood." The second is that these horses proved themselves better than any others "of mixed origin." Materials are lacking to convince me of the truth of either of these statements. And when, on the contrary, I find by incontrovertible evidence that the lines of the only three great Eastern sires who have lasted in tail male to our own time have been so perpetuated owing to *Herod*, *Matchem*, and *Eclipse*, I am further strengthened in my doubt by the coincidence—based on equally strong historical testimony—that these three sires were great racers too, and that their



"*Eclipse*."
By George Stubbs.

ancestry can by no means be proved to have been entirely of the imported Eastern strain.

I need only quote one instance out of the three here in support of my general statement, but that instance may as well be *Eclipse*, to whom it is admitted that the English Turf owes more than in the case of any other sire born before the nineteenth century. The *Darley Arabian* is usually given the whole credit for *Eclipse*, as being his great-great-grandsire in the male line. But *Squirt* goes back (through his dam) to the *Lister Turk*, who also gave much (through *Concyskins* and *Blacklegs'* daughter)

to *Marske*, besides being the great-great-grandsire of *Spiletta*. Nor is the *Lister Turk* alone in this glorious co-operation. The *D'Arcy White Turk*, the *D'Arcy Yellow Turk*, the *Leedes Arabian*, the *Ancaster Turk*, and *Hutton's Bay Barb*, are

other Eastern factors in this celebrated pedigree. And when we turn to those factors which cannot be proved to be Eastern at all, the result is still more interesting. What Captain Upton would call the "flaws," begin as far back as the *Darley Arabian's* grandson, for *Squirt*, the son of *Bartlett's Childers*, was out of the *Sister to Old Country Wench*, who was the daughter of *Snake* and *Grey Wilkes*, and there is no record either of *Snake's* grand-



"*Flying Childers.*"
By Seymour.

dam or of Miss D'Arcy's *Pet Mare*, the dam of *Grey Wilkes*, though it may be considered as certain that if their pedigree had been Eastern, it would have been specifically so stated. Again, the maternal grandsire of *Marske* was *Black-legs*, whose dam was by *Coneyskins*, out of the *Old Clubfoot Mare*, and though the sires of these two were the *Lister Turk* and *Hautboy* respectively, neither of their dams are traceable. It should be further remembered that what has just been said with regard to the genealogy of *Marske* holds equally good in the case of *Spiletta*, in so far as *Snake* and the *Sister to Old Country Wench* occur in her pedigree as well. In following out the same line of reasoning with regard to *Matchem* and *Herod*, I must refer my readers to the tables printed elsewhere, by which they will be able to satisfy themselves that if *Matchem* has more direct

Eastern blood than any of the three, *Herod* has considerably less than either of his rivals, for the number of unknown mares in his pedigree is remarkable. I say "unknown" because it is most improbable that, if they had been of pure Eastern blood, so valuable a fact would not have been mentioned, especially as many well-known cases are authenticated in which precisely that fact has been carefully preserved. A very typical example of such an "unknown" mare is the *Vintner Mare*, which belonged to Mr. Curwen of Workington early in the seventeenth century. Concerning her Mr. Crofts has left a valuable memorandum that she was a brood mare before she raced, and that she was the best bred as well as the best runner of her day in the North. If she had been either an imported Eastern mare, or of clean Arab or Barb descent, Mr. Crofts would undoubtedly have said so. Most probably she was exactly the kind of breed of which I have so often spoken—the English animal improved by such casual Eastern importations (through many generations) as were habitual in the Lowther stud. The result at any rate is beyond question. She had a filly by the white-legged Lowther barb, and another by Pulleine's Arabian, and from her are descended in direct female line *Partner*, *Crab*, *Soldier*, *Muley Moloch*, *Nutwith*, *Bendigo*, *Tertius*, and many other winners down to *Kilwarlin* (Leger, 1887), and more recent offspring still.

I think the debt which the modern historian chiefly owes to Bruce Lowe and William Allison is that, while their predecessors have invariably laid stress upon the Eastern sires alone, these authors have been the first really to direct attention to the value



Sir Charles Sedley's "True Blue."
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

of those mares which are known to have been Eastern also. As was only to be expected, when the difficulty of getting pure Arab mares is properly taken into account, these early matrons are chiefly Barbs; and some of the most famous are the

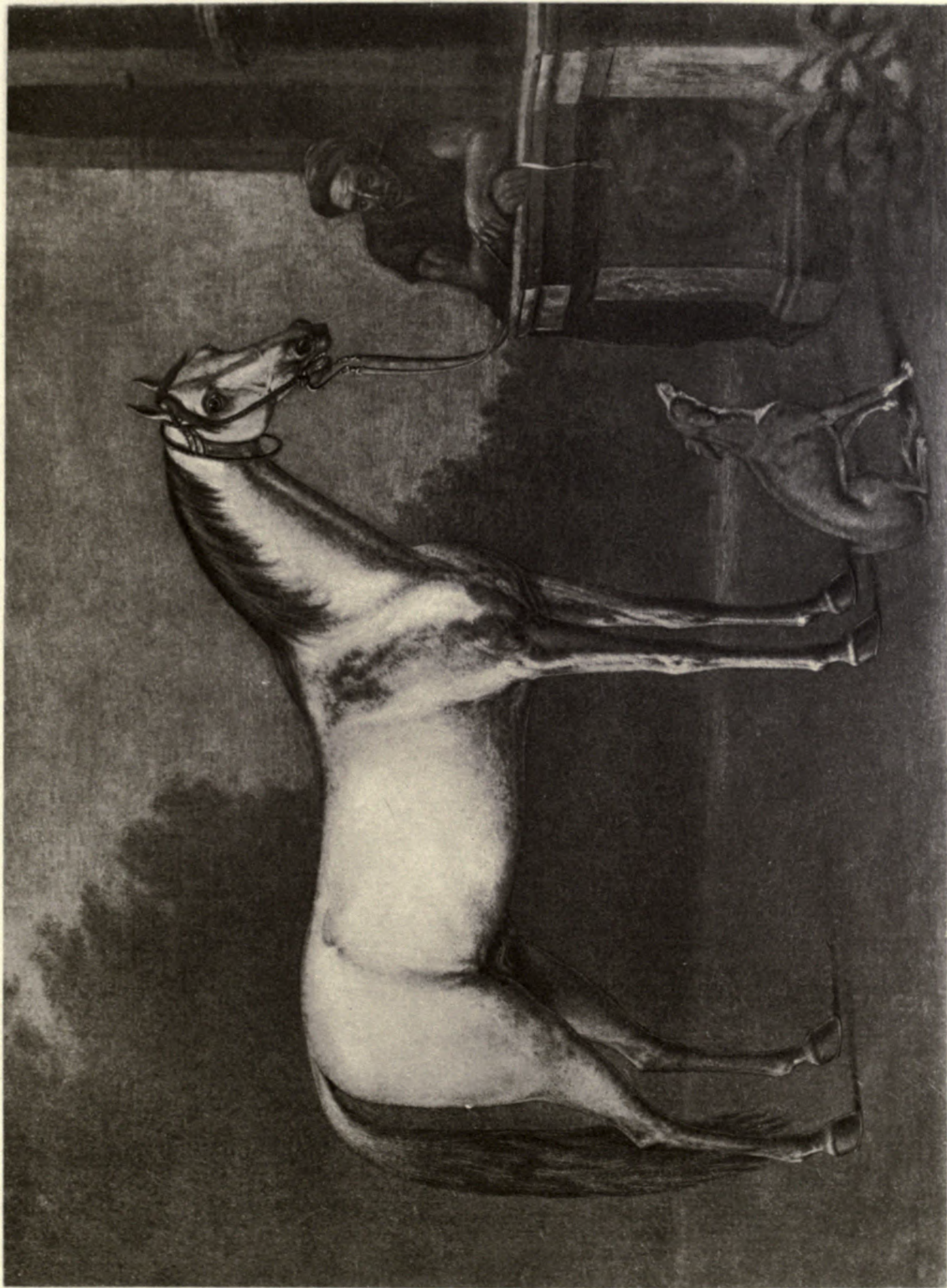
Natural Barb Mare of Mr. Tregonwell, great-granddam of Sir W. Ramsden's *Byerly Turk* mare, of whom I had something to say in the last chapter; *Burton's Natural Barb Mare*; Mr. Bowes' *Byerly Turk* mare, who was the dam of the two *True Blues*; and the *Layton Barb Mare*. In the shortest consideration of early blood stock the value of these mares ought now to be given just as much prominence as that of the three great sires who have hitherto been placed on a pinnacle of too isolated splendour. The four I have selected out of some fifty possibilities can all be traced in the First Volume (Fifth Edition) of the General Stud Book, on pages 5, 4, 5 and 12 respectively. Their influence upon bloodstock on the English Turf from the beginning of the eighteenth century up to the present day has been most extraordinary, as can be seen by tracing all the thoroughbred families in the female line to these original mares, nine or ten of whom appear in every first-class modern pedigree. If the results of all the races for the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, and Leger, and of the Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups



The Duke of Bolton's "Fearnought."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

be all tabulated together, up to the close of the nineteenth century, it will be found that 98 winners can trace their pedigree in direct female line to *Mr. Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare*, 81 to *Burton's Barb Mare*, 85 to the Dam of the two *True Blues*, 66 to the *Layton Barb Mare*, and (if I may add a fifth example) 53 to the Daughter of *Massey's Black Barb*, who was granddam of *Old Ebony*. The figures here given may be accepted as correct, for they have been worked out independently by three separate inquirers, and the investigation has brought other interesting facts to light. The first of these five families, for instance, though it has produced the greatest number of winners, has by no means been the most prolific. In other words, its percentage of victories to runners has been very high, and that in turn presupposes

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From the original painting at St. Dunstons. Artist unknown

Bloody Shouldered Arabian.

By permission of Sir W. Gellway



a peculiarly marked and energetic vitality. From the Nineteenth Volume of the General Stud Book, for example, which has appeared while I write these lines, Mr. F. H. Birley, after weeding out all with American native blood, traces 693 mares to the *Burton Barb Mare*, 515 to the Dam of the two *True Blues*, and only 499 to *Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare*; and this is out of a total of 5,898 mares traceable to 54 famous ancestresses. Here are the lists, in greater detail, of those classic winners which trace back to *Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare* through Sir W. Ramsden's *Byerly Turk* mare.

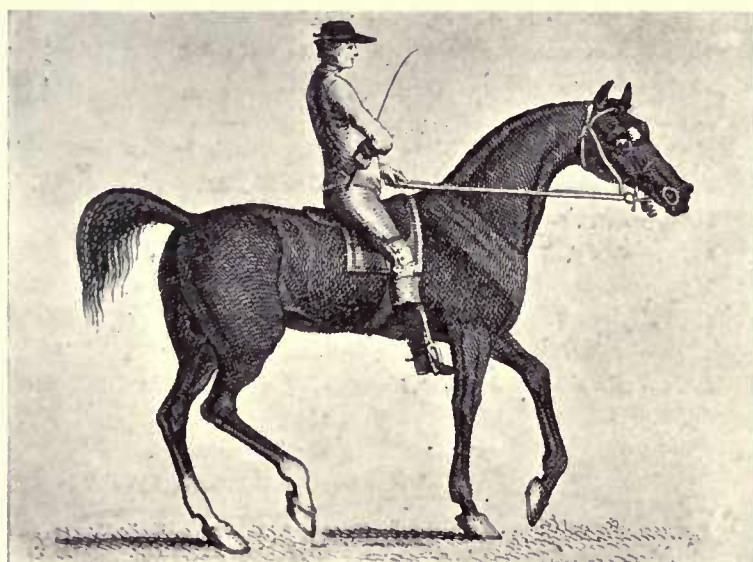
DERBY.	ST. LEGER.	OAKS.
1790.— <i>Rhadamanthus</i>	1795.— <i>Hambletonian</i>	1782.— <i>Ceres</i>
1794.— <i>Daedalus</i>	1833.— <i>Rockingham</i>	1804.— <i>Pelisse</i>
1809.— <i>Waxy Pope</i>	1837.— <i>Mango</i>	1808.— <i>Morel</i>
1810.— <i>Whalebone</i>	1858.— <i>Sunbeam</i>	1813.— <i>Music</i>
1815.— <i>Whisker</i>	1866.— <i>Lord Lyon</i>	1815.— <i>Minuet</i>
1819.— <i>Tiresias</i>	1867.— <i>Achievement</i>	1822.— <i>Pastille</i>
1825.— <i>Middleton</i>	1870.— <i>Hawthornden</i>	1824.— <i>Cobweb</i>
1836.— <i>Bay Middleton</i>	1875.— <i>Craig Millar</i>	1828.— <i>Turquoise</i>
1847.— <i>The Cossack</i>	1877.— <i>Silvio</i>	1831.— <i>Oxygen</i>
1866.— <i>Lord Lyon</i>	1878.— <i>Jannette</i>	1834.— <i>Pussy</i>
1868.— <i>Blue Gown</i>	1880.— <i>Robert the Devil</i>	1844.— <i>Princess</i>
1877.— <i>Silvio</i>	1884.— <i>The Lambkin</i>	1863.— <i>Queen Bertha</i>
1880.— <i>Bend Or</i>		1875.— <i>Spinaway</i>
1894.— <i>Ladas</i>		1878.— <i>Jannette</i>
1898.— <i>Jeddah</i>		1879.— <i>Wheel of Fortune</i>
		1884.— <i>Busybody</i>
		1896.— <i>Canterbury Pilgrim</i>

It will be interesting to add that although the family from which these great horses have descended was originally picked out rather for its running qualities than for the sires who have sprung from it, the following stallions who have sired classic winners can also be traced back to *Tregonwell's Natural Barb Mare*:—

- 1764.—*Goldfinder*, sire of *Serina* (St. Leger, 1781).
- 1773.—*Woodpecker*, sire of *Ephemera* (Oaks, 1800).
- 1804.—*Scud*, sire of *Sam* (Derby, 1818), *Shoveller* (Oaks, 1819), *Sailor* (Derby, 1820).
- 1807.—*Whalebone*, sire of *Caroline* (Oaks, 1820), *Lapdog* (Derby, 1826), *Spaniel* (Derby, 1831).
Moses (Derby, 1822), was by *Whalebone* or *Scymour*, probably the latter.
- 1809.—*Woful*, sire of *Augusta* (Oaks, 1821), *Theodore* (St. Leger, 1822), *Zinc* (Oaks, 1823).
- 1811.—*Partisan*, sire of *Mameluke* (Derby, 1827), *Cyprian* (Oaks, 1836).
- 1812.—*Whisker*, sire of *Memnon* (St. Leger, 1825), *Colonel* (St. Leger, 1828).
- 1816.—*Andrew*, sire of *Cadland* (Derby, 1828).
- 1831.—*Bran*, sire of *Our Nell* (Oaks, 1842).
- 1833.—*Bay Middleton*, sire of *Flying Dutchman* (Derby and St. Leger, 1849), *Andover* (Derby, 1854).

- 1834.—*Melbourne*, sire of *Sir Tatton Sykes* (St. Leger, 1846), *Cyma* (Oaks, 1848), *West Australian* (Derby and St. Leger, 1853), *Marchioness* (Oaks, 1855), *Blink Bonny* (Derby and Oaks, 1857).
 1844.—*The Cossack*, sire of *Gamester* (St. Leger, 1859).
 1863.—*Lord Lyon* sire of *Placida* (Oaks, 1877), and *Minting*.
 1865.—*Speculum*, sire of *Sefton* (Derby, 1878).
 1872.—*Trappist*, sire of *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* (Oaks, 1889).
 1877.—*Bend Or*, sire of *Ormonde* (Derby and St. Leger, 1886).
 1887.—*Janissary*, sire of *Jeddah* (Derby, 1898).

This would be no small record even in the case of a family more noted for its sires than for its actual winners; and as I look through these details again, at



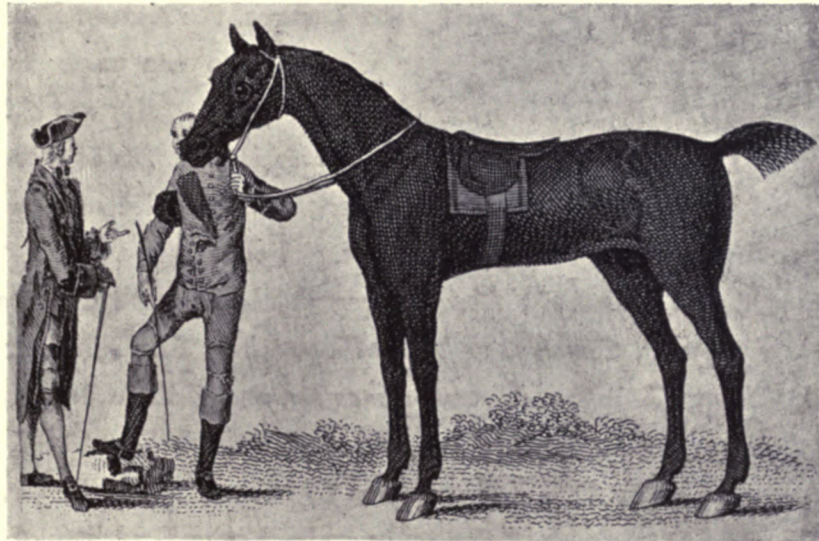
Sir Edmund Bacon's "Spanking Rorger."
 By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

the end of September, 1901, I find that I must include yet another in this list of sires; for, up to that date, *Ladas* easily headed the roll of winning stallions, with £23,933 by ten winners in seventeen races, and had so far beaten *St. Simon*, who went up to first place in October, and who traces back to Miss Betty D'Arcy's *Pet*

Mare, the mother of *Grey Wilkes*, which is the same female line as that which has been made illustrious by *Birdcatcher*, *Fangh-a-Ballagh*, *Royal Hampton*, and *Orme*. Concerning *Ladas* it is also interesting to note that both those famous mares, *Memoir* and *La Flèche* (who go back to the Dam of the two *True Blues*), are in foal to him at the time of writing, and those who remember *Memoir's* record for the Oaks will perhaps think that her foal will be even better than that of the sounder-limbed *La Flèche*; for the pace at which *Semolina* took the field along that day made the test of stamina a strong one indeed. But I must not leave my eighteenth century mares too long to speak of modern matters that will be treated in their right place; so I will close my little excursion into twentieth century breeding with the hope that Englishmen of to-day will recognise a good

thing and keep it, in the same way their forefathers did so long ago, and that we shall not let too much of our best blood get into foreign hands. The figures are not encouraging, for if we take the mares descended from the five matrons I have mentioned, those now living of the first line have fallen off 45 in the last year; and those in the second, 62; while representatives of that Lord D'Arcy's *Blacklegged Royal Mare* who went to Sedbury on the death of Queen Anne, have dropped from 203 in 1900 to 196 in 1901, which is remarkable considering that her line has produced such winners as *Persimmon*, *Flying Fox*, *Wildfowler*, *Diamond Jubilee*, *West Australian*, and *Donovan*, not to mention *Parmesan* and *Wisdom* among its famous sires.

Returning, now, to the period covered by this volume, if we pass on to the record of the descendants of the Dam of the *True Blues* (1710 and 1718), we shall find a really extraordinary list of first-rate stallions who can all trace



Viscount Weymouth's "Conqueror."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

back to her in direct line of female descent. In this case I cannot give so many details, but anyone conversant with the Stud Book can work out the value of these sires of classic winners for himself. They are:—

- 1766.—*Paymaster* (1 St. Leger).
- 1774.—*Justice* (1 Oaks, 2 Derby).
- 1784.—*Sir Peter* (2 Oaks, 4 Derby, 4 St. Leger).
- 1787.—*Buzzard* (1 Oaks, 1 St. Leger).
- 1810.—*Tramp* (2 Derby, 1 St. Leger).
- 1825.—*Velocipede* (1 Oaks and St. Leger, 1 Derby).
- 1829.—*Glaucus* (1 Oaks).
- 1835.—*Lanercost* (1 Oaks, 1 St. Leger).
- 1846.—*Flying Dutchman* (1 Oaks, 1 Derby).
- 1847.—*Windhound* (1 Derby).

- 1849.—*Stockwell* (6 St. Leger, 3 Derby, 1 Oaks).
 1850.—*Rataplan* (1 Derby).
 1851.—*King Tom* (3 Oaks, 1 Derby, 1 St. Leger).
 1861.—*Vermout* (1 Oaks).
 1867.—*Musket*, sire of *Petronel* and *Carbine*.
 1868.—*Favonius* (1 Derby).
 1872.—*Galopin* (1 Derby and St. Leger), sire of *St. Simon*.
 1875.—*Master Kildare* (1 Derby and St. Leger).

To these great sires it is only fair to add a few of the famous classic winners who can also trace their descent to the Dam of the *True Blues*. Among her fifteen Derby winners occur *Kettledrum*, *Favonius*, *Galopin*, and *Isinglass*. Among her fourteen Oaks victories are those of *Ephemera*, *Hannah*, *Memoir*, and *La Flèche*; and in addition to the last three splendid mares, the name of *Isinglass* goes to her credit among the thirteen St. Leger winners who can trace back their blood to her. *Burton's Barb Mare* is more of a running line. She can claim *Voltigeur*, *Teddington*, *Cremorne*, *Surplice*, *Lord Clifden*, *Crucifix* and *Placida*, among her winners, and—besides these—*Rubens*, own brother to *Castrel*, sire of *Pantaloon*, *Sir Hercules* and *Harkaway*, among her classic sires. To complete the five examples, I may add that the *Layton Barb Mare* is responsible for such winners as *Thormanby*, *Fisherman*, *Iroquois*, *Common*, and *Sir Visto*, while the Daughter of *Massy's Black Barb* can claim *Gladiator*, *Hermit*, *Doncaster*, and *Galtce More*.

Among other modern celebrities, *Lonely* (Oaks, 1885) is descended from Queen Anne's *Moonah Barb Mare*, as was *Charles XII.* (St. Leger, 1839), while *St. Blaise*, *Merry Hampton* and *St. Frusquin* go back to a Daughter of the *Belgrade Turk*.

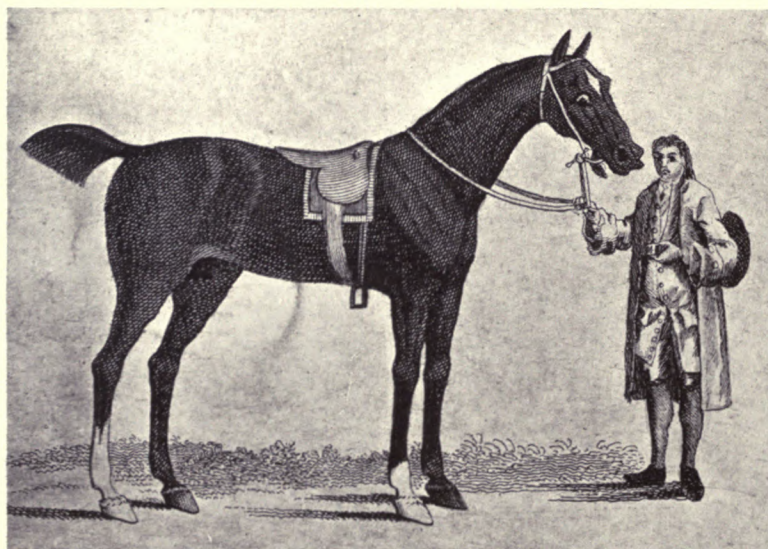
From all this it will be easily seen that breeders between 1700 and 1750 knew what they were about. If they had not given Nature the greatest possible chance to produce her best stamp of animal, it is not very likely that the effects of their mating would have lasted down to the present day in the striking manner of which a few examples are given above. Granted that *Lath* was probably the result of an accident, and that the *Godolphin Arabian* owed the chance of proving his abilities as a sire to a tiff between *Roxana* and *Hobgoblin*. As soon as the excellence of *Lath* was recognised his sire was very carefully mated; and I think that a similarly judicious choice in the matter both of mares and sires was exercised from quite early in the eighteenth century. The days of haphazard unions have passed; and if one definite theory may possibly be detected already it is that of the probable advantages of that in-breeding of which *Isonomy*, *Flying Fox*, and *Barcaldine* are notable modern instances. Perhaps one great reason for the quick success of the old breeders is that



From the painting by Schwanfelder, at Cumberland Lodge.

*The Malcolm Arabian.
By permission of His Majesty the King.*

in the early eighteenth century, which was as innocent of Enclosed Meetings as it was of Two-Year-Old Scurries, nearly every man who raced a horse had bred him, and very often both trained and rode him too. An owner with his own brood mares in his own paddocks, who carefully selected his sires in every case and kept the produce for his own racing, was not likely to have an establishment too unwieldy for his own personal supervision, and never feel the necessity of overstraining a colt by racing him too soon or too often merely because he wanted to "get his money back." That most probably had some effect upon the value and life of the horse later on at the stud. It certainly had a direct influence upon the colt's form. Modern trainers who deliberately train a young brute into the cramped



Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's "Volunteer."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

and unnatural habits necessitated by a hurried bucket off the instant the flag falls, are not likely to encourage the long, low, sweeping action and the powerful stride which are essential to stamina over a long course. In other even more important details, too, many modern trainers and breeders seem to me to affect those artificial

methods of education and training which cannot benefit the breed. In the early eighteenth century a horse was at least naturally treated as a natural animal, and I believe he was the better for it. Without the faintest desire to talk about "deterioration," I am still unable to conceal my conviction that modern conditions must, in the long run, exercise a prejudicial effect upon our bloodstock, and that the best horses to-day are not only those which are best bred, but those whose breeding is given the best chance of showing its quality and value by a natural upbringing and an unstrained atmosphere.

For some inexplicable reason that fortunate moment in the eighteenth century seems never likely to recur. We no longer possess a **native** breed of horses which

can be enormously improved by purely Eastern importations. It will therefore only be possible to recruit our exhausted stock—when that becomes necessary—by calling upon some thoroughbred *outcross* from a country which originally chose its blood horses from among our own. Australia and the American continent seem to be the most likely places now for producing a remedy that had not even been imagined as ever likely to be wanted by the greatest pessimist in the days of Queen Anne and the first King George. France was indirectly the cause of the *Godolphin Arabian* coming to these shores; but it was not long before we more than repaid the debt with such sires as *Diamond* (the rival of the great *Hambletonian*), *Lottery*, *Tarrare*, *Nennykirk*, *Gladiator*, *Weathergale*, *Saucebox*, and many more. It is to the younger countries already named that we must look for fresh blood when it is needed. Mr. Youatt's list of all the breeds of horses known in the Old World confirms this opinion. It is as follows:—

- (1). The Barb from Barbary, Morocco, and Fez, of fourteen hands one, at most; flat shouldered, long jointed, and a beautiful head.
- (2). The Dongola horse, from the regions between Egypt and Abyssinia, was sixteen hands high, but not so long from shoulders to quarter. Not imported.
- (3). The Arabian from further East. About fourteen hands two. A peculiarly shaped shoulder. Fine head with bright eyes, small ears and wide nostrils.
- (4). The East Indian. Not enough bone. Not imported.
- (5). The Chinese. Useless except in China.
- (6). The Persian. A beautiful animal, but not so stout-hearted as the Arab. About fourteen and a-half hands.
- (7). The Turkoman, from Turkistan, often sixteen hands in height. Never imported.
- (8). The Tartar and Calmuck. A small breed from Central Asia.
- (9). The Turkish. Probably a mixture of Barb, Arab and Persian. A rather long body and high crupper.
- (10). The German, of which the Hungarian variety is the best; and many authorities have recommended the importation of the Hungarian breed of Eastern horse into England.
- (11). Swedish, Finland, and Norwegian. Good for their size, which is about twelve hands.
- (12). Icelandic. Hardy and small.
- (13). Flemish and Dutch. Useful for carts.
- (14). French. Much indebted to English bloodstock.
- (15). Spanish. About equal to a Yorkshire halfbred.
- (16). Italian. Worth little.

It is fairly obvious from this that the only breeds in the Old World still worth anything are those which have kept their pure characteristics the longest, namely, the Eastern varieties numbered (1) (3) and (9), and these are the three kinds to which the early eighteenth century was chiefly indebted in England. No Arab Emir would agree with what has here been sometimes commonly believed, that any

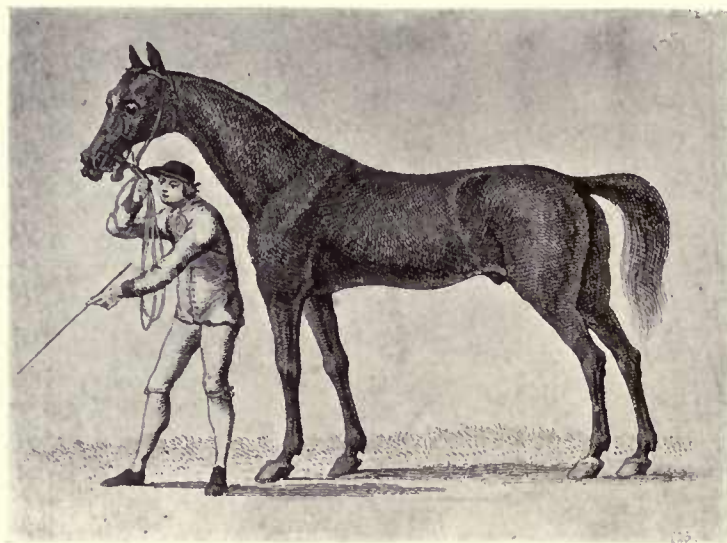
flaw in descent is eradicated by eight subsequent generations of pure blood. On the contrary the Desert Tribes hold to the theory that once a stain has been admitted, it goes on until it has been imparted to many more individual animals by its original possessor. It is therefore probable that, though Englishmen must have found a natural difficulty in buying the best mares, or even the finest stallions, the animals they did secure were fairly pure examples of the various good Eastern breeds. Those breeds came, no doubt, originally from the cradle of human history, even if it was not also the original habitation of the human race; those parts, I mean, about Arabia, the Nile Valley, and North-Eastern Africa which are associated with the earliest records we possess. The gradual development of the horse that we know from the small, five-toed creature of pre-historic ages is not within the province of this work. But it is evident from many traces in the oldest literature and the most ancient carvings of the world that he was early used as a saddle-horse, and had in equally early ages reached very nearly the perfection of the Arab breed, a perfection which was easily achieved by careful treatment, and more especially by that constant association with his master which is a matter of life and death to each in such places as the Saharas of North Africa. His size at the time when Phœnicia and the Southern coasts of the Mediterranean were in contact with Greece is proved by the Elgin Marbles. He has grown since then at a much slower ratio than that suggested by Admiral Rous for English bloodstock. At the time of Mohammed's death, Mecca, which is in the district of Nejed, was the great centre of the purest breed of horses; and when we see their true descendants to-day (one of whom, Lord Roberts' famous charger, I reproduce in a later volume), it is easy to believe that they have remained pure ever since the Prophet's death; nor is it hard to imagine that when any native breed in other parts of the world needed reinvigoration, this primitive stock was the best that could be used, for to this horse had strength been given of old time, and his neck was clothed with thunder.

The perfect arch of the true Arab's neck is a point I have already illustrated in the first pages of this book. His throat is particularly large, loose, and pliant. His shoulders slope a great deal, and are deep and strong at the base by the withers. Standing in front of him you see the swell of his barrel expanding beyond his breast and shoulders, and this has been noticed also in the case of *Eclipse*, whereas it is strangely different to my own experience of the look of a modern stayer. I have seen many fast ones for five or six furlongs with big heart-room; but it is curious that this has not been a characteristic of those



The Cullen Arabian.
By T. Spencer.

English thoroughbreds in the last fifty years or so who have been famous for their lasting powers. The Americans have taught us lately to ride a long race right out from start to finish without any of those waiting tactics which used to spoil so many contests. Perhaps this will have its effect in time upon the build of winners, or—to put it more correctly—perhaps we may see that horses who could do six furlongs fast can also win at longer distances when properly handled. In any case, the swell of

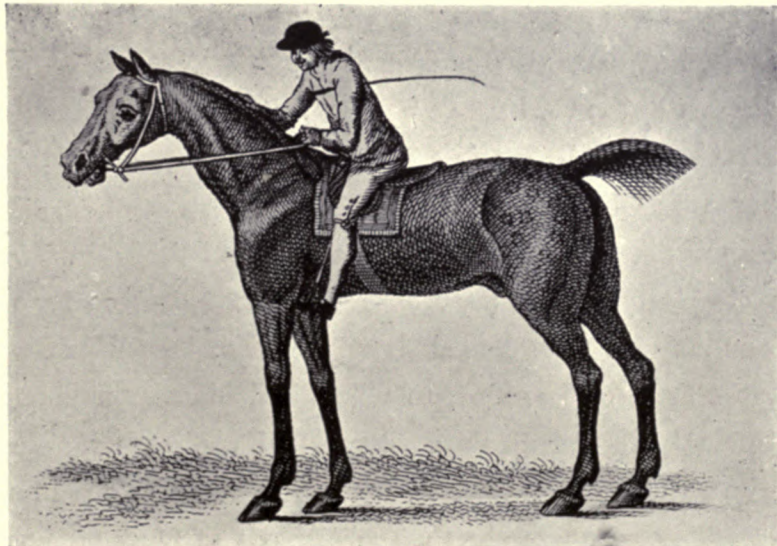


Mr. John Crofts' "Torrismond."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

a pure Arab's barrel, seen from the front, is only less conspicuous than the way in which his back ribs extend beyond the line of his haunches when seen from behind. His whole shape is marked by perfect symmetry. He has a short back with just room for the saddle and no more, but a longer stride in proportion to his size than any other horse, which is chiefly owing to his knee being set on low, and his sloping pasterns. The portraits of old racers reproduced in these pages may not always be very beautiful and artistic productions, but they certainly betray an interesting effort to suggest some of these Arab points in the horses which at that time were very near their original Arab ancestry. They often show, for instance, less depth at the girth than we can imagine possible, but the line of the belly is also far straighter, the barrel more swelling, the back ribs deeper; and these indications are no doubt correct. Other apparent monstrosities of draughtsmanship are equally pardonable from the genuine attempt the artist makes to show a short cannon-bone in a horse of fourteen and a-half hands, a most valuable point, which has often led him into pardonable exaggerations.

Such horses as Mr. Gibson's *Grey Arabian* were bought in the eighteenth century from "the Immaum of Sinna in Arabia Felix" for £400 sterling, transported "from Yedmine down the Red Sea to Bombay, and thence to England

on board the 'Earl Elgin,' Indiaman." Mr. Bell offered his Arabian at ten guineas a mare, announcing that he had been purchased at the distance of thirty days' journey from St. John D'Acre, the nearest seaport to the Desert of Arabia, by an Armenian named Philip John, who shipped him to England from Aleppo. Importers had evidently a set of breeders to deal with who knew the value of good stock and insisted upon some guarantee that they got it. The D'Arcy family and their stud at Sedbury gave especially important help to the English thoroughbred at this time, and the constant recurrence of their name in the early pages of the Stud Book is an eloquent tribute to the value of their efforts. The *Marshall* or *Selaby Turk* was the property of Mr. Marshall's brother, stud-groom to King William, Queen Anne, and George I. He was sire of Mr. Curwen's *Old Spot* (who got the dam of *Mixbury* and the granddam of Mr. Croft's *Partner*), of *Wyndham's* dam, and of the dam of Lord Derby's *Ticklepitcher*, with other high-formed horses. Mr. Curwen of Workington in Cumberland brought a bay barb into England which had been given to Louis XIV. by Muley Ishmael, King of Morocco. He got *Mixbury* who could beat every horse on the turf except two at light weights, though he was only thirteen hands and a-half in height. He also got *Tantivy*, *Brocklesby*, *Little George*, *Yellow Jack*, *Bay Jack*, *Monkey*, *Long Meg*, *Creeping Molly*, *Whiteneck* and *Light-foot*. The *Thoulouse Barb*, who was imported at the same time, was bought by Sir John Parsons, of Ryegate, Surrey, and was afterwards sold to Lord Burlington. He was sire of Sir William Blackett's *Bagpiper* and *Blacklegs*, of Mr. Pantons's *Molly*, and others.



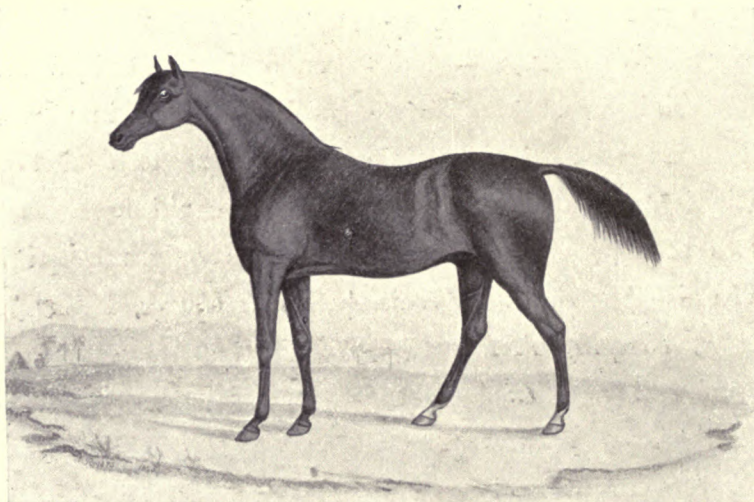
The Earl of Portmore's "Moorcock."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

The famous *Darley Arabian* (sire of *Flying Childers*) was the property of Mr. Darley of Buttercramb, near York, whose brother was a merchant abroad and

sent the horse over to England. He was sire of *Almanzar*, *Cupid*, *Brisk*, *Whistle-jacket*, *Dædalus*, *Monica*, and others, and he only covered a few mares altogether, not all Mr. Darley's, and not all thoroughbred. Through *Eclipse* he handed on his blood to *Whiskey*, *Gohanna*, *Tramp*, *PotSos*, *Waxy*, *Orville*, *Whalebone*, *Whisker*, *Blacklock*, *Touchstone*, *Birdcatcher*, *Harkaway*, *Newminster*, *Stockwell*, and *Weatherbit*, and through these famous animals, the *Darley Arabian* still strongly influences the modern Turf.

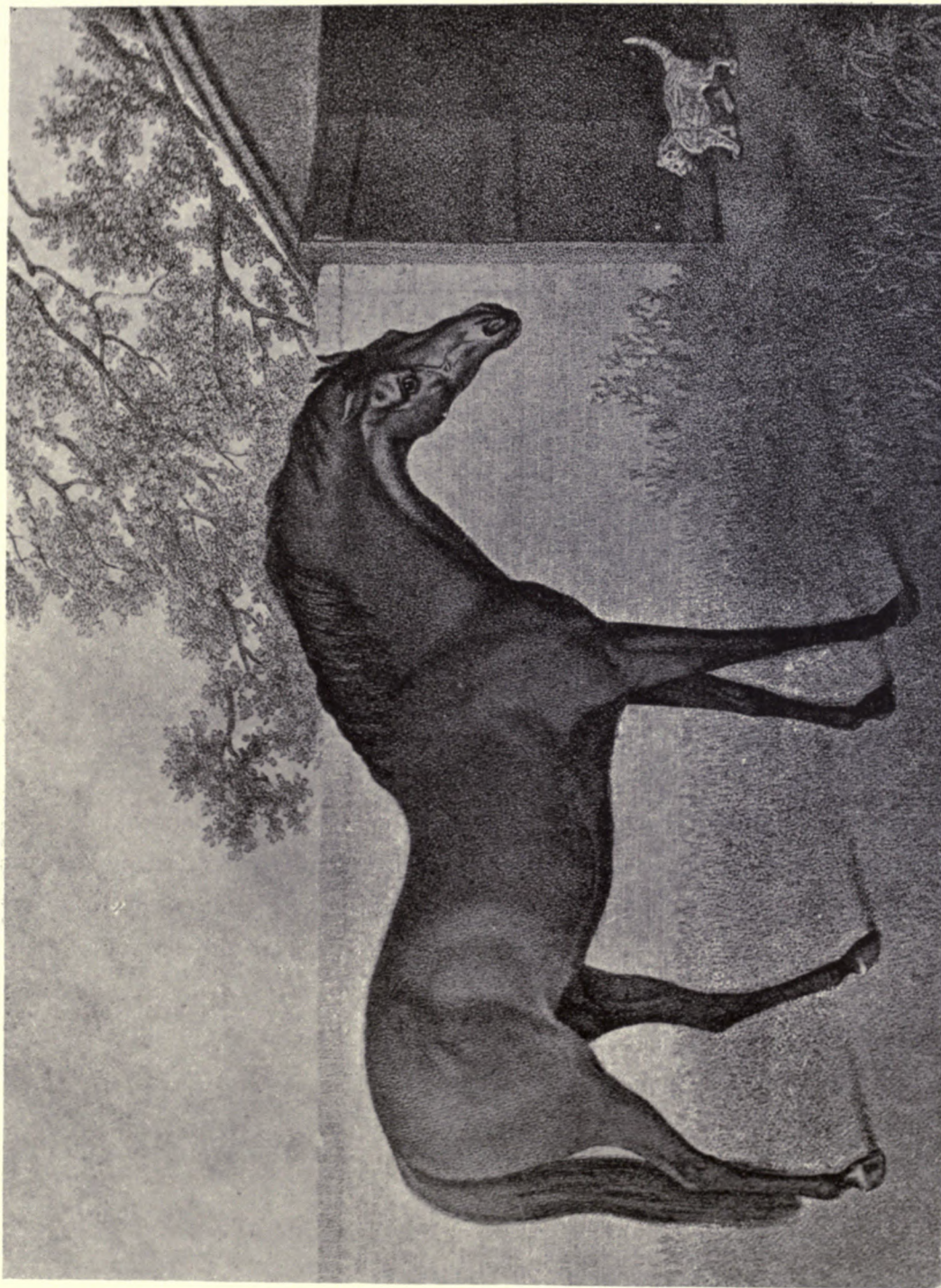
Continuing this list of Eastern importations in the first half of the eighteenth century we come to the *Honeywood White Arabian*, first the property of Sir John Williams and sold by him to the gentleman whose name he bears. He was the sire of *Squirrel's* granddam,

and of the two *True Blues* out of a *Byerly Turk* mare. Williams' *Woodstock Arabian* was the sire in 1715 of Lord Godolphin's *Flying Whigg*, whose dam was *Points*, own sister to *Cupid* and *Bald Galloway*, both out of *Grey Whynot* by the *St. Victor Barb*. *Flying Whigg*, in her turn, became the



Mr. John Ward's Arabian.
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

dam of those famous matrons the little and the large *Hartley Mare*, who were foaled respectively in 1727 (by *Bartlett's Childers*), and in 1729 (by *Hartley's Blind Horse*). The *Belgrave Turk* was sold to Sir Marmaduke Wyvill by the Minister in London of the Prince of Lorraine, to whom he had come as a present after being taken by General Mercé from the Bashaw of Belgrade at the siege of that place. Mr. Crofts, who owned *Bloody Buttocks*, a grey Arabian with a red mark on his hips, also owned a Bay Barb who was got by *Chillaby* out of Queen Anne's *Moonah Barb* mare. Sir William Strickland's *Turk* was the sire of *Batt*, and of Colonel Howard's chestnut mare. The *Ancaster Turk* covered very few mares, but he was the sire of Chaunter's *Terror*, Mr. Thwaite's Dun mare, *Squirrel's* dam, the dam of *Roxana* (who was dam of *Lath* and *Cade* by the *Godolphin Arabian*), *Silverlocks'* dam, and the granddam of



The "Godolphin Arabian,"
By George Stubbs.

Mr. Crofts' *Brilliant*. The *Lonsdale Bay Arabian* (sire of *Monkey* and *Spider*) was also sire of Lord Lonsdale's *Figg*, who beat Lord Middleton's *Shambleshanks*, Mr. Pantons' *Cato*, the Duke of Bolton's *Little John*, and five others for the October Stakes of 250 guineas at Newmarket in 1736. He was also sire of his lordship's *Juba*, *Cyrus*, *Ugly*, *Sultan*, and others, including the dam of *Miss Ramsden*, and the granddam of *Diana*. Sir Thomas Oglethorpe's Arabian is chiefly famous as the sire of *Makeless*, but another son of his was *Bald Frampton*, a high-formed gallaway about whom the persistent legend is invariably told that he beat the Duke of Devonshire's *Dumplin*,



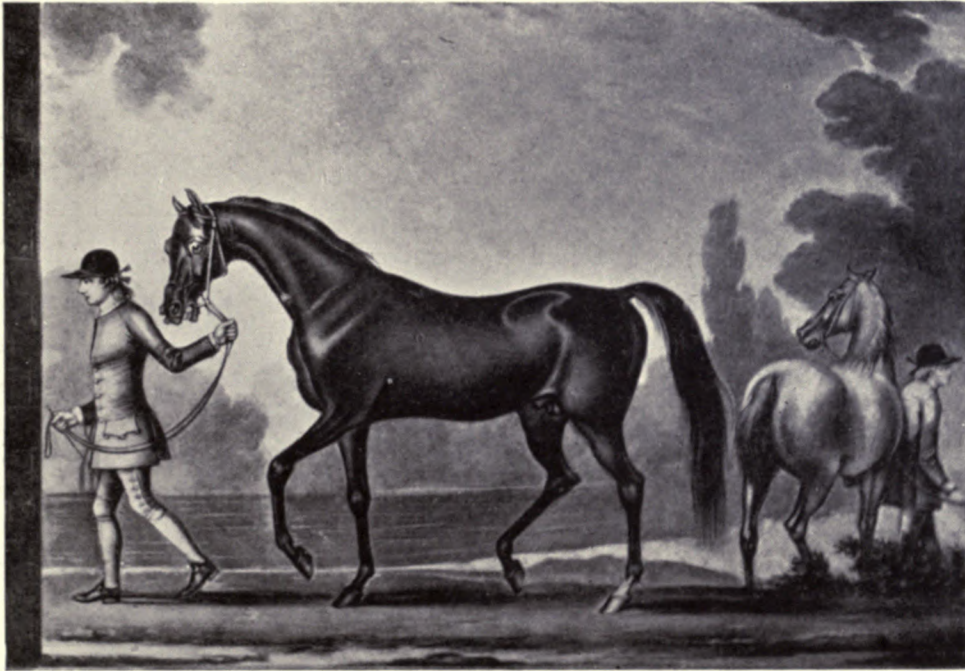
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Mr. Gregory's Arabian.
By George Stubbs.

or *Dimple*, for the whip. To these should be added the *St. Victor Barb*, the *Cole Barb*, the Duke of Marlborough's *Little Mountain Barb*, the *Lowther Whitelegged Barb*, the *Rider Chestnut Barb*, the *Vernon Barb*, the *Brownlow*, *Ely* and *Wastell Turks*, the *Holderness Turk*, sire of *Hartley's Blind Horse*, *Harpur's Arabian* (or Barb), the *Oxford Bloody Shouldered Arabian*, sire of *Bolton Sweepstakes*, the *Bethell Arabian*, the *Alcock Arabian* (sire of *Crab*), the *Oysterfoot Arabian*, the Duke of Rutland's *Cyprus Arabian*, also called the Hampton Court chestnut Arabian, and *Litton's Chestnut Arabian*.

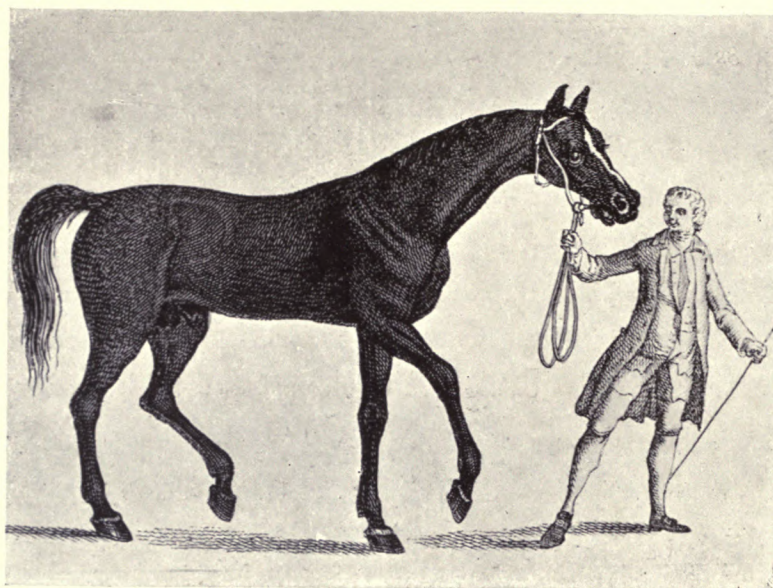
I have but one more name and the list of these famous importations will be as complete as I have space to make it for the present.

The *Godolphin Arabian* was probably foaled in 1724, and more fiction is known about him, through Eugène Sue's spirited romance, than about most horses who have never been for sale. It may be taken as fairly proved that he was one of the many authenticated presents made to the King of France by the Emperor of Morocco, of which the *Curwen Bay Barb* is a well-known instance. How he passed into private property is not so clear, but it is quite possible that he was neglected in the royal stables by grooms who had no idea of his true value, and eventually sold by



"Dormouse."
By T. Spencer.

one of them to a well-known English sportsman travelling in Paris. However that may be, he was certainly brought across the Channel by Mr. Coke, who gave him to the Earl of Godolphin, after whom he was called as soon as his usefulness had been proved in the Gog Magog Stud in Cambridgeshire. He was probably about six or seven years old when *Hobgoblin* gave him the opportunity of his life. *Hobgoblin*, who had the famous blood of Wharton's *Careless* in him, was by *Aleppo*, son of the *Darley Arabian*, and was sold to Mr. Coke by Mr. Goodall in 1724. He was proposed in 1731 as a mate for Lord Godolphin's *Roxana*, a daughter of the



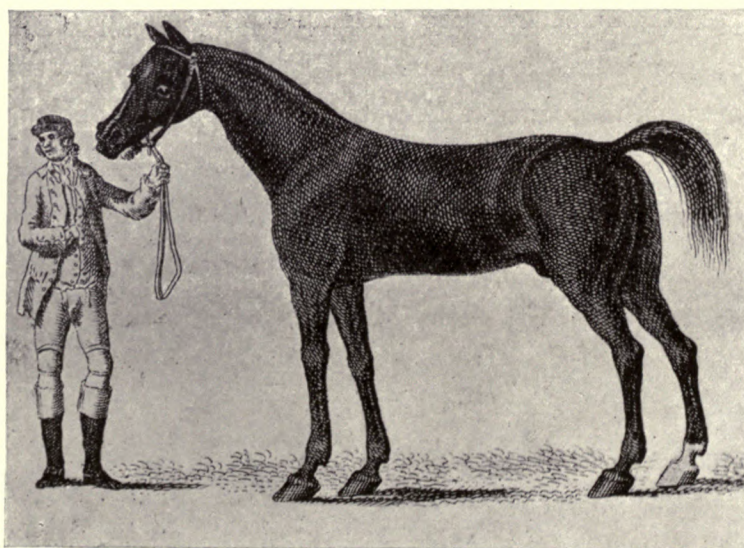
"Regulus," by the "Godolphin Arabian."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Bald Galloway (her dam by the *Ancaster Turk*), bred by Sir William Strickland in 1718. But the match did not come off, and *Roxana*, whose only produce so far had been Mr. Coke's unnamed colt by *Dervise*, became the mother of *Lath*, by the *Godolphin Arabian* in 1732, who soon proved himself the best horse of his

generation. In the next year she had a sorrel colt named *Roundhead* by *Flying Childers*, and in 1734 she died a fortnight after presenting the *Godolphin Arabian* with his second son, *Cade*, who was reared upon cow's milk

Among the best of the *Godolphin Arabian's* get for Lord Godolphin were *Babraham*, out of the *Large Hartley Mare* (by *Hartley's Blind Horse*) in 1740; *Blank*, out of the *Little Hartley Mare* (by *Bartlett's Childers*) in the same year; *Buffcoat*, out of *Silverlocks* in 1742; *Creepe*, out of *Blossom* in 1753; *Dimple* in the same year; *Dormouse* in 1738; *Tarquin*, *Weasel*, and *Whitenose*. But this is far from exhausting the list of his progeny, and his blood is traceable in nearly every thoroughbred now on the turf.

One of the most noticeable things about the pictures of the *Godolphin*



Mr. B. Rogers' "Babraham."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Arabian is the extraordinary size and height of his crest. But this will not be considered an exaggeration by anyone who has seen *Galopin* at the stud. One of the prints of him I reproduce is by Stubbs ; but the disproportionately small legs there shown are not in accord with the painting of him in the possession of Lord Cholmondeley at Houghton, or with the engraving by J. and H. Roberts which I reproduce from the collection of H.R.H. Prince Christian. He was a dark brown bay about fifteen hands high with some white on the off heel behind. In a very interesting painting by



By permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery.

*The "Godolphin Arabian."
By Sartorius.*

J. N. Sartorius, in Lord Rosebery's collection at the Durdans, the *Godolphin Arabian* is depicted with a little white showing on both hind feet. The peculiarities of his crest and shoulder are well brought out. His legs are evidently almost as fine-drawn as Stubbs saw them. He is shown standing beneath a tree with a black cat near him. The horse alone in this picture was copied in a rather rudely done print (with a printed description round it) that was published by Thomas Butler, of Pall Mall. Three years after the Godolphin's death in 1753, Mr. William Osmer thus described him. "Whoever has seen him must remember that his shoulders were deeper and lay further into his back than any horse yet seen ; behind his shoulders there was but

a small space ; before, the muscles of his loin rose excessively high, broad, and expanded, which were inserted into his quarters with greater strength and power than any horse ever yet seen of his dimensions. It is not to be wondered at that the excellence of this horse's shape was not in early times manifest to some men, considering the plainness of his head and ears, the position of his forelegs, and his stunted growth, occasioned by want of food in the country where he was bred." This description seems to me as valuable for its faults of reasoning as for the evidence it gives of one who saw the famous sire ; and it may be interesting to quote another description, written only fifteen years later, of that English thoroughbred of 1771, whom the *Godolphin Arabian* did so much to form. "The finer and better sort of modern English horses," writes Richard Berenger, "are descended from Arabians and Barbs, but differ from them in size and in mould, being more furnished, stout, and lusty . . . strong, nimble, and of good courage . . . in perseverance and speed they surpass all the horses in the world."



CHAPTER VIII.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE AND HER INFLUENCE ON RACING.

“Midst cringing serfs and trembling hinds forlorn
Dwindles the offspring of the desert born ;
But here it thrives unrivalled, far more fleet
Our steeds than those which Yemen's barley eat.”

AFTER so many genealogies, it will perhaps be a relief to turn to a little of the racing, and to look at the racing society, of the first half of the eighteenth century. To those who are unaware of the vitality of the English Turf the most extraordinary thing about this period must be that there is any history of the Turf at all, considering the numberless domestic distractions of the realm, the wars outside it, and the absolute distaste with which George I. regarded every form of English sport. Queen Anne, however, was a true sportswoman, who owned and raced her horses with the greatest zest, and if her interest had not been typical of that displayed by many others in her Court, racing would have been in a bad way. It is indeed true that in the fifty years between 1689 and 1739 the three great Eastern sires were imported ; and no doubt the *Byerly Turk*, the *Darley Arabian*, and the *Godolphin Arabian* had more effect on thoroughbred stock than anything originated by William III., Queen Anne, or George I. But I am not at all sure that the dates of 1748, 1758, and 1764 would have been so famous as they are for the births of *Matchem*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*, respectively, if those important and indispensable events had not occurred at a time which gave society a better opportunity for appreciating the possibilities and the joys of racing. As we shall see, by 1748 England was ready to take a fresh start, and a notable indication of this is to be found in the fact that two years after the birth of *Matchem* the Jockey Club was founded. But in the reign of Queen Anne, the reign when clubs of every sort and kind were perpetually being founded by men about town, the Turf

remained without its special coterie, and Racing was kept alive only by those who really cared for it, by the breeders of the North, the good sportsmen of the South, and even by the politicians of the Midlands. When Racing is in your blood, it does not much matter what your other—and more ostensible—avocations may be. Your best thoroughbred is the thing that really holds your heart; and it would be a pleasant consideration to go through the list of ministers and politicians and public men now living and to show how this holds just as good to-day as it did two centuries ago.

Lord Wharton may be taken as an instance of the racing politician of the days of William III. and of Queen Anne. He was the head of the Buckinghamshire



Her Majesty Queen Anne's "Leedes."

By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

By Wootton.

Whigs, and one of the most dexterous of party managers. As "Honest Tom" he was one of the famous "Junta" with Russell the victor of La Hogue, Somers who had brilliantly defended the Seven Bishops, and Montague the greatest financier of his time. Whenever a Tory entered a horse for a good stake in any part of England where a vote was needed

for the Whigs, Wharton's *Careless* made a sudden appearance and carried off the cup; and it may possibly not be thought too fanciful if I suggest a trace of the same idea in the name of Lord Godolphin's *Flying Whigg*. I have a particular pleasure, too, in recording that Lord Wharton was an admirable swordsman as well, by a combination of qualities that has been noticed before. Party feeling ran very high soon after the trial of Spencer Cowper, when Graham, Viscount Cheyney, was returned at the head of the poll for Buckinghamshire by the Tories, and took advantage of his victory to try and rid the country of so powerful a canvasser on the other side by fastening a quarrel on the owner of *Careless*. But Wharton's cool good humour and skilful courage only increased when he had a



By permission of Walker & Boutall.

*Queen Anne.
By John Closterman.*

sword in his hand, and after a few passes he had disarmed his quarrelsome opponent, and let him go a wiser man. In 1701, Lord Wharton followed the Earl of Galway as Viceroy of Ireland. To Amurath an Amurath succeeded; for "Honest Tom" was even fonder of a thoroughbred than was Henri de Massue de Ruvigny who had earned his patent of nobility on the bloody field of Aughrim, and after thus helping to establish the power of William, did loyal service for Queen Anne in Portugal and Spain. Lord Galway returned to Ireland again with the Duke of Grafton in 1715, and died some five years afterwards. "Honest Tom's" son, the notorious young Duke of Wharton, was president of the Hellfire Club, and with his death at an early age in 1731 the male line of that fine family disappeared.

The records of Queen Anne's personal interest in horse-racing are by no means confined to the often-quoted meetings over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings in 1712 and 1714. Luttrell's Diary relates in April, 1705, that she ordered "her house at Newmarket to be rebuilt, and gave £1,000 towards paving the town; and bought a running horse of Mr. Holloway which cost a 1,000 guineas and gave it to the prince," that is to say to her Consort, Prince George of Denmark, who was thoroughly in sympathy with everything she did in this direction. A most interesting confirmation of the gift here described by Luttrell now hangs on the historic walls of the Durdans at Epsom, where the portrait of *Leedes*, with the date and facts of this purchase recorded in one corner of the canvas, forms part of one of the finest collections of sporting pictures in this country, among which is the only contemporary representation I have ever seen of the *Bycrlly Turk*, and both these paintings show the most curious "early Italian" treatment of accessories. Mr. Leedes, of the famous Yorkshire family, had an Arabian at the beginning of the eighteenth century, who got this colt out of a *Spanker* mare bred by Lord D'Arcy about 1690 out of the *Old Morocco Mare*. *Leedes* was therefore own brother to *Cream Checks*, *Highland Laddie*, *Betty Percival*, and that *Charming Jenny* who was the dam of Mr. Leedes's *Bay Pigot* (by *Old Careless*), and of Sir R. Ashton's b. c. *Fox Cub* by *Clumsy*. It was also a *Leedes* mare from whom were bred Mr. Panton's ch. f. *Molly* in 1713, by the *Toulouse Barb*; the Duke of Bolton's *Gander*, by the *Darley Arabian*; and Mr. Thurland's *Creeping Molly* by *Grey Crofts*. Queen Anne evidently made use of her present at the stud as well as for her husband's racing; for it was out of Her Majesty's *Moonah Barb Mare* that *Leedes* got a mare who was the dam of Mr. Strickland's *Tarquin* (by the *Hampton Court Chestnut Arabian*), of Mr. Naper's *Lady Cow* (by the same), and of Lord Godolphin's *Rosinante* (by Commodore Matthew's Persian). It may be added, to avoid confusion



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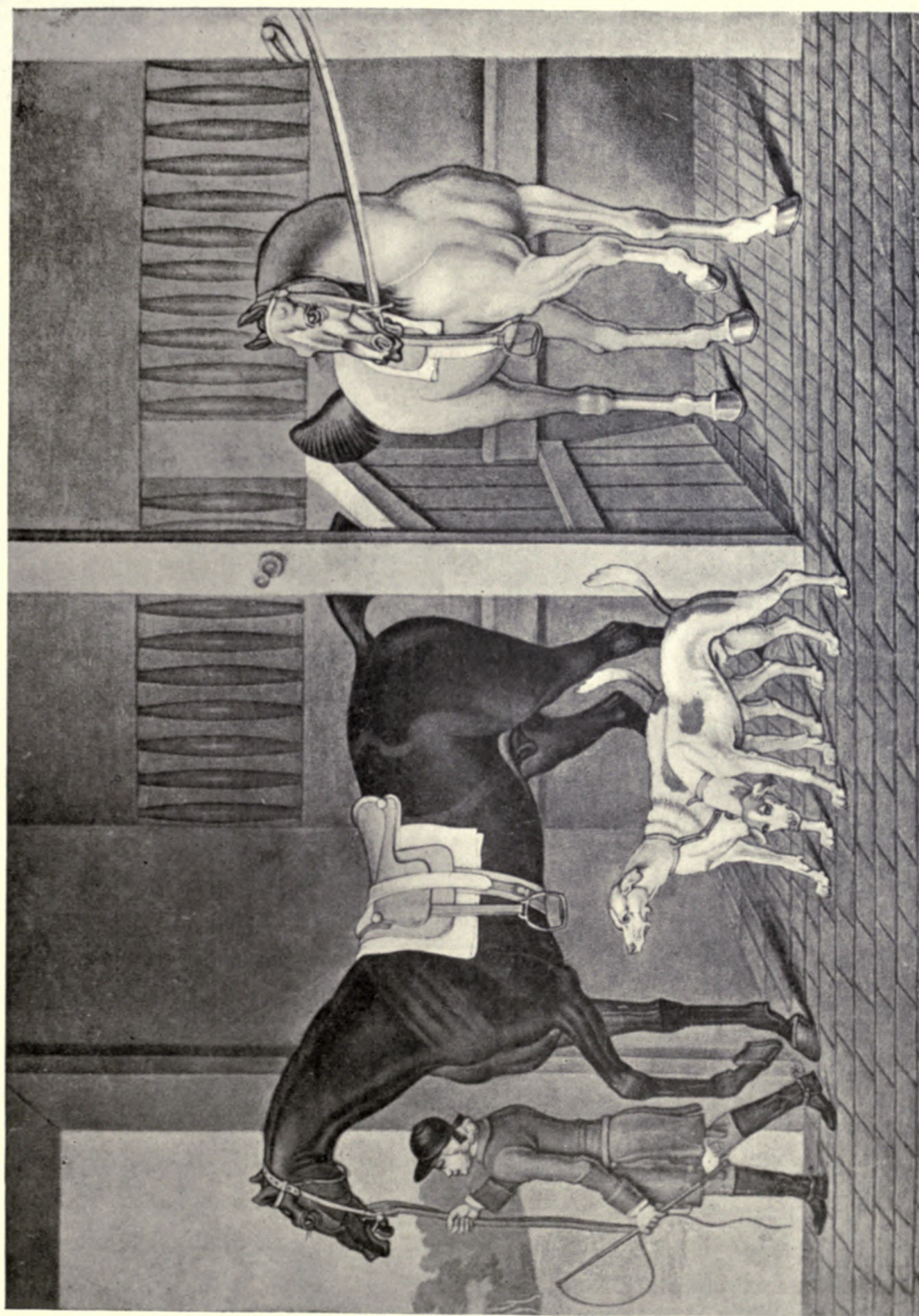
*Prince George of Denmark's "Leedes."
From an original contemporary painting.*

to the pedigrees later on, that Mr. Wildman's b. c. *Leedes* (foaled in 1756) was by *Second*, out of a (Bolton) *Starling* mare ; and that the *Leedes Arabian* foaled in 1755 must also be distinguished from the imported horse mentioned above ; for he was brought over by Mr. Phillips, for the Duke of Northumberland, and though he was sold to Mr. Leedes of North Melford in Yorkshire, this later animal is usually called the *Northumberland Brown Arabian*.

Scarcely two months after Prince George had received this charming present from the Queen, in 1705, an interesting notice appears in the *Gazette* for June, which is worth quoting at length as a proof of the interest taken by the royal couple in the Turf.

“ These are to give notice that H.R.H. the Prince is pleased to give a Gold Plate, value 100 gs., to be run for at Black Hambleton, in Yorkshire, over the four miles old Beacon course, the last Thursday in July, by any Horse five years old last foaling time. No horse to be admitted to run but such as bring a certificate from the breeder of his horse's age ; and likewise to be judged and approved no older than aforesaid, by the Gentlemen whose Horses run for the said Plate ; each Horse to carry ten stone weight, and start at the usual hours. And His Royal Highness is also pleased to give another Gold Plate, value One Hundred Gs., to be run for the second Thursday in October next, one Heat over the Heat's Course at Newmarket, ten stone, by Horses five years old, whose Age must be certified as aforesaid, and likewise admitted by gentlemen whose horses run. This year no Mare will be admitted to run for either of those Plates. Although for the future H.R.H. desires to give a Plate of the like value, to be run for at each of the aforesaid Courses by mares only of the said Age.”

Though 1705 seems to have been a year in which the Queen was especially fond of Racing, for Luttrell again records a meeting she organised at Datchet, on her return from Winchester to Windsor, the Royal Plates had been instituted before this, and were of course continued afterwards ; for advertisements remain in the old newspaper files of £100 in September, 1703, at Stapleton Leys, in Yorkshire, in July, 1707, at Langton Wold, near Malton, in the same county, at Black Hambleton in July, 1709, at Datchet in August of that year (£50), and at Newmarket in October (£100). The Prince kept his promise too, for in October, 1709, a Cup for mares, given by H.R.H., was run for at Newmarket ; in 1711, 1712, and 1714, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings ; in 1712 at Black Hambleton ; and in 1713 over Ascot Heath, one of the earliest mentions I know of organised sport upon that



A Racing Stable early in the Eighteenth Century.
By Seymour.

famous course, though Swift's letter to Stella, on August 10, 1711, records that Queen Anne and her consort were at Ascot at this earlier date as well; and it may be noted that races for hunters are recorded there in 1722, though the "Calendar" does not contain the "Qualifications for a Hunter" till forty years later.

Sir Walter Gilbey quotes a writer in the *Sporting Magazine* of 1810 on the question of the Royal Plates, as follows:—

"... Gentlemen went on breeding their horses so fine for the sake of shape and speed only. Those animals which were only second, third, or fourth rates in speed were considered to be quite useless. This custom continued until the reign of Queen Anne, when a public-spirited gentleman (observing inconvenience arising from this exclusiveness) left thirteen plates or purses to be run for at such places as the Crown should appoint. Hence they are called the King's or Queen's Plates or Guineas. They were given upon the condition that each horse, mare, or gelding should carry 12 stone weight, the best of three heats over a four-mile course. By this method a stronger and more useful breed was soon raised; and if the horse did not win the guineas, he was yet strong enough to make a good hunter."

I incline to believe, with Berenger, that the Royal Plates owe more to the generosity of the Queen than to the legacies of any individual sportsman; but, whatever their origin, their good effect was undoubted, for an animal able to carry twelve stone over three four-mile heats could hardly be described as a mere "racing machine." That Her Majesty was as much interested in the breed of horses as a whole as in any special development of the thoroughbred, is clear from other incidents in her reign. In those days the horse was practically the only means of locomotion, and such an interest is easily intelligible. To-day things have very much changed. Railways had not so very long established themselves before it was publicly acknowledged by a Royal Commission that if it were not for the Turf horse-breeding would fall into decay. In times when people go to Ascot and Goodwood in a motor-car it may be thought that a still greater opportunity lies before the conscientious breeder of bloodstock; for in spite of every effort to drive the horse off the high roads he is still useful across country, on the race track, and in the field of battle. It was at Blenheim, at Ramillies, and Malplaquet, that Marlborough used his cavalry as it had never been used before. The lesson was never forgotten until for many weary months De Wet taught the British army the value of superior mobility in the South African campaigns.

The Duke of Marlborough, who owned several good racers and had been on the

London. H. Vertue & Co. del.



From the original painting at the Durdans. Artist unknown

*Francis Lionel 2nd Earl of Godolphin.
By permission of the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery*



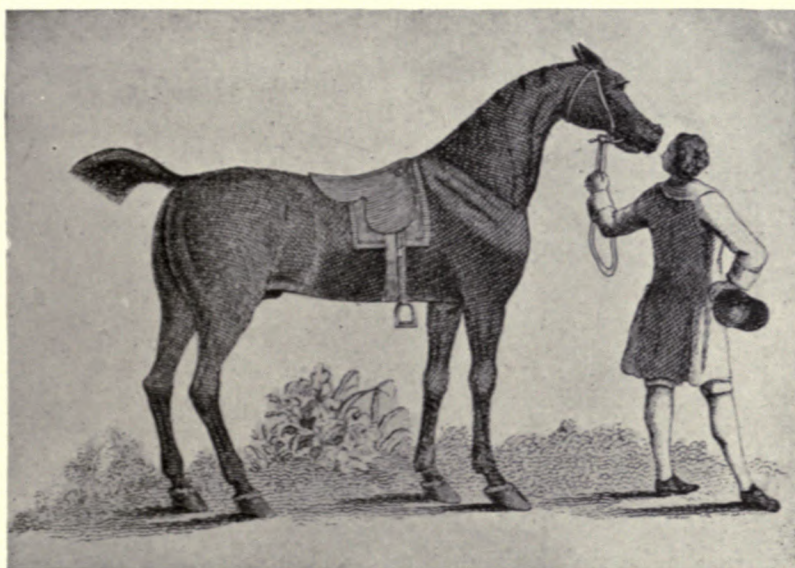
Turf long before Queen Anne's accession made his fortune, was one of the most prominent public men of the time, and he shared that high and somewhat dangerous position with his friend Lord Godolphin, raised at the same date to the post of Lord Treasurer, and with the champions of the Tory camp, Henry St. John and his rival Robert Harley. Those names will be sufficient to recall the fact that the resources and the strength of England were being drained by war through all these years, and that the chief supporters of the Turf were busily engaged elsewhere in fighting either their political opponents or their national foes. Yet there was an extraordinary amount of amusement going on all the time, among all classes, and the different manifestations of it may well give us pause for a short time in contrasting the sportsman of Queen Anne with his descendant of to-day. The total population of England and Wales was scarcely more than that which is now watched over by the London County Council alone, and of these five and a-half millions a far smaller proportion than is now the case lived in London or the towns. Luckily for Horseracing the Country was a much greater factor than unfortunately it is to-day. The only house between the Duke of Marlborough's residence and Hyde Park Corner was that in which the owner of the *Godolphin Arabian* lived when he was not at Gog Magog. Bolingbroke resided in Golden Square, where the rental of a great house with stables in 1705 was but £60. Beneath a new steeple that had just been affixed to Wren's church of St. James's, Piccadilly, Dick Steele was going home, a trifle unsteady, to Prue in Bury Street, where Swift paid eight shillings a week for a dining-room and bedroom on the first floor.

"Seven thousand a year, girls, and all for us!" cried the beauties of Charing Cross, when Bolingbroke began to draw his salary as Minister of the Crown. At thirty-six Henry St. John had touched the zenith of his fortunes. Before the century's close a Minister of twenty-five was master of England. In 1700, Robert Walpole had married, succeeded to his great inheritance, and entered Parliament as the member for Castle Rising, in Norfolk. Men did not wait too long in those days either in public life or in their private affairs; and though they did not do so many things as the more cautious youths of this young twentieth century, they did what lay to their hand much harder, and when we meet Charles James Fox—at a period of Turf History to which I must confess to looking forward with an impatience which I fear my readers may share for other reasons, we shall find that they could be fairly versatile as well. The supple, strong, and brilliant style of Bolingbroke's English prose is hardly, for example, the kind of acquisition you might expect from

a man whose rise to power was greeted with the exclamation that begins this paragraph.

Of the many clubs which Steele and Addison so charmingly satirise, the Kitcat Club is perhaps the one that is associated to-day with the most amusing memories, for the house of its founder, Tonson the bookseller, is now the centre of a sporting confraternity where the gaiety of Queen Anne's best society is mingled with the best of modern progress. Lord Halifax, Lord Wharton, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Maynwaring were among its members, and one of the many famous "toasts" to whom they drank was "the little Whig," that Lady Sunderland, who was a true daughter of Sarah Jennings and the conqueror of Blenheim, and who was often to be seen at Newmarket. Another was that lovely Prussian, Mademoiselle de Spanheim, who was a reigning beauty before her marriage in 1710. There was once a visitor to Newmarket whose description of Frampton I have already quoted; he concludes it with the strange mistake: "Pray take it with you as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket except a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race and then go home again." Seldom has the truth been better exemplified of the old saying that a man only sees what he deserves to see. This chronicler, whose inaccuracy I had occasion to point out when I first quoted him, may not have been dazzled with the Castlemaines and Stuarts of the Restoration; but he is not going to make us believe that the old road through the King's Gate towards Theobalds was utterly disused by ladies at a date when the Queen herself was giving Gold Cups and racing her own horses, while Lady Savile, Lady Gainsborough, Mrs. Layton, and Mrs. Betty Savile—to name no more—were eagerly following the Royal example. I can imagine that Beatrix must have sometimes watched a good finish on the Rowley Mile, while Esmond stood behind her and glowered at the dandies who crowded round the Grand Stand. The ladies wore that bewitching headdress of high plaited lace above their hair which took the place of the Stuart ringlets, and when they rode a-horseback in the country they wore the masks that were the early substitutes for modern veils; and the wonderful names of some of the Indian stuffs that were just coming into fashion have been preserved in ancient bills of haberdashers long since deceased:—Pallampores, Byrampants, Callowaypoose, Sovaguzzees, tissues which looked—we may be sure—far less barbarous than their outlandish names, and were no doubt much set off by the Apes from East India, the Pages from Genoa, and the Lapdogs from Vigo which were all the fashion then among smart English ladies. Nor were the gentle-

men left so far behind as in these dull days are our too-decorous swains. The scents of ambergris, of bergamot, of marjoram, of lavender-flower, were far from being monopolised by "the Sex." There was even a certain set of painted and ridiculous fops who brought back from Paris a redundant effeminacy which fortunately did not trust its red-heeled shoes and bright silk stockings too far from the sanctuaries of St. James's Street. The big dress wig of the period was a thing to be treated with respect, for it was made of woman's hair that cost £3 an ounce, and was replaced on Newmarket Heath by the "black riding wig" which the "Spectator" saw. But the men who went Racing were a brilliant crowd, even if they disdained the fopperies of the acknowledged beau. Their low cocked-hats were usually black, but they

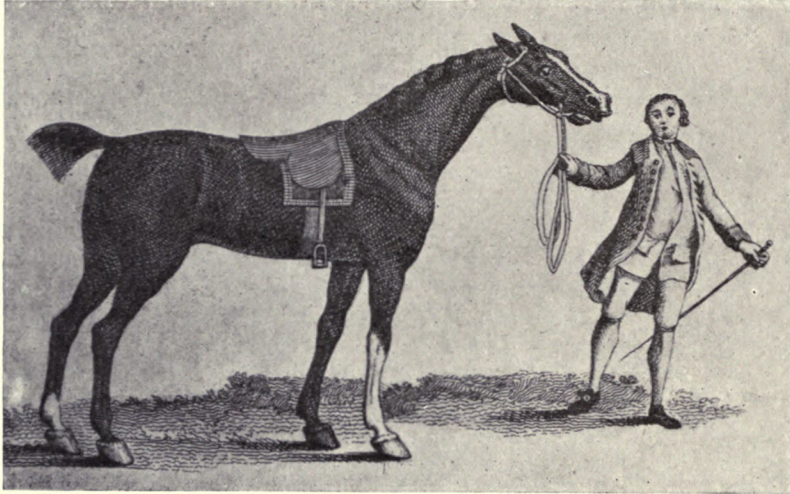


Lord Strange's "Sportsman."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

wore brilliant scarlet cloaks in rainy weather, for the days of umbrellas were not yet. The exquisites among them even carried little muffs, and nearly all had perspective glasses and clouded canes with amber tops to them; and they lost their silver-hilted swords (and advertised for them) so

often that we should know almost exactly how they were made, even if a good many of the best examples had not waited—in the most obliging manner—for the modern man of taste to rescue them from long oblivion and concealment. Your nobleman, in those times when rank meant something more than title, was not afraid to wear his ribbon and his star at any public gathering; and the young men all left their waistcoats open to display the folds of their fine Holland shirts, and the graceful lines of the "steinkirk" at their throats. Smoking had not yet been countenanced in the open air, though the snuff-box was already indispensable; nor had cigars encroached upon the sacred hours men gave to port, which soon drove out French claret as being the more patriotic

tipple. But pipes made their appearance as soon as the Monteith Punchbowl was steaming on the table, and the habits of the Coffee House were not entirely laid aside when men met after a good day's sport at Newmarket to talk over the rac-



*Mr. Nathaniel Curzon's "Silverleg."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.*

ing in the evening. Bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, offered unfailing changes in the conversation, if by any chance the favourite thoroughbred should have been run to death; and the latest comer from Fleet Street—the centre then not merely of newspaper

offices, but of many even more fearful wildfowl—would describe the prodigies on exhibition when he was last in Town. There was a "True Lincolnshire Ox," for example, of a prodigious height, and four yards long; a "Large Buckinghamshire Hog," thirteen hands high, and seven and a-half feet round the belly; and a "Wonderful Worcestershire Mare" (for each county seems to have had its own attraction) no less than "nineteen hands high and curiously shaped"; and the "Spectator" (who, like the "Tatler," is curiously reticent concerning Racing) permits himself to refer to the spectacle of a "little Turkey Horse" some two or three feet high, with a man of thirty-two years old (and three feet in stature) on his back.

When Queen Anne came to the throne the newspapers to be had were the "London Post," "English Post," "Postman," "Postboy," "Flying Post," "London Gazette," "Post Angel," "New State of Europe," and a "News Letter" by various hands, each issued three times a week. The first "Daily" was the "Daily Courant," born March 11th, 1702, measuring 14 inches by 8 inches, and printed on one side only. It was sold by E. Mallet, next door to the King's Arms Tavern at Fleet Bridge. By May the blank side had been filled with advertisements which are even more interesting to-day than its "news." Before the reign was over nearly fifty others

had been added to this list. They printed hardly any domestic news except the sailing of ships or bringing in of prizes, and their exiguous notices of sporting matters have been freely used in these pages. Their chief business was to provide the Coffee Houses with matter for discussion concerning Foreign Politics. The "Essay Papers" of which the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian" were Steele's creation, were of course of a different quality. The newspaper stamp of August 1, 1712, dealt death and destruction to Grub Street; but the best survived, and the "Spectator" (even after raising its price to twopence) appeared regularly upon the Royal breakfast table. In spite of all their deficiencies the newspapers of the time have supplied many interesting details of matches on the Turf in these early days, though none of their readers could have suspected the enormous revolutions in the whole system of Racing which has been caused by the developments of the modern Sporting Press. In the days of Queen Anne we may be fairly sure that no owner cared what the papers said, and that no betting anywhere was affected by their meagre articles. We are indeed probably far more interested than was its first purchaser to read the list of matches in "News from Newmarket, or an Account of the Horses Matched to Run there in March, April

and May 1704, the Weights, Miles, Wages and Forfeits. Printed for John Nutt near Stationer's Hall Price Twopence." From such sources as this we find, in 1702, that Lord Godolphin's horse beat Mr. Harvey's for £3,000; or that the Duke of Devonshire beat the Earl of Argyle at the same game, "by

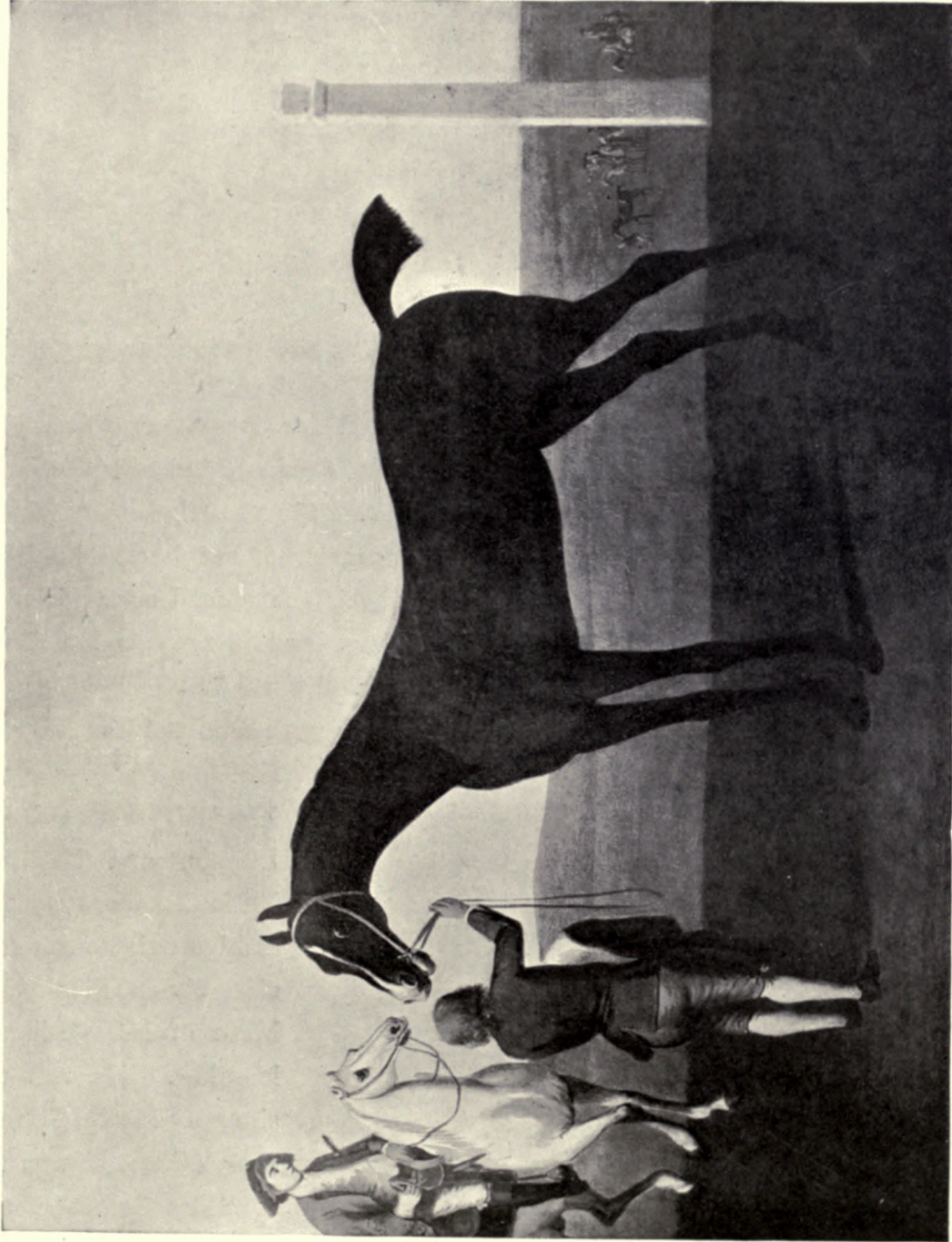
which Mr. Pheasant got a considerable sum." In 1703 the Duke of Argyle was more fortunate in winning "the great horse race at Newmarket" against the Lord Treasurer for a thousand guineas. The "London Gazette" of the same year for May,



The Duke of Devonshire's "Basto."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

announces Plates of £30, £10, and £5 to be run for at Epsom ; where it was apparently fashionable to have very early meetings, for the "Daily Courant" of February, 1709, announces that "On Epsom Downes in Surrey, on the first Monday after the Frost a Plate of £20 will be run for." In 1707—to return to Newmarket and "big money"—Mr. Young won £3,000 by the victory of his *Blundel* over Lord Granby's *Grantham*, and at the Spring Meeting of the next year a thousand guineas depended on the match between the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Minchall.

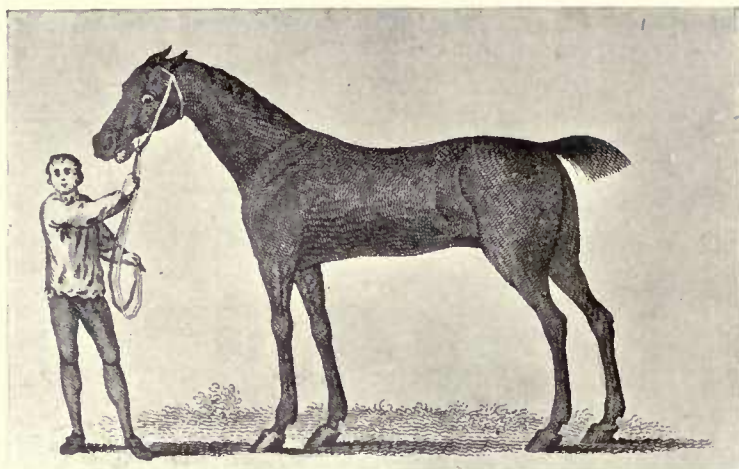
I have already had occasion to mention another famous horse who was running at this time, the Duke of Devonshire's *Basto*, foaled in 1702. I have reproduced a picture of him by J. and H. Roberts, which shows the Judge's box, and the Scales for weighing in the background. Bred by Sir W. Ramsden of Byram near Ferry Bridge in Yorkshire, by the *Byerly Turk* out of *Bay Peg* (whose colour he favoured rather than his sire's) he inherited through her two strains of the *Leedes Arabian* as well, and his courage and beauty were all that could be expected from such noble ancestry. Nothing is recorded of him till he was six, and he very likely did not run until that age, for all his best matches were made at Newmarket in 1708, and the two following years. He beat the Lord Treasurer Godolphin's *Squirrel* and *Billy*, Lord Raylton's *Chance*, Mr. Pulleyne's *Tantivy*, and the Marquis of Dorchester's *Brisk*, all good horses, and he carried from 8 st. 3 lb. to 8 st. 7 lbs. every time, at distances varying from 4 to 5 miles each. At the stud he chiefly served the mares of the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Rutland until his death at Chatsworth at the age of 21. *Spanker*, sire of his maternal grandam, was bred by Mr. Charles Pelham of Brocklesby in Lincolnshire, and was by the *D'Arcy Yellow Turk* out of the *Old Morocco Mare* by Lord Fairfax's *Morocco* barb. Mr. Pelham was also the breeder of *Brocklesby Betty*, a dark chestnut mare foaled in 1711, who was got by the *Curwen Bay Barb* out of Mr. Leedes' *Hobby* by *Lister's Turk*. She was a brood mare even before she was trained and appears in many famous pedigrees, but she was also so good a racer that few of her time could approach her in speed or staying powers, and her record is a fine one. She first appeared at Newmarket at the Spring Meeting of 1716, when rising five years old, and beat a mare of the Duke of Devonshire's for 100 guineas. In the following August she beat eleven other mares for the Royal Cup, 10 st., four miles. None of the others are named, but their owners were Lords Chesterfield and Lonsdale, Sir James Pennyman, and Messrs. Bethel, Stapleton, Shuttleworth, Smale, Carr, Pockley, Thornton and Bathurst. At the next Spring Meeting she beat eight mares again for the Gold Cup at Newmarket. That August she won "a Silver Tea



By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

*"Blacklegs,"
From an original painting.*

Board" at Lincoln and the Gold Cup at York for six-year-olds, 10 st., four mile heats; she was ridden by John South, and beat Mr. Leedes' roan mare *Sophonisba* by *Spanker* (ridden by Stephen Jefferson) and Colonel Frankland's *Squirrel*, who was steered by Thomas Errett.



Mr. Pelham's "*Brocklesby Betty*."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Among numerous other victories may be mentioned her success at Newmarket in May 1718 over the Duke of Wharton's *Snail* for 200 guineas and over the Duke of Bridgewater's *Ashridge Ball*, a capital son of *Leedes*, in a match for 900 guineas a side. The *Squirrel* mentioned above was of course not the famous horse by *Lister's Snake* out of that *Ancaster Turk* mare who is the second mare given in the "General Stud Book." This later *Squirrel* was bred in 1719 by Mr. Smith near Middleham in Yorkshire, and was sold to Mr. Richard Williams, a Cheshire man. He was own brother to the sire of *Eclipse's* grandam, and to *Molly in*



Mr. Williams' "*Squirrel*."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

the Moss, and he won the King's Plates at York, Lincoln, and Newmarket in October, 1725, and at high weights was considerably superior to any horse of his age in the kingdom. He was the sire of Lord Gower's *Fair Helen* who won the Wallasey Stakes of 600 guineas for five year-olds, 9 st., at Newmarket in April 1734, beating the Duke of Devonshire's

Blacklegs, the Duke of Somerset's *Quibble*, and Lord Lonsdale's *Ugly*. Returning to the animals that may more strictly be referred to the reign of Queen Anne, we may conclude our typical list with the Duke of Devonshire's *Old Scar*, who was bred by Mr. Crofts, and got by *Makeless*, son of the *Oglethorpe Arabian*. *Scar's* grandam was by *Brimmer*, and his pedigree goes back to *Place's White Turk*. In 1710 at Newmarket he beat Lord Porchester's *Bay Wanton*, 9 st., four miles; and two years afterwards he beat Lord Harvey's *Ladythighs* over the same distance at 8 st., and repeated this victory twice in 1713.

It will be appropriate for us to take leave of Queen Anne in that good company of northern sportsmen who were racing over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings on the 2nd of August, 1714. Mr.

Stapleton's chestnut gelding *Chance* (late Hazard) had just won the Gold Cup for six-year-olds, 11 stone, four mile heats, when an express arrived from Town with news of the death of Her Majesty. Mr. Childers, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Elstob, were all on the field, and owned horses in this race.



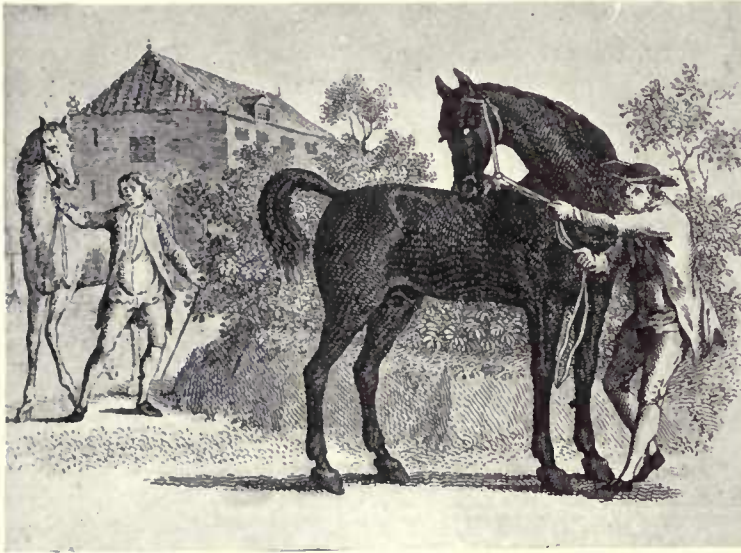
By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery.

"*Wanton*" (1719.)

From the Original Picture by Woolton.

Looking on, we may imagine, were Sir William Strickland, Sir Ralph Milbank, Sir John Bland, Lord Molineux, Mr. Childers, Mr. Place, Mr. Hutton of Marske, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. William St. Quintin, Mr. Darley of Aldby, Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, and many others famous on the northern Turf. Not all of these were present perhaps; but all, we may be sure, were there in spirit; and every gentleman in York or near it who heard of the bad tidings made haste to attend upon my Lord Mayor, Mr. William Redman, and my Lord Archbishop Dawes, who lost no time in proclaiming His Majesty King George I. as the rightful successor to the throne. Most conversations naturally turned upon the fact that Her late Majesty's bay horse *Star* had won the £14 Plate on the Friday, and, as those who hastened up to London soon

discovered, at just about the same time as the fatal stroke of apoplexy had fallen on the Queen. It may be noted, in passing, that the sad event did not have the effect of wrecking all sport during this August meeting on the Yorkshire moors, which



Sir Ralph Gore's "Othello."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

had been attended by so great a concourse of nobility and gentry that no less than 156 carriages were counted in one day upon the field; for on the Tuesday, August 3rd, Sir William Blackett's ch. h. *Bagpiper*, by the *Toulouse Barb*, won a £40 Plate, four mile heats, against Lord Lonsdale's *Algier* (stakes 8gs.), Lord Derwentwater's *Creeping Kate*, Sir R. Milbank's

Charlotte, Lady Savile's *Fearnought*, Mr. Hutton's *Surley*, Mr. Thompson's *Old Tuner*, and Mr. Graeme's *Champion*; and this list is a good example of the sport that went on so gaily, well outside the charmed circle of Newmarket.

It will be as well to add here, from the records preserved by Mr. Orton, the names of a few more of these northern horses and owners before Queen Anne's death. In 1709 Lord Molineux ran *Captain*, *Darcey*, *Harmless*, *Mixbury* and *Recluse*. Other horses were *Wart*, *Stout*, *Whitenose*, *Merryman*, Mr. Place's *Pendragon*, Mr. Graham's *Brisk*, *Button*, and *Milkmaid*. In 1710 the prominent owners were Mr. Stapleton, Sir H. Bellassis, Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Sunderland, Lord Irwin, and Mr. Scroope; and Mr. Hutton's *Miss* and *Spark*, and Mr. Curwen's *Dancing-Master* and *Blackfoot* were running. In this year died "Old True Blue," as his friends called Mr. William Lambton, of Lambton, who sat in the House of Commons for Durham County at frequent intervals during the long period between 1685 and 1710. He dressed in the plain grey homespun made from the wool of his own sheep, and was one of the most independent members in the Lower House. He was one of the Justices who subscribed their wages for the purchase of a Plate to be run for on Durham Moor, and the name of his descendants in those parts is even more

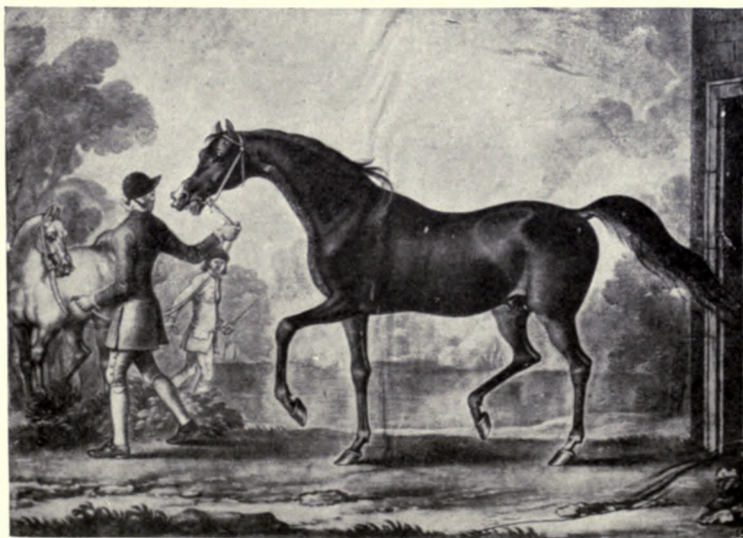
famous in the history of the modern Turf than was his own nearly two hundred years ago.

In 1711 Mr. D'Arcy ran *Nutmeg*, Sir William Ramsden had *Count Benim*, and Lord Carlisle's *Mustapha* made his appearance. In 1712 Sir William St. Quintin's *Monkey*, Mr. Darley's *Whistle Jacket*, Lord Lonsdale's *Algier*, and Queen Anne's *Pepper* were all running. Her Majesty's *Mustard* (by the *Taffolet Barb*) was entered in 1713 with the Hon. William Cecil's *Creeper*, Mr. Metcalfe's *Bullybrook* by the *Darley Arabian*, and other horses owned by Lord Falconberg and the Duke of Rutland.

A famous racing family in the North was that of St. John Paulet, Marquis of Winchester and Duke of Bolton. He was descended from that gallant Cavalier who held Basing for King Charles I., and whose second son Charles, sixth Marquis and first Duke, won so heavily at Newmarket in 1670 with *Tancred*. This first Duke of Bolton married Mary, daughter of Lord Scrope, from whose inheritance he took the title, which lasted until 1794. Burton calls him "the riddle of the age," for he was at once extravagant and avaricious, and affected to prefer hunting by torchlight. His dinners usually lasted from six or seven in the evening of one day until six on the morning of the next. His "madness" had more of method in it than was apparent to those of his contemporaries, for he handed on the splendid income of £20,000 (of that money) to his son, whom he firmly established in the favour of King William and thus enabled to keep up the famous stud of thoroughbreds connected with his name.

Against such owners as the Duke of Bolton and others I have men-

tioned in the North the owners and breeders of the South were always perfectly ready to make a match; and from Mr. Pelham's stables at Brocklesby Park in Lincolnshire to Sir William Morgan's stud in South Wales, racing stock all over England



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Lord Middleton's "Whitenose."
By Spencer.

was gradually being improved. At such towns as York, Chester, Leicester, Exeter, Winchester, or Salisbury, there were invariably the three great meeting places, the Assembly Rooms, the Cockpit, and the Racecourse. Stakes of small value were to be had in all parts of the country, and the London papers of the time contain advertisements of racing at Nottingham, Kerfall, Boston, Croydon, Coventry, Quanton, Horsham, Mansfield, and Woodstock. There was even a "Jockey Field betwixt Bedford's Row and Gray's Inn, having a full prospect of Hampstead and Highgate." With the idea of improving the breed of horses in all directions—for hunters, roadsters, and carriage-horses were all in great demand—the system of racing with half-breds or "cocktails" was introduced, in which the "half-bred" meant a racer by accident, whereas the racing "cocktail" was a half-bred by design, with a recognised stain in his pedigree. But this was eventually given up for fear of fraud; for sport gradually became so universal that when Yorkshire was not racing Lincolnshire, both were combined against Lancashire; and if no better matches were to be had the gentlemen of one Riding in Yorkshire raced their animals with unabated zeal against those of another. Or sometimes the North united all its forces in a raid upon such Southern owners as the Dukes of Argyll, Bedford, Devonshire, Grafton, Richmond, and Somerset, or Lords Godolphin, Harvey, Byron, Dorchester, Rialton, or Crawford, with many more.

These men were prominent in other spheres as well as on the Turf; and those days in early August which interrupted the racing upon Yorkshire moors brought far more anxious things to those who happened to be nearer London. For Her Majesty had died suddenly without direct heirs of her body. As you remember, it was for a Latin ode upon the death of her son, the Duke of Gloucester, that young Harry Esmond had been noticed by his tutors; and you will not have forgotten, either, how nearly that Jacobite plot succeeded which was to have put a certain luckless Royal Highness of the House of Stuart on the throne of England. The thing might have come off, in spite of the unexpectedly sudden illness of the Queen, if the Privy Council, which was hastily summoned, had not been dominated by the presence of three Whig noblemen, whose names were all well known on the Turf. The first was Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, called the "King of Hearts," the son of that unlucky Earl who fell in the notorious duel with Buckingham. The second was the Duke of Argyll. And the would-be Jacobites looked glum, indeed, when these were joined by the Duke of Somerset. His Grace was pompously ostentatious to a fault,

but he meant to keep his word, and everybody knew it. He it was who had married that virgin widow of Ogle, and of Thynne, Elizabeth Percy, Dean Swift's "Carrots"; and the name of poor Tom Thynne of Longleat is curiously connected with that of the new King. Konigsmarck, the murderer of Dryden's "wealthy western friend," was let off the punishment of his crime, and died fighting for the Venetians at the siege of Argos, which seems far enough away from that bloodstained bit of pavement in Pall Mall. But his name, or rather the name of his extraordinary family, was not to be forgotten in the precincts of St. James's for a long while; for his sister Aurora, as the mistress of Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, became the mother of Maurice de Saxe, who was to spread dismay over many an English race-course by the victory of Fontenoy, some time after he had caused considerable amusement at Newmarket by flinging an insolent scavenger into the middle of his own



Lord Onslow's "Whynot."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

mudcart. Konigsmarck's younger brother Philip was stabbed for having dared to love Sophia Dorothea of Zell, the neglected wife of George I. This unhappy woman, protesting her innocence to the last, was forthwith imprisoned in the castle of Ahlden, while her husband sought consolation in the charms of Schulenberg and Kilmansegge; and after thirty-two years of captivity she wrote a last letter to the King, which killed him as he crossed the German frontier.

But I am moving too fast, and it is with no reluctance that I leave these somewhat lurid side-lights on the social manners of the time, and return to the main thread of our history. George I. was fonder, far, of Hanover than of England; and his court must have been a dull one. Bolingbroke was wise enough to leave it. He had played and lost. Oxford and Matthew Prior were lodged in the Tower, and eventually got out again alive. Jonathan Swift, then three years off fifty, had written

the "Tale of a Tub," but "Gulliver" was yet unborn, and its author's fiery pen, that had served the Tories so well, was rusting in a dull Berkshire vicarage at Upper Letcombe, near Wantage, whence Vanessa received most melancholy letters in 1714. Far more amusing must have been that bright and brilliant correspondence which Lady Rich and Mr. Pope were getting two years later from Lady Mary Wortley Montague, then very much enjoying herself abroad. The Countess of Bristol, too, was reading strange ideas about inoculation for the smallpox, in this same lively lady's letters, to her son Lord Hervey, who owned several fine racehorses, and who



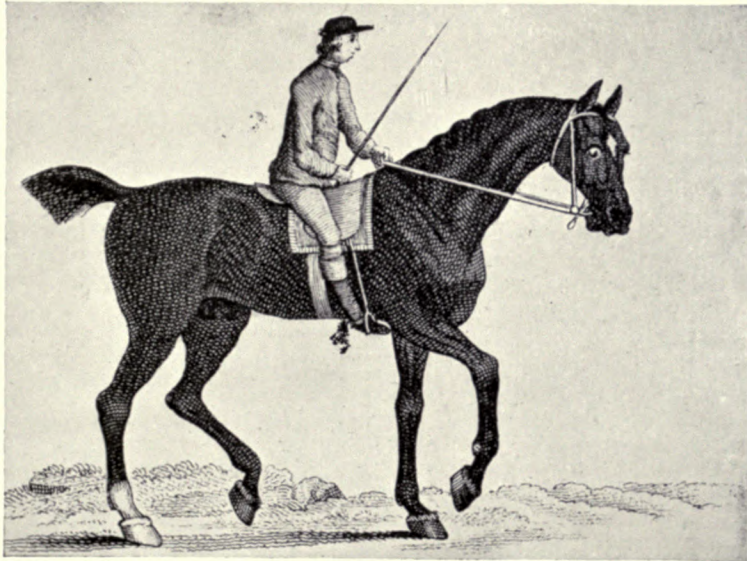
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The Duke of Bridgewater's "Star."

By Seymour.

was to marry lovely Mary Lepell, and support Walpole heartily, much against the wishes of his pretty wife. By 1719 Addison was dead, and, as if bursting from the restraint of his kindly irony and polished criticism, men on both sides of the Channel began plunging into speculation of the utmost recklessness. While the Mississippi schemes of John Law were wrecking fortunes in Paris, the great South Sea Bubble was being blown to its fullest dimensions throughout England, with a riot of gambling in stocks and shares that even outdid the insane railway mania started by George Hudson in 1846. Universal ruin followed the inevitable crash, and many a racing stable was dispersed for good, when Aislalie, Chancellor of the Exchequer,

was sent to the Tower; when Mr. Craggs, father and son alike, died of sheer terror, one within a few days of the other; when Stanhope burst a blood vessel with indignation while he answered the furious accusations of the young Duke of Wharton; and when Sunderland only just escaped sentence, and died of heart disease soon afterwards. Walpole, almost alone, had kept his head throughout. He made a little profit, and sold out at the right time; and he left his hunting and bull-baiting at Houghton to go up to London and restore public credit. Does it not seem even more wonderful, after considering these strange events, that any energy was left at all for Racing in the country? Yet there was evidently a special providence watching over the fortunes of the English thoroughbred, for Queen Anne had not been dead a



Mr. Robinson's "Sampson."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

year before *Flying Childers* was foaled. His pedigree, which will be found in the Appendix, shows a descent almost entirely Eastern, and there are many good authorities who ascribe to this an excellence which was undoubted in his generation, even if it cannot be admitted that it has remained unsurpassed to-day. He was by the *Darley Arabian*,

out of *Betty Leedes*, who was by that famous horse Lord Wharton's *Careless*. Bred in 1715 by Mr. Leonard Childers, of Carr House, near Doncaster, he was a chestnut with white upon his nose and four white feet, standing 15 hands and upwards, of short and compact form, with an immense stride. A fine painting of him being exercised (by Sartorius) is in the Durdans Collection. He was bought when a yearling by the Duke of Devonshire, and does not seem to have been raced before he was six. Many tales are told of him, for which tradition must, I fear, be more responsible than accurate record; but they are worth repeating in any sketch of his career. In 1721, for instance, in beating the Duke of Rutland's *Brown Betty* (9 st. 2 lbs.) over the Round Course, he is said to have done the 3 miles 4 furlongs



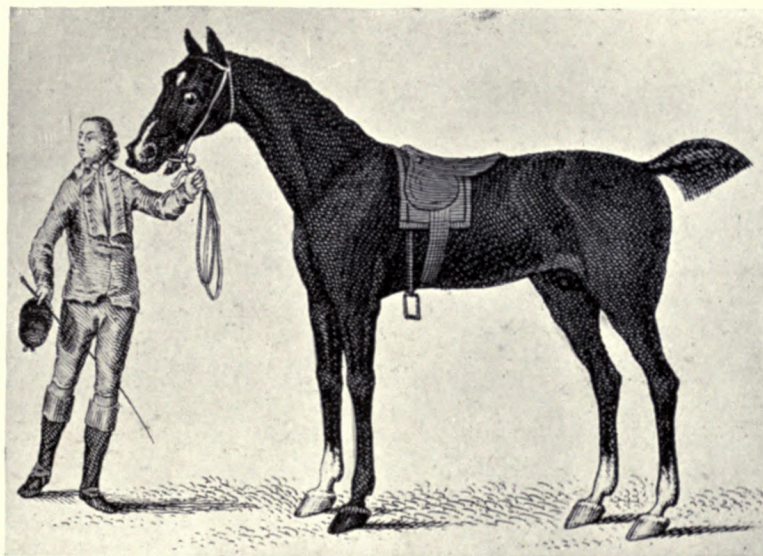


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*"Flying Childers."
By J. Seymour.*

and 93 yards in 6 minutes and 40 seconds ; and it is also asserted that he finished the Beacon Course (then 4 miles 1 furlong and 138 yards) in 7 minutes and 30 seconds, and that he leaped 30 feet on level ground with his rider. His matches were generally at four or six miles, and among the horses he either beat or compelled to pay forfeit were the Duke of Bolton's *Speedwell*, Lord Drogheda's *Chanter*, the Duke of Bridgewater's *Lonsdale Mare*, Lord Milsington's *Stripling*, and Lord Godolphin's *Bobsey*. His own brother, *Bartlett's Childers*, who was never raced at all, was the sire of *Squirt*, *Coughing Polly*, *Mr. Hartley's Little Mare*, *Blank*, *Trimmer*, *Shakespeare*, and many other good horses. *Flying Childers* himself, who is also sometimes called after his owner, only covered a few of the Duke of Devonshire's mares, and was sire of the

Hampton Court Childers, *Mouse*, *Blacklegs*, *Odsey*, *Plaistow*, *Fleecem*, *Second*, and *Blaze*. He died in His Grace's stud, in his twenty-sixth year, in 1741. He stood at 50 guineas, then at 100 guineas, and in one season at 200 guineas, which shows how quickly a good sire was appreciated ; for in 1752, of the sixty thorough-



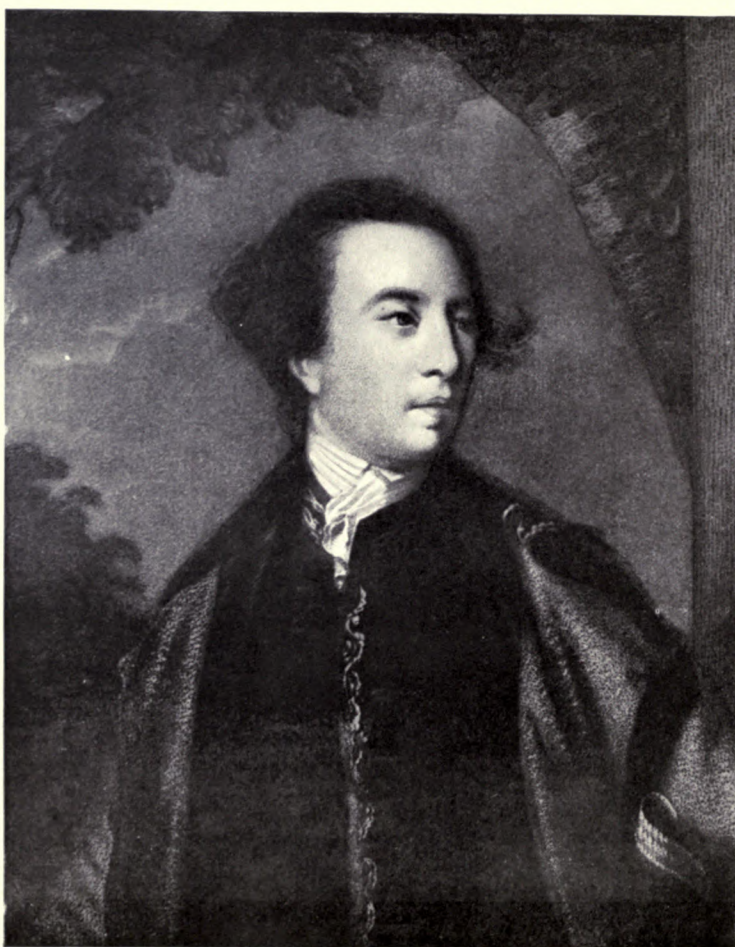
Lord Onslow's "Victorious."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

breeds advertised (eight being reputed imported Arabs), the head of the list was *Oroonoko*, whose fee was 20 guineas, and *Bolton Starling* asked only 8½ guineas. It is worth while comparing the figures for 1838 given in the Preface, and then remembering what is charged for a fashionable sire to-day.

Another famous horse, foaled in the year of Queen Anne's death, was *Fox*, who was bred by Sir Ralph Ashton by Sir George Warburton's *Clumsy* (*Old Hautboy*, *Darcy White Turk*), out of *Bay Peg*, by the *Leedes Arabian*. He was first sold to Mr. Lister, of Yorkshire, and was owned successively by the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Cotton, of Sussex, and the Earl of Portmore, in whose stud he died at the age of twenty-three, after begetting *Conqueror*, *Goliah*, *Victorious*, *Meliora* (dam of *Tartar*,

the sire of *Herod*), the dam of the Duke of Cumberland's *Crab*, Mr. Shafto's *Snap*, *Swiss*, and others. He beat the Duke of Wharton's horses *Stripling* and *Swallow*, Lord Lonsdale's *Bay Jack* (in 1719), the Duke of Ancaster's *Blacklegs*, Lord Hillsborough's *Witty*, and Lord Drogheda's *Snip* (in three matches), besides winning the King's Plate at Lewes, and two King's Plates at Newmarket.

The two-year-old scurries, and the short races so familiar to the modern



Peregrine Bertie, third Duke of Ancaster

Racing man, are due to conditions at which I have no space to hint as yet. They were known and thought of long ago; for the old Duke of Queensberry, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was especially fond of snapping up short, quick races with the help of his jockey Richard Goodison of Newmarket, familiarly known as Hell Fire Dick from his skill in winning such matches for his crafty employer; and Mr. John Hutchinson of Shipton, who was *Miss Western's* boy in 1751, when he was only fifteen, and afterwards became

trainer to Mr. Peregrine Wentworth and Lord Grosvenor, and bred such fine animals as *Overton* and *Hambletonian*, is said to have been responsible for the first suggestion of two-year-old racing, which he instituted at York after a match under those conditions with a sporting parson named Goodricke.

But neither the Duke nor the famous trainer were able to bring into fashion the innovations connected with their names. Though the Royal Plates were not yet

as numerous as was to be the case later on, the list in 1727, a date at which John Cheney reports that 112 cities and towns in England held race-meetings, is quite large enough to show the kind of animal, and the sort of racing, preferred in most parts of the country. They are as follows :—

NEWMARKET.	April.	Six yrs.	12 st.	heats.	The Round Course (first called the King's Plate Course).
"		Five yrs.	Mares.	10 st.	1 heat. Round Course.
"	Oct.	Six yrs.	12 st.	Heats.	The Round Course.



By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery. The Duke of Ancaster's "Blank."
From an Original Painting.

YORK.	Six yrs.	12 st.	Four mile heats.
BLACK HAMBLETON.	Five yrs.	Mares.	10 st. Four miles (on the Saturday before the York August Meeting).
NOTTINGHAM	} Two mile heats. After 1744 two miles and a-quarter heats. After 1750 for four-year-olds at 9 st.		
LINCOLN			
GUILDFORD			
WINCHESTER			
LEWES			
SALISBURY.	Six yrs.	12 st.	Four mile heats.
In 1748. LICHFIELD.	Five yrs.	10 st.	Two mile heats.
In 1753. NEWCASTLE.	Five yrs.	10 st.	Three mile heats.
In 1755. BURFORD.	Five yrs.	9 st.	Three mile heats. After 1767 altered to 10 st.
In 1763. CARLISLE.	Five yrs.	8 st. 7 lbs.	Three mile heats.

One of the best mares ever bred for this long-distance racing under heavy weights was the Duke of Rutland's *Bonny Black*, who was only a year younger than *Fox*, and was by His Grace's *Black Hearty*, a son of the *Byerly Turk*. She was the only mare who in August 1720 had won the King's Plate at Hambleton twice. In her first victory, in 1719, she beat thirty mares a year older than herself, the largest field then seen, including Mr. Adam's ch. *Smiling Molly*, and Mr. Hutton's bl. *Gipsy* by *Bay Bolton*. This was for five-year-old mares, four miles, at 10 stone, and sixteen of them were placed. In the next year, under the same conditions, though now of course she was not giving away a year to the rest, *Bonny Black* beat a field of seventeen including Mr. Chapman's bay mare by Lord Wharton's full bred son of *Careless*, Mr. Markworth's *Bonny Bay*, and entries by Sir William Strickland, Mr. Hutton, Lord Kinnoull and others. So great was her endurance, as well as her speed, that after she had beaten (when six years old) Lord Hervey's *Merryman* (who received three stone) she challenged



The Duke of Rutland's "Bonny Black."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

any horse or mare in the kingdom to a race four times round the King's Plate Course at Newmarket (or sixteen miles in all) without rubbing, and no one was found to meet her. It would be difficult to quote a better example of the sterling stamp of animals produced about this time. She bore a filly to the *Cyprus Arabian*, who became the dam of Mr. Bright's *Chicken* (by *Bartlett's Childers*) and of the same owner's *Tawney* (1743) by *Crab*, and this *Tawney* was one of the leaders in the famous Queensberry carriage match. *Chicken* was the dam of Sir Charles Sedley's *Charmer* by *Badger* (1746) and his *Royal* by *Regulus* (1749).

The year of *Bonny Black's* birth saw also the first appearance of another famous horse—*Lamprie*.



Mr. William Croft's "Brilliant."
By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Of him I had occasion to speak in a previous chapter, where a painting of him now in the Old Palace House, at Newmarket, has been reproduced. He was the property of Mr. Panton, the owner of the famous *Molly*, and was own brother to *Bay Bolton* by *Grey Hautboy*. In the picture by Seymour at the Durdans a good deal more white is shown near the saddle than in that belonging to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and Mr. E. Weatherby has kindly shown me yet a third representation of him which must have been done when he was older, for it shows a still whiter horse all over. His son *Young Lamprie*, bred by Sir W. Morgan out of his favourite *Snake* mare, was sent to Ireland. His dam was also dam of his breeder's, Sir Mathew Peirson's, *Lugg's Mare*, a daughter of the *Darley Arabian*. He won the King's Plate twice at Newmarket and once at Lewes, and beat Lord Milsington's *Rake* in a match for 200 guineas, receiving forfeit from Mr. Grisewood's *Puzzle*, Lord Tankerville's famous *Sophonisba* and other good horses. He was unfortunately killed just after he had been sent to the stud. *Sophonisba* was also beaten by that high formed mare Mr. Panton's *Molly*, who lowered the colours of Lord Milsington's *Stripling* as well, and in the course of an extraordinarily successful career beat Lord Drogheda's *Ticklepitcher*, *Pickleherring*, *Snip*, and *Witty Gelding*, and Mr. Proby's *Chimney Sweeper*. She was by the *Toulouse Barb* out of Mr. Croft's *Leedes* mare (sister to *Quiet*), and was therefore a half-sister to *Creeping Molly*, who was by *Grey Crofts*. She won a very large sum in wages and forfeits, and was never beaten until she fell down dead in the match against the Duke of Bolton's *Terror*. Her loss to the stud was irreparable, and in this alone is her memory surpassed by another famous mare of this period, *Miss Neasham*, later *Mother Neasham*, who was first called *Cripple* when Mr. Thompson bred her out of a *Commoner* mare (great grand-daughter of *Place's White Turk*) by Hartley's Blind Horse, in 1720. Her record is an extraordinary one because she bred a chestnut filly, *Miss Patty* by Darley's *Skipjack*, in 1732, and was trained again for the next two years. This *Miss Patty* had a filly by *Regulus* who was the dam, by Mr. Warren's *Camillus*, of Captain Hebden's celebrated *Macheath*, whose record remains unparalleled; for in seven weeks in the summer of 1778 he travelled and raced 500 miles, and won six four-year-old plates of £50 each at Manchester, Preston, Lancaster, Nantwich, Liverpool, and Knutsford. *Miss Neasham* won the Kipling Coates guineas (an annual Plate for horses of all ages, 10 st. each) no less than five times between 1728 and 1734. John Cheney says that this prize "was founded by a body of fox-hunters, appointing it to be annually run for on the third Thursday in March, who,

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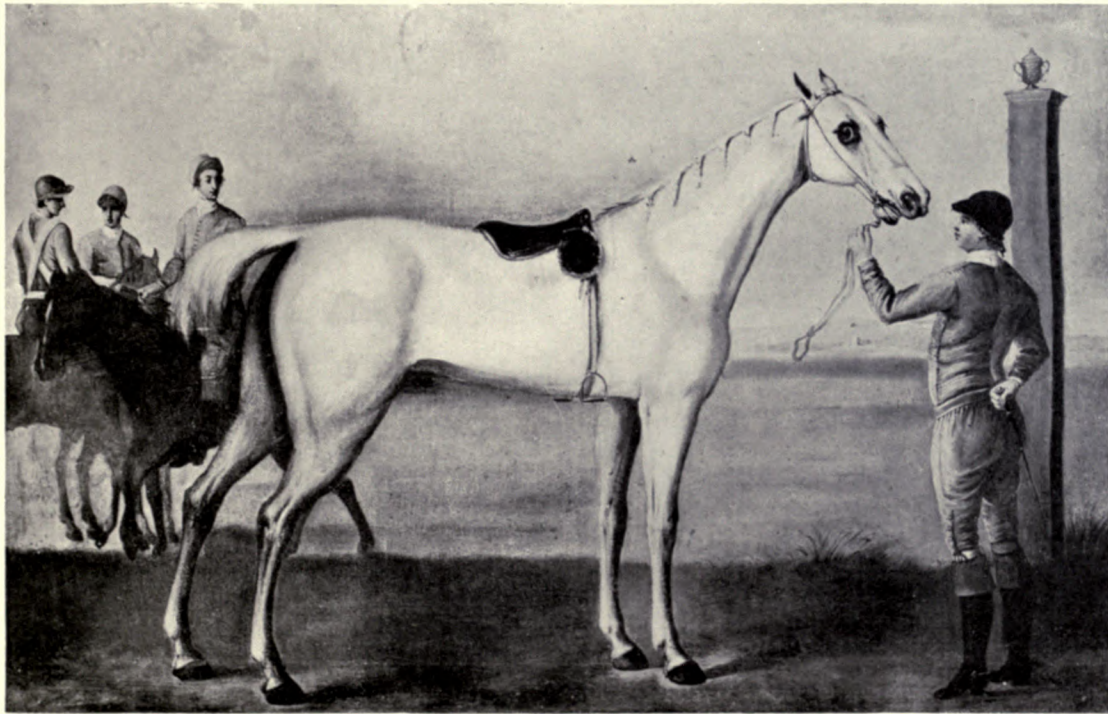


From a painting by George Stubbs

An Arabian belonging to Lord Grosvenor.
By permission of Messrs. Tattersall



taking an affection to the wolds of Yorkshire, in some respects resembling the Downs of the southern counties, were pleased to deposit the sums whence the prize annually rises ; and although but sixteen guineas, yet, as the time of running for it is in the infancy of the season, it is looked upon as a proper taste-trial or proof how horses have come through the winter." Owing to the advice of Stephen Jefferson, who rode her into second place in the King's Plate at York, in 1726, Mr. John Brewster Darley, of Aldby Park, Yorkshire, brought her from Mr. Thompson, and changed her name. Jefferson was a good judge, and *Miss Neasham* soon supplanted even his



By permission of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery.

"*Brisk*" (1730).
From the original painting by J. Wootton.

favourite *Aleppo* in his affections. He rode her in 1731, on the second day of the first meeting ever held on the Knavesmire course, when she beat Mr. Bathurst's *Merry Quaker*, and Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's *Scarbro' Colt* by *Tifter*, for the £30 Plate for aged horses, 11 stone, four mile heats. On the day before (Monday, August 16th), the meeting had opened with a race for His Majesty's Hundred Guineas (six-year-olds, 12 stone, four mile heats), which is worth noticing, for it was won by Lord Lonsdale's b. h. *Monkey* by his Lordship's *Bay Arabian*, dam by *Curwen's Bay Barb*, who beat Sir Nat. Curzon's gr. h. *Brisk*, by the *Bloody Shouldered Arabian*,

Mr. Vavasour's ch. h. *Mercury* by *Almanzar*, and Mr. Benson's b. h. *Johnson* by *Johnson's Turk*, the whole being as well-bred a quartette as ever went to the post in Yorkshire at that time. The continued rains of 1730 had caused such floods along the banks of the Ouse that racing over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings had had to be postponed in the previous year; and it was to avoid a similar disappointment in the future that Mr. Alderman Telford laid out the new course upon Knavesmire, which proved an immediate and lasting success. In 1733, in compliment, no doubt, to the birth of *Miss Patty*, *Miss Neasham* became *Mother Neasham*, and proceeded to beat Mr. Denton's *Modest Molly* with great ease for the £30 Plate (11 st.), at York, and in 1734 after taking her usual toll of the Kipling Coates Guineas, she again won the £30 Plate at York, beating, at three heats, Lord Weymouth's *Whittington*, and distancing two others.

It would be difficult to find a better animal with which to close this list of typical thoroughbreds prominent during the reign of the first George.



CHAPTER IX.

RACING LADIES, AND A FOUNDER OF THE JOCKEY CLUB

"Each arching neck's impatient of the rein,
Fire in each eye, and swelling every vein . . .
. . . And memory now in praise is fond to trace
Friends of the Turf and patrons of the race."

It was on the 14th June, 1727, that Sir Robert Walpole, who had been rewarded for his hard work with the Garter in the year before, galloped to Richmond Lodge and woke up George II. to tell him he was King of England. I suppose that few monarchs ever cared less for the country they ruled, except perhaps this same monarch's German father. And it may very well have been a blessing in disguise that this was so, for England was allowed to go on in her own way. At any rate George II.'s first effort to legislate for the English Turf cannot be called a very brilliant success. He made a much more serious mistake before that, however, in trying to do without Sir Robert Walpole. But Queen Caroline of Anspach knew the real value of that red-faced, top-booted, fox-hunting old sportsman, and she had him back again by the time that Sir Paul Methuen was moving the formal Address of Condolence in the House of Commons.

Beyond the precincts of Westminster I fancy the English country must have been a merrier land to live in at the accession of George II. than modern civilisation has made of it. The villages, the country towns, the cities of the provinces, all had a far more individual existence than is the case when a few enormous aggregations of workers have absorbed the life and happiness which used to be spread over a far larger area. This is not merely a matter of increased population; it involves the distribution of population too, and, even more closely, the life and habits of the populace. A village wake or a country fair is considered in these enlightened days of School Boards to be a fossilised survival. Cudgel-playing is as out of date as



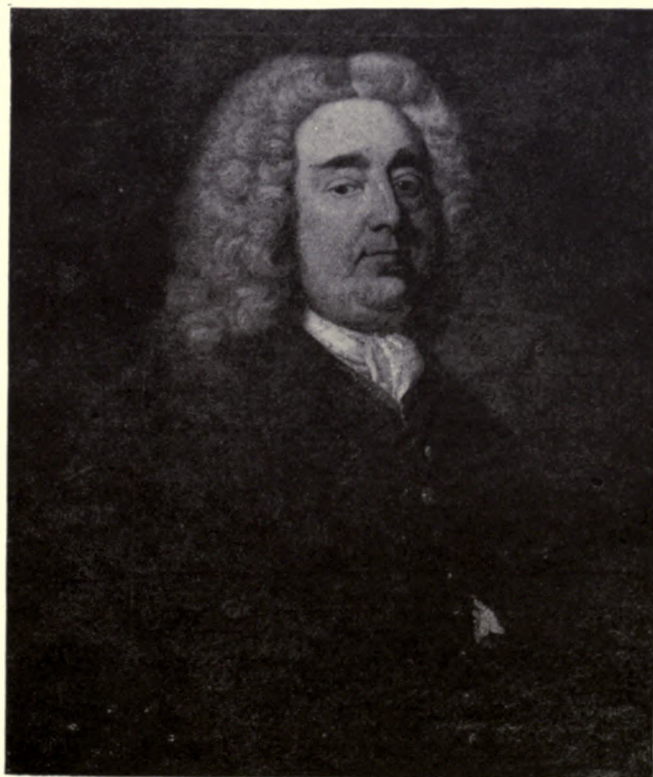
By permission of Walker & Boutall. *George II.*
By Michael Dahl.

morris - dances, and maypole - meetings more extinct than either. It is true that country lasses in the old days did not confine themselves, I fear, to decorous gambols. They ran races in their smocks, which Rowlandson delighted to portray, and the squire and the parson and their wives looked on. The ladies went racing, too, with just as great glee as their husbands. I have mentioned some of them in Queen Anne's reign already. The first I can find since then in the Yorkshire records is Mrs. Carr, whose *Dancer* ran for the King's Plate at Hambleton in 1717. She was the forerunner of a number of fair owners, who exhibited none of the timidity to which the *noms de guerre* of modern racing ladies seem to bear witness. Mrs. Layton's bay horse was in for the Royal Plate at Hambleton in 1719.

Mrs. Betty Savile's *Foxhunter* ran at York in 1724. Lady Lowther's b. m. *Cuzzoni* was in for the Galloways Plate there in 1730, and Mrs. Meeke's b. g. *Merry Andrew* won the same race in 1733. The Routh family, of Snape Hall, Bedale, were all especially ardent sportswomen. Miss Judith had a gr. h. *Nutmeg* at Doncaster in 1736; Miss Betty was particularly lucky; at York she won the £50 Plate in 1742 with her gr. h. *Rib* (by *Crab* out of *Doll*), ridden by C. Jackson, and the King's Plate in 1744 with her bl. h. *Othello*, by *Oroonoko* out of the *Warlock Galloway* by *Snake*, and the £50 Plate again in 1747 with her ch. h. *Stadtholder* by *Roundhead* (dam by *Bartlett's Childers*), ridden by Thomas Jackson; the third sister, Miss Dolly, also won the Ladies' Plate, at the 1744 Meeting, with her b. h. *Crazy*, by the *Devonshire Childers*, out of *Top's* Dam, a horse which she had previously tried without success in the £50 Plate the year before. To these lively ladies we may add Lady Coningsby, whose roan h. *Ruby* by *Newton's Arabian* saved his stakes, ridden by Jackson, in the Ladies' Plate at York in 1739; the Duchess of Gordon, whose grey filly, *Highland Lassie*, was ridden by Thomas Tidingman at York in 1750; and Miss Hales, whose

b. f. *Miss Doe*, by *Sedbury* out of *Miss Mayes*, ran at York in 1749, and was steered by T. Jackson. Besides these there were almost as many in other parts of England. The great Duke of Marlborough had died, in an honourable and dignified retirement, at Blenheim, with which it is more pleasant to connect his memory than with many of the events in that dazzling, complicated, ambitious existence. But his Duchess continued the prize he gave at Woodstock, and no doubt looked on herself at the horses he had loved to watch at Newmarket. There was Lady Chaplin, too, and Lady Astley, Mrs. Puleston, Miss Martindale, Miss Nancy Spearman, Mrs. Rawson, and Miss Kitty Ferger; and though the maids of honour did not have quite so gay a time as in the Restoration racing, Miss Lepell certainly betted on Lord Hervey's horses as soon as she had married him, even if she had not paid Newmarket a visit with Mary Bellenden before that lovely lady retired to housekeeping in Kent.

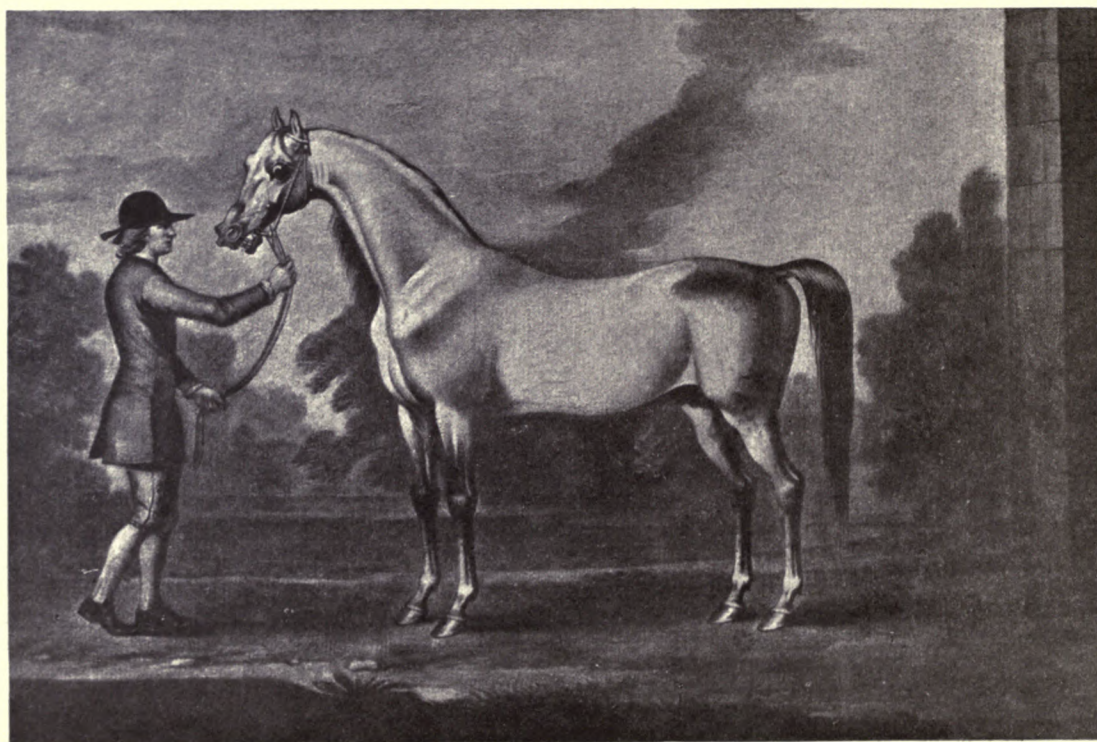
The scholarly reader will no doubt have observed already a few names of horses which may startle his ideas of precise, or even seemly, nomenclature. I must gather a few more at random from the old chronicles, if only as warnings to his weaker brethren. Mr. Read's *Jack-come-tickle-me* (York, 1742) was so named, as is carefully explained by the historian, because John Singleton told his owner that the horse "ran the better for being tickled." But I fear the same excuse will not do for Mr. Routh's *Tickle-me-quickly* (1723, also Mr. Wastell's in 1728), and still less for the same owner's *Jenny-come-tie-me* (Hambleton, 1734). Mr. Hildyard's b. h. *Kiss-in-a-corner* was very properly beaten by *Sober-sides* for the Ladies' Plate at York in 1734; while the collection of mares on the same course six years before may well



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Francis, Second Earl Godolphin
By Jonathan Richardson.

have puzzled the starter ; they were Mr. Bathurst's *Mrs. Coaxer*, Captain Thompson's *Have at all*, and Mr. Osbaldeston's *Look about you*. Sir George Cook's *Run now or Hunt for ever* (Doncaster, 1735) is at least capable of rational explanation ; but there is no doubt more than meets the eye of the historian in Mr. Stovin's *Why do you slight me* (Doncaster, 1737), and Mr. Hudson's *Peggy grieves me* (Hambleton, 1737). Mr. White's *Sweetlips* (York, 1731), Mr. Hodgson's *At Him Jenny* (Malton, 1747), or Mr. Rickaby's *Patch Buttocks* (Doncaster, 1731) may have



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Lord Portmore's "Crab" (1728).
By Spencer

raised a smile ; but it gives one a very convincing suggestion of the robust humour of the Georgian racing lady to find such names upon the cards she read as Mr. Shield's *Sweetest when naked* (York, 1735), *Hell Fire*, *Kill'em and Eat'em*, *Louse*, *Lady Thighs*, and others of a similarly picturesque imagination. In some matches it may well have occurred that a good deal of the fun lay in the name alone ; for our ancestors were more simple souls than we. In 1722, for instance, was it mere chance that Mr. Panton's *Twig* selected Captain Collyer's *Pig* as his opponent in a four-mile race for two hundred guineas ? And just eleven years afterwards

did Lord Lonsdale's *Ugly* give three pounds to the Duke of Bridgewater's *Beauty* simply from a desire to win His Grace's money?

But I must not be led by these pleasant considerations to omit mentioning a few more of the most famous of the horses of this period, whose splendid records would have preserved them from oblivion, whatever they had been called. Among the first and the best bred was Lord Portmore's *Crab*, whose fine performances began almost at the same time as the new reign of George II. His sire was the *Alcock Arabian*, who was first the property of the Yorkshireman whose name he bears, and is also known as Mr. Pelham's Grey Arab. He belonged subsequently to the Duke of Ancaster, and his name is worth remembering for he is almost the only Eastern stallion before 1750, apart from the three famous sires, to whom a classic winner can be traced back in direct male descent. *Aimwell* (Derby, 1785) was by *Marc Antony*, by *Spectator*, by *Crab*, by the *Alcock Arabian*. *Crab* took after his sire in colour, for he was grey, as was the Arab stallion kept



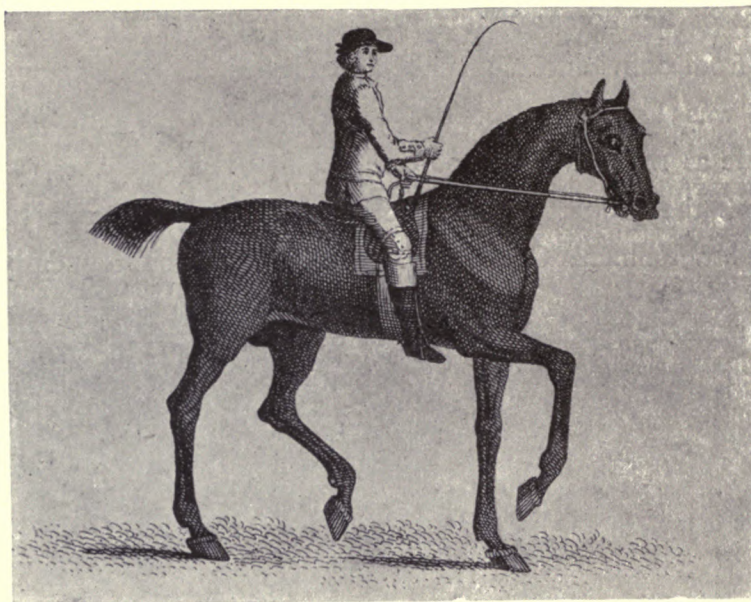
By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

"Tartar."

From the original painting by T. Buller.

by George II. at Hampton Court, whose services were available for mares at a stated fee; and it may be noticed that until after the St. Leger had been founded we can find grey, white, dun, sorrel, mouse-coloured, skewbald, and piebald, among the colours of thoroughbred stock, besides the more ordinary bay, black, chestnut, and brown. The *Godolphin Arabian* "got 'em of all colours"; but by the time that *Matchem*, *Herod* and *Eclipse* began to influence blood, the colours of the best horses began also to run in less numerous and more accustomed shades. The great preponderance of bays and chestnuts in the twentieth century is no doubt one result of constant, careful, and prolonged in-breeding to a few favourite families. *Crab* was bred by Mr. Pelham, of Lincolnshire, and his dam was got by *Basto*. She

afterwards produced a splendid lot of foals for the Duke of Devonshire by *Flying Childers*. *Crab* was the property of Mr. Cotton and Mr. Panton during part of his

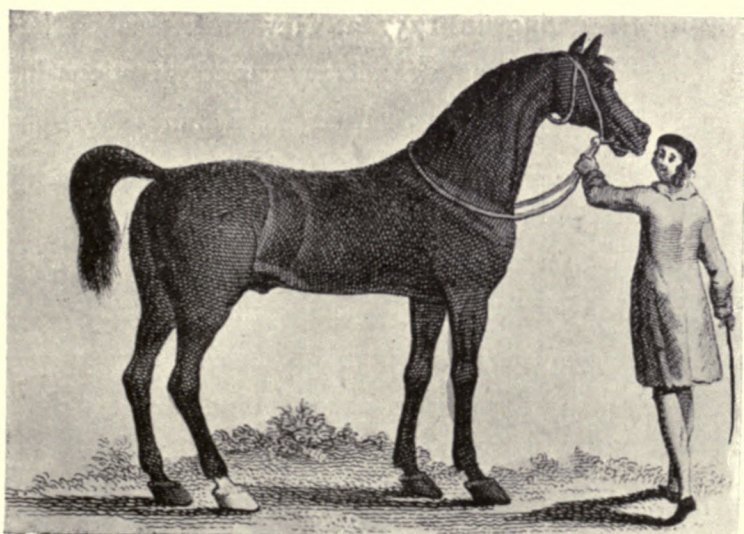


The Duke of Devonshire's "Lath."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

career, and among the many horses he beat in 1728 were Lord Milsington's *Weaver*, the Duke of Bolton's *Cleopatra*, the Duke of Hambleton's *Victorious*, Mr. Williams' *Spot*, and Lord Halifax's *Favourite*, nearly all in four-mile races at 8 stone to 8 stone 7. He went lame, but was highly esteemed as a stallion, and died on Christmas Day, 1750.

I have spoken already of the eccentric Duke of Bolton. His son made capital use of the great wealth bequeathed to him. One of his many excellent racers was *Fearnought* by *Bay Bolton*, bred by Sir William Ramsden in 1725, his dam by the *Lexington Arabian*, and his pedigree goes back to the *Byerly Turk* and *Place's White Turk*. He raced with great success when he was seven years old, beating Mr. Coke's *Hobgoblin*, Mr. Panton's *Mouse* (three times), and the same owner's *Smart*. Another fine son of *Bay Bolton*, also His Grace's property, was *Starling*, a grey horse whose dam was by the *Brownlow Turk*, going back to the *Lonsdale Tregonwell* mare and the *Helmsley Turk*. In 1731 he won the Four-year-old Purse at Black Hambleton, beating fourteen others, and in the next year he won the Great Stakes at Newmarket, where he won the King's Plate in 1733, repeating the performance at Lewes and Lincoln. After a brilliant racing career he was sold into the stud of Mr. Edward Leedes at North Milford in Yorkshire, in whose possession he died suddenly in March, 1756, after becoming the sire of the *Ancaster Starling* (who was only 14'2 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", and was never beat at 11 or 12 st.), of *Skim*, *Torrismond*, *Grisewood's Teaser*, *Jason*, and many more. Among the best of the northern cracks about this time was *Sedbury*, who was bred by Mr. Andrew Wilkinson of Boroughbridge, and took his name from

the fact that his dam was the *Old Montague Mare*, who, when she received the visit of his sire *Partner* (by *Jigg*, by the *Byerly Turk*), was the property of Lord D'Arcy at Sedbury. She was by the *D'Arcy Woodcock*, and was bred by Lord Montague of Cowdray, whose famous stud I mentioned in the reign of Charles II. Among other well-known horses who can be traced to her are *Eclipse*, *Voltaire*, *Weatherbit*, *Prince Charlie*, and *Sterling*. Mr. Wilkinson used to say that he had sold the best horse in England for five guineas and never rued it. The lucky purchaser was his friend Mr. Mann, for whom *Sedbury* won the Ladies' Plate for five-year-olds at York in 1739, T. Jackson up, during a Meeting which was distinguished by the presence of thirty carriages and six, in which were looking on such exalted personages as the Dukes of Norfolk and Leeds, the Earl of Holderness, Lords Langdale, Southwell, and Wentworth, Sir Miles Stapleton, Sir William Milner, Sir John Kaye, Sir Edmund Gascoigne, Sir Henry Slingsley, Mr. Vane, Mr. Shirley, and others. At Black Hambleton, at Bishop Burton, at Durham, Winchester, Stockbridge, Oxford, Gloucester, Epsom, and Newmarket, *Sedbury* was equally successful, besides winning the King's Plates at Guildford, Salisbury, and Canterbury, a record which is as interesting evidence with regard to the way a good horse could travel about the country as it is to *Sedbury's* stamina and speed. He died at Leeming Lane in 1759 at the age of twenty-five. Another fine northern horse was Mr. Aislalie's ch. g.

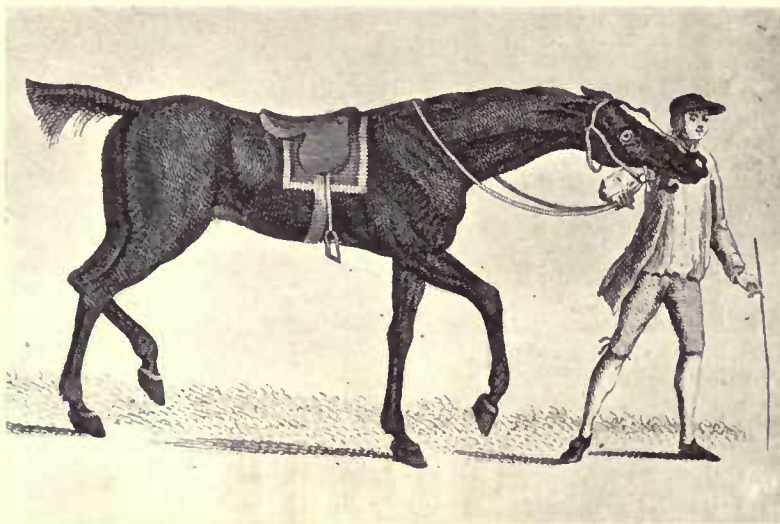


The Earl of March's "Bajazet."
By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Bucephalus, who won the £50 Plate at York in 1743, and at Guildford, Chesterfield, Leicester, and Burford in 1745. In that year he beat *Starling* and *Cade* at Newmarket in two heats, and was also victorious over the Duke of Ancaster's *Brisk*, a very noted horse, and Mr. Johnson's *Rib*. In 1748 the £50 Plate for five-year-olds at York was

won by a chestnut belonging to Mr. Coatesworth, who was afterwards known as the Duke of Ancaster's *Tartar*. He was a splendid racer and was equally esteemed as

a stallion, for he was the sire of *King Herod*, of *Fanny*, dam of *King Fergus*, and of Mr. O'Kelly's famous mare the dam of *Volunteer*. He died at Oulston near Easing-



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

"Sedbury."

By Roberts.

wold in his sixteenth year. At the same York Meeting, and running in the race after that won by *Tartar*, was Lord March's ch. g. *Whipper-in*, who beat Mr. Duncombe's bl. h. *Oroonoko*, owners up. This is one of the earliest appearance of the famous Earl of March and Ruglen,

who became the Duke of Queensberry. I shall have more to say of him in later pages, when "Old Q." is an inseparable figure in the sport of the end of the eighteenth century; but it should be remembered that he could ride with the best of them in those days, and this victory over the York course was repeated at the Second Spring Meeting in 1757 at Newmarket, when he rode his own horse against the Duke of Hamilton. The very varied directions in which his energies found satisfaction have somewhat obscured his genuine devotion to the Turf in the first half of a long and extraordinary life, which lasted till he was eighty-six in 1810. His celebrated carriage-match, to run 19 miles in 60 minutes; or his conveyance of a letter 50 miles within an hour, enclosed in a cricket-ball and thrown from one to the other of four-and-twenty players—these freaks combined with a love of gambling, of what are tolerantly called "the Fine Arts," and of rare wines, have rather blurred the estimate which many chroniclers have given of a career that would be impossible under modern conditions. He owned some good horses too at the period we have reached, for his *Bajazet* in 1746 beat Mr. Cornwallis's gelding *Russett*, carrying 9 st. 7 lbs., 4 miles; in 1748 he beat Mr. Rogers' *Babraham*, 6 miles, 12 st., at Newmarket, and in 1750 won £50 at Winchester, weight for age, beating Sir Edward Hale's *Drudge* and Sir Charles Goring's *Tom Thumb*. *Bajazet* was one of the sons of the *Godolphin Arabian*, who from now onwards begin to show their excellence

upon the Turf. *Lath* was the first of them, as has been recorded already. He was the Duke of Devonshire's, and was reputed to be the finest horse ever seen since *Childers* at Newmarket, where he won the Great Stakes of a thousand guineas for four-year-olds in April, 1737. That October he beat Mr. Vane's *Little Partner*, and the next year beat the Earl of Portmore's *Squirt*. At His Grace's stud he was the sire of *Hector*, *Miss Redcap*, *Duchess* and others. To these great names I ought also to add those of Lord Weymouth's *Conqueror*, who beat the Duke of Bolton's *Looby* in 1735; Mr. Neale's *Second*, who beat Lord Lonsdale's *Sultan*, and Mr. Grisewood's *Partner* in 1737; Lord Massareene's mare *Sportley*, who beat Lord Portmore's *Moorcock* in 1745; Mr. Curzon's *Silverleg* (by *Young Cartouch*, his dam by *Old Cartouch*, his grandam by the *Darley Arabian*) who beat Lord March's *Chance* in 1749; Sir Ralph Gore's *Othello* (by *Crab* out of *Miss Slamerkin*, got by *True Blue*) who beat Lord March's *Bajazet* in 1751; and Mr. Robinson's *Sampson* (by *Blaze*, his dam by *Hip*) winner of the King's Plates at Winchester, Salisbury, Canterbury, Lewes, and Newmarket.

And so we come, in 1748, to the birth of *Matchem*, whose pedigree is given elsewhere, a name that brings us, with those of *King Herod* (1758) and of *Eclipse* (1764), to the series of the first classic winners, and to records that leave far less uncertainty than those with which the greater part of this First Volume has necessarily been concerned. By the last part of this reign, not only in the genealogy of the thoroughbred, but in the history of men and manners, we seem to have reached a point where it is convenient for more reasons than one to make an arbitrary division in our chronicles that may correspond with the natural cleavage in



William, Fourth Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q."
From a drawing by Jane E. Cook.

affairs. We need delay but little on the contemporary progress of the realm, for neither politics nor the Wesleyan movement had much practical effect on Racing in the years



By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster.

*Lord Grosvenor's "Sweet William."
From the original painting by G. Stubbs.*

between 1720 and 1750. In 1733, Lord Chesterfield, not quite forty, a man of fashion and a thorough gambler, was butting his clumsy frame and Polyphemus head against the stronger policies of Walpole. He failed, and went on fighting. But a far more formidable opponent was returned as Member of Parliament for Old Sarum in 1736. William Pitt's maiden speech was another attack on Walpole. Elsewhere there had been premonitory symptoms of coming trouble. In 1733, the petition of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay was rejected. In 1737 Lord Godolphin was present at the birth of a girl in St. James's Palace. The Prince of Wales had hurried his wife to London from Hampton Court that same day; and the breach with his father became serious. Queen Caroline's deathbed, as Lord Hervey describes it, is a horror upon which we need not linger. The King's ejaculation at her suggestion of a second wife has often been quoted—"Non, j'aurai des maitresses"—but her reply is infinitely more terrible. "Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas!" The King wept bitterly, and went off to Madame de Walmoden to tell her that no woman he ever met was worthy to buckle the late Queen's shoes. Three years afterwards came the war with Spain, which



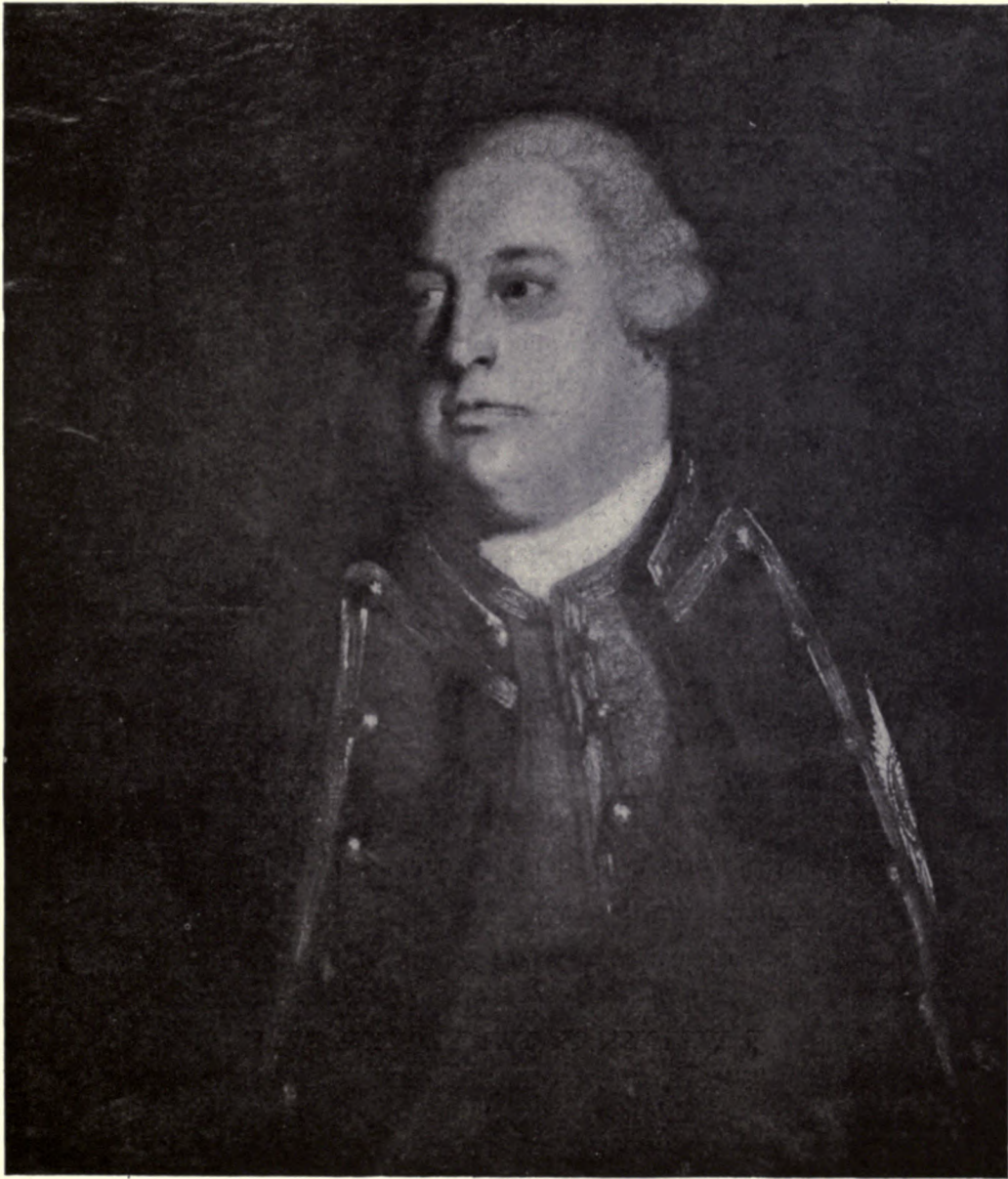
*Augustus Henry, Third Duke of Grafton.
By Battoni.*

Walpole had struggled so long to avert. It was not vitally important, perhaps; but bad enough; and when the clever old Norfolk squire died in Arlington Street, in 1745, his loss was felt all through the country. That was the year of Culloden, and of the brutal measures thought necessary by that Duke of Cumberland who was a constant supporter of the Turf in the second half of the eighteenth century. Death seemed particularly busy among the notabilities just then. Congreve and Steele of course had vanished long ago. In 1751 died "Fred," the Prince of Wales, who in his efforts after popularity some years previously had begged the services of Henry Fox, father of that C. J. Fox who

was so brilliant a figure in his youth in almost every form of sport in England. Pope, who had gone seven years before, was followed by Swift in 1745. Before that, *Basto*, *Bay Bolton*, *Fox*, the *Belgrade Turk*, and *Flying Childers*, had passed away as well.

Fortunately such losses had their compensation. In 1750 were born two horses whose performances and offspring are among the best things of the two next generations. They were *Snap* and *Marske*. *Snap* was bred by Mr. Cuthbert Ruth, by *Snip*, his dam by Lord Portmore's *Fox* out of the Duke of Bolton's *Gipsy*, and was sold to Mr. Jenison Shafto. His best performances were a double victory over *Marske* at Newmarket in 1756, and the beating of Lord Gower's *Sweepstakes* for 1,000 guineas, B.C., in 1757. He was the sire of 261 winners who cleared £92,537 in twenty-one years. *Marske* was another brown horse bred by Mr. John Hutton, the famous Yorkshireman, who sold him to the Duke of Cumberland. He was by Sir Harry Harpur's *Squirt* (a chestnut son of *Bartlett's Childers*), out of the *Ruby Mare*, who was from a daughter of *Bay Bolton* and Mr. Hutton's *Blacklegs*. Though he won the Jockey Club Plate at Newmarket in 1754, he was not so famous for his running as for his remarkable get as a stallion, of which more will be said later. For the present it is enough to state that he was the sire of *Eclipse*, and it would be difficult to choose a more appropriate epitaph for early breeding than the lines which were written on his death.

“ Ye sportsmen, for awhile refrain your mirth ;
 Old *Marsk* is dead ! consigned to peaceful earth.
 The King of horses now, alas ! is gone,
 Sire of *Eclipse* who ne'er was beat by one.
 Yet though your cheeks you may bedew, 'tis vain,
 Since *Marsk* must cease to trip it o'er the plain.
 His brilliant feats the noblemen record,
 For high in favour was he with each lord.
 His well-descended blood the sportsmen trace,
 And sound his fame in each contested race.
 The stock of *Marsk* we circumspectly view,
 Announce that they were runners swift and true.
 Say, shall I mention *Shark* and *Masquerade*
 Whose great preëminence was oft displayed ?
 Or shall *Hephestion* crown my humble lays ?
 Or shall I tell of *Sphynx* or *Pontac's* praise ?
Salopian and *Pretender* shall I name ?
 Or speak of *Honest Kitt* and *Transil's* fame ?
 Shall brave *Leviathan* adorn my theme
 For he was justly held in high esteem ?



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*H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Revenge and *Cæsar* both occur to mind
 And *Flying Jib* went briskly as the wind ;
 There's *Jack of Hilton*, too, and *John-a-Nokes*
 Have often pleased but seldom grieved the folks.
 Let me not pass *Young Marsk* in silence o'er,
 Though once he started only and no more ;
 Misfortune checked him in his swift career
 Or from competitors he'd nought to fear.
 Fain would I now attempt the whole detail,
 But well I know my numbers soon would fail ;
 With *Temperance* therefore I shall pass the rest
 And briefly say that *Stripling* stood the test.
 Here, should my muse presume to moralise,
 What scope for deep reflection would arise !
 Might she not say that life is but a race,
 And that 'tis finished in a little space ?
 Thousands, no doubt, will wish one day to lie
 As safe as *Marsk* beneath an angry sky.

The victory of *Marske* in 1754 is one that needs a greater emphasis than can be given to it even by the name of that great sire, for the plate he won at Newmarket had been presented by an organisation, then in its infancy, which was destined to become the most famous, if not the most exclusive club in the world, and to attain a position of authority which is unique in the annals of sport, and would no doubt have been utterly impossible in any other country but its own. Whatever decadence may be observed or predicted in our pastimes, we may at least congratulate ourselves that such bodies of men as, for example, the Committee of the M.C.C., the Henley Stewards, and the Jockey Club, have become the recognised repositories of the best traditions in cricket, in rowing, and in the world of racing respectively. What they have done for us in the important spheres in which they exercise their influence, only a foreigner perhaps can adequately appreciate ; for by their efforts the particular form of sport they love has been kept at their own high standard not in England only, but wherever men care for sport at all.

Sir Richard, first Earl Grosvenor, was perhaps the most interesting, both from his antecedents and his own personality of all those early magnates of the Turf who helped the Jockey Club so soon to attain its successful position in the world of sport.

It happens that his name and his estate have been of such importance in the racing world from that day to this, that I make no further excuse for closing this volume of early history by going back a little into those unexpected



By permission of Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

*Lord Grosvenor's "Sweetbriar."
By G. Stubbs.*

origins from which arose the Duke of Westminster and the Grosvenor property in London as we know them both to-day.

In 1652 there died, in prison for debt, a freeman of London named John Davies. His wife, Mary Peacock, was niece to Hugh Audley, a rich lawyer of the Inner Temple. His eldest son, Thomas, was at St. Paul's School with our friend Pepys, and eventually became Lord Mayor in 1676. The second son died early. The



By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster.

*The First Earl Grosvenor.
From the original drawing by Downman.*

third son, Alexander Davies, married, by his uncle's help and advice, Mary Dukeson, daughter of the Rector of St. Clement Danes, and, on this uncle's death, found himself possessed of certain lands close to the Tyburn in one direction and to the Thames in the other. But in three years he was himself dead of the plague, and his tombstone was preserved (when others were obliterated) close to the northern entrance of the churchyard of St. Margaret's, West-

London, H. Kraus & Co. Ltd.



From a painting by George Stubbs

Bandy.
By permission of Sir W. Bullock



minster. He left one child, a girl named Mary, who seems to have lived chiefly with Dr. Dukeson, her grandfather, for her mother very soon married John Tregonwell, of the West Country, and thus, by a very curious coincidence, became a member of that family from which the mother of the famous Tregonwell Frampton came at about this very time. Unhappy little Mary Davies, thus doubly orphaned, was soon destined to play the most pathetic part in the world in which she owned so much valuable property. By 1676 her estates had already become so valuable that they were vested in the hands of trustees by special Act of Parliament. Her southern holding is marked by the names of Grosvenor Place and Lupus Street. Her northern limits extended along Oxford Street from Davies Street to Park Lane. Berkeley Square and the streets about Mayfair formed its boundaries in the other direction. And it may be noted that this territory, comprising Grosvenor Square and its adjacent streets, has never varied in value; never waxed or waned, like Soho, or Marylebone, or Pimlico, or the Strand; but from the day it was covered with houses until now has remained a centre of intellectual and aristocratic London. So Mary Davies, at the age of eleven, was about to become one of the greatest heiresses in England, as Mr. W. J. Loftie points out in the fascinating supplement to his "History of London"; and her grandfather, Dr. Dukeson, having certain connections with Cheshire, was well aware of the existence and worth of one of its most ancient families, the Grosvenors, Gravenors, or Grosvenoars of Holme, a younger branch of which had married the heiress of the Eatons of Eaton. In 1621 Sir Richard Grosvenor, of Eaton, baronet, was Mayor of Chester; and it was the third baronet, Sir Thomas (whose mother was a Middleton, of Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire) who, at the age of nineteen, married Mary Davies at St. Clement's in 1676. The bride was only eleven, and her eldest surviving son, who was not born till 1688, had but reached the age of twelve when her husband died in 1700. The unfortunate widow went mad, and died in the custody of Robert Middleton, of Chirk, in 1730. This eldest son and heir, Sir Richard Grosvenor, obtained leave by a private Act to grant leases for sixty years, on the occasion of his marriage in 1711, and he at once began to lay out streets and houses round what is now Grosvenor Square. By 1726 these were approaching completion, but Sir Richard only lived for five years of the reign of George II., and his great estates passed eventually to the last surviving son of Mary Davies, Sir Robert, whose eldest son became Baron Grosvenor in 1761, Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor in 1784, father of the first Marquis of Westminster, and



*Lord Grosvenor's "Meteor."
From the original painting by Gilpin.*

By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster.

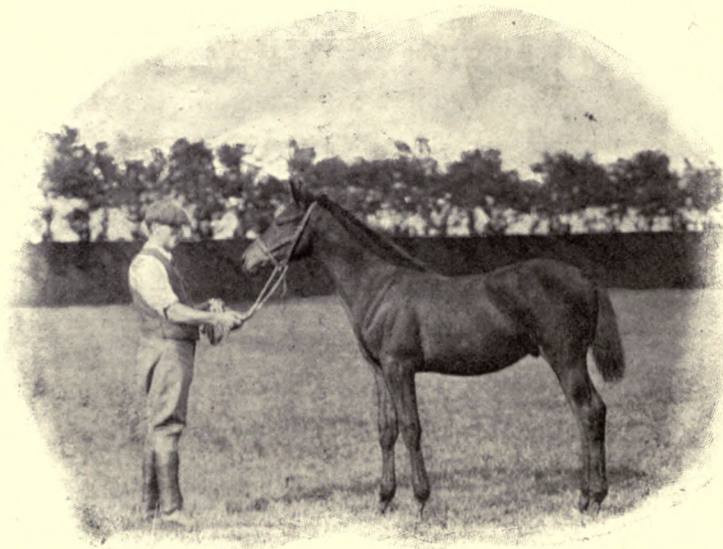
ancestor of that famous sportsman to whose memory the first volume of this work is dedicated.

Horace Walpole relates that when Sir Richard Grosvenor should have kissed hands on his elevation to a Barony in March, 1761, "he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a racehorse." Whether true or not, the remark is a very typical description of the man who owned *Meteor*, *Pot8os*, *Gimcrack*, *Sweet William*, *Sweet Briar*, and *Bandy*; who won the Derby with *John Bull*, with *Rhadamanthus* and with his own brother *Daedalus*, and the Oaks with *Faith*, *Ceres*, *Maid of the Oaks*, *Nike*, and *Bellina*. Nor does this extraordinary record exhaust the list of the first Earl Grosvenor's successes; and it is to the "yellow and black cap" of the first Duke of Westminster that we must look for anything approaching that splendid series of victories in modern times. One member of that family could, in fact, only be beaten by another. Lord Grosvenor bought the famous *Pot8os*, by *Eclipse*, in 1778, from his breeder the fourth Earl of Abingdon, who won the Jockey Club Plate of 1774 with *Transit* by *Marske*. The purchase was not only cheap, but profitable, for *Pot8os* was the sire of *Waxy*, by whom are *Whalebone* and *Whisker*. But if Lord Abingdon had repented of the deal he had his revenge in the year after the bargain, for his *Cardinal York* (4 years, 8st.) beat Lord Grosvenor's filly by *Dux* out of *Curiosity* (4 years, 7st. 11lbs.), in a match for a thousand guineas over the Beacon Course, with an additional bet of 6,000 guineas to 3,000 laid by Lord Grosvenor. It is said that Lord Abingdon was only enabled to post the stakes on this occasion by the aid of his neighbour, "Miser" Elwes, then Member of Parliament for Berkshire; and if this be so it suggests an excellent reason for the sale of *Pot8os* in the previous year. The beaten filly was named *Misfortune*, but she must have soon consoled Lord Grosvenor for her first defeat, for she became the dam of *Buzzard* who was sire of *Castrel*, *Selim*, *Bronze* and *Rubens*.

Many names have been already mentioned which belong more properly to my next volume; but I shall use the institution of the Jockey Club as the most convenient link by which to pass to that era of Turf history which may be symbolised by the first Racing Calendar issued by Mr. James Weatherby, and in which I shall, for the first time, have something in the nature of official records to guide me. For when the Calendars begin in 1773, and the St. Leger, five years afterwards, heads the list of modern Classic Races, I shall be no longer obliged to trust for the most important of my materials to more or less haphazard sources.

Yet I would not depreciate, in the least degree, the value of the years with which this volume has dealt. Without them the full development of a later period would have been impossible; and without the constant energy and love of sportsmanship which they reveal, in all classes of Englishmen all over the country, there would be no explanation of those successful and united movements which set the Turf upon a sure foundation in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

END OF VOLUME I.



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